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Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL
1941

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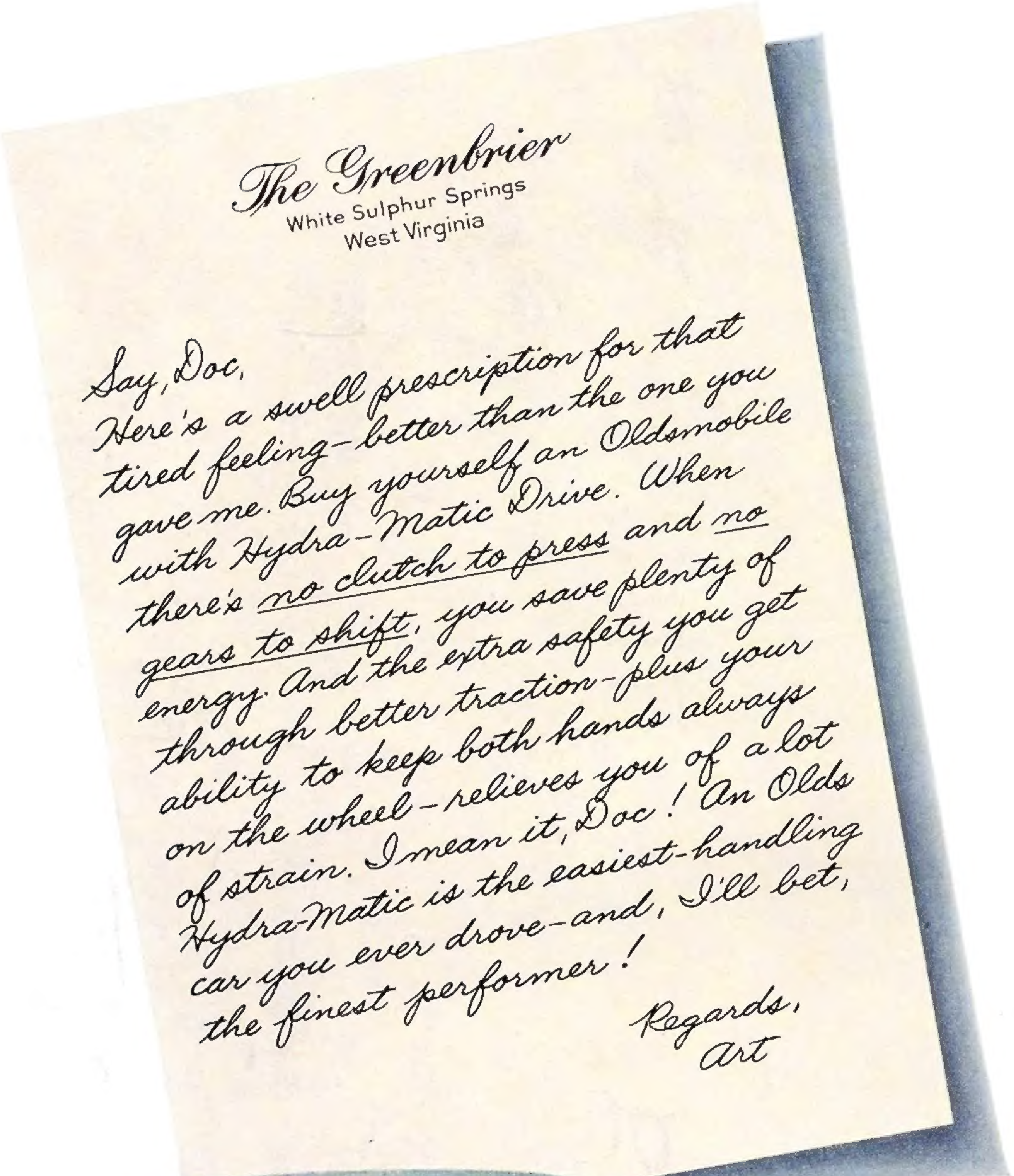

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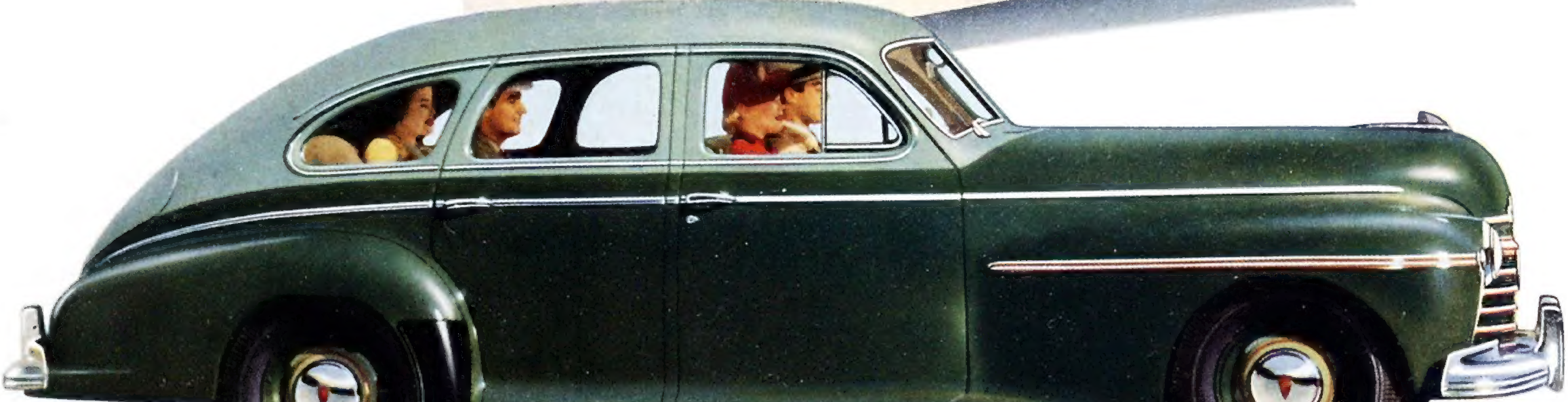
Art



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Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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Edited by **Arnold Gingrich**

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ESQUIRE
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NEW YORK EDITION

EDITORIAL: Torch song, pianissimo, to the piano makers

According to an old Spanish proverb: "Where there is music there can be no bad."

Some such thought must have cushioned our sensibilities when we read, and passed for publication in our October issue, Hart Stilwell's article *Go Get a Guitar*.

That article, if you will recall, was a plea for the making of more music, and particularly the kind of music in which the whole crowd can join, in our homes, at our parties, and around our campfires. For, to quote one of the article's salient passages, "It is as natural for a person to join in singing as it is for him to join in conversation. We would be a strange people if we sat forever and listened to speeches and never talked. Yet that is what we do in singing. We are a passive nation, when it comes to our song."

Now what Hart Stilwell had in mind, obviously, was home-made music as a springboard for home-made singing. Music, in other words, for the unmusical, or the non-musical. He wasn't urging Paderewski, for instance, or Heifetz, or Lawrence Tibbett, to "go get a guitar." Nor did he mean his plea for more singing to be interpreted as an exhortation to turn ourselves into a nation of concert-singers, even if we could. But what he did mean, for he made the point over and over again, was that all of us would enjoy life more, and feel better and maybe live longer, if we sang more. And as a means to that end his advice was "go get a guitar." But his article might just as well have been entitled *Sing Outside the Bathroom*.

He nominated the guitar as the easiest instrument to play well enough to get others to sing to it. He made the point that the guitar, while only a mediocre solo instrument, in contrast to the piano which he admitted to be a first-rate one in that respect, is more tolerable in the hands of a beginner, is portable and more readily encourages group singing. He recommended it, in other words, not so much as something *to play on* as something *to sing with*.

That was the main point and purpose of his article and, since it whetted one of our favorite axes, the encouragement of the active performance of music in the home, as well as the mere passive listening to it, we read it with enjoyment, ordered it illustrated with enthusiasm, and printed it with, so to speak, a song in our heart.

So what happened? We lost all our piano ads, like so many clay pigeons, onetwothreefour bingbingbingbang justlikethat. What the hecque did we mean by publishing a gratuitous and malicious and unprovoked attack on pianos? Well, hell, *we* didn't mean anything by it, so help us, but we forthwith sat us down to read the thing over again to see if we could figure out what Hart Stilwell meant by it.

We're a violinist ourself, as it happens, though no one else would ever call us that. But the part about the violin had rolled off us like a duck. We mean the place where Mr. Stilwell had said, speaking of the guitar's opposite for playing ease, "there is the extreme on the one hand of the violin, truly an instrument of the elect, and nobody but the genius should ever foul its catgut." Well, maybe we just aren't sensitive enough, but as an inveterate and pertinacious befouler of the gut of a noble and long-suffering fiddle made in 1734, that crack at the violin wasn't enough to make us resolve to give it up and "go get a guitar," and it simply never occurred to us either to (a) get mad at Mr. Stilwell for talking like that about an instrument we love or (b) abandon that instrument because he happens to feel that it should be played only by what all our neighbors will cheerfully testify that we aren't.

We simply figured that we, and everybody else who likes fiddles, would probably go on playing and buying them as long as they had the time and the means to do so, whether or not Mr. Stilwell happened to care for the sound of a violin in the hands of anybody but a genius.

But how about his cracks at the piano? Well, we must have figured that other people would read his article as we did, as a passionate plea for more singing in the home and an advocacy of the guitar for that purpose. We read his article with enjoyment, which we have already recorded. But we must now confess that after reading it we neither went out and bought a guitar, nor went home and chopped up our grand piano.

We are ready to concede that some people, after reading the article, might have done the first of those two things, but we're also ready to bet that nobody did the second.

Well, where does that leave us? In the doghouse of the piano industry, obviously, and that's just where we started. But how to get out? Our advertising department would like very much to have us try to help get them out of it, seeing that we got them into it. Still, there's no denying the fact that the guy did say some mighty mean things about pianos. No, there's no denying that, but isn't there, maybe, for Pete's sake, some way of explaining it? Yes, maybe there is. Here's ours.

Mr. Stilwell is an enthusiast. That's why we enjoyed his article. He's the kind who talks a thing up when he's interested in it. And, since enthusiasm is highly contagious, that's apt to make his articles interesting.

But did you ever go to a prize fight with an enthusiast? Then you'll recognize these symptoms. At a fight he promptly chooses one corner, and the boy in that corner is his from that moment on. Maybe he never saw or heard of him before, but he'll cheer him on as vigorously, and abuse the opponent as feelingly, as if he were a very close relative. He will even advise "his" boy to "murder that big bum." He will shout this advice not once but a dozen times per round. And, at the end, if his boy doesn't win the decision, he will loudly advise everybody listening to "kill the referee."

Well, how would you feel if, because you bought his ticket to the fight and brought him as your guest, *you* were fined several thousand dollars next day, on the grounds that you had allowed him to incite homicide?

* * *

But you can't tell that to an advertiser, can you? No, of course you can't. You'd get thrown out on your ear. Well, what can you tell an advertiser? Why, just the truth. That you're awfully sorry, that you wouldn't have had it happen for anything if you could have foreseen it, because you had no intent whatsoever to cause anybody either harm or offense, and that you would hate to see it happen again, but that, after all, it happened. You can't unprint an article, any more than you can make an accident un-happen, however much you may regret it. So you can only offer to shake his hand as you say goodbye, and say to him quite frankly and with no attempt to be anything but honest, that you hope, for your own sake, that he will miss you as much as you will miss him.

* * *

Business is business, as the same fellow may have remarked who first observed that all's fair in love and war. We can and do beg the pardon of the piano makers, severally and collectively, but we have no kick coming as we kiss the ads goodbye. We earned the rap that we're taking. So we and the piano people can simply agree to disagree and let it go at that. Fair enough.

But wait a minute! How about our audience, how about the half-million enthusiasts for whom this monthly show of ours is put on? What did *they* ever do to the piano makers? Why should the piano people suddenly decide not to remain on speaking terms with *them?* What on earth have they been up to lately that should make them poison to any advertiser, pianistically or otherwise?

Well, we can only say that in our own recent experience with them, as advertisers, they've been marvelous. They bombarded us with a quarter of a million quarters in response to the one-page ad that we ran in Esquire in December, selling Varga calendars at twenty-five cents a throw. And any advertiser ought to realize that a quarter of a million cash-accompanied orders, in response to a single page in a single issue of a single magazine of a half-million circulation, is perfection in the pluperfect tense!

Just possibly *that's* what we ought to tell the piano advertisers.

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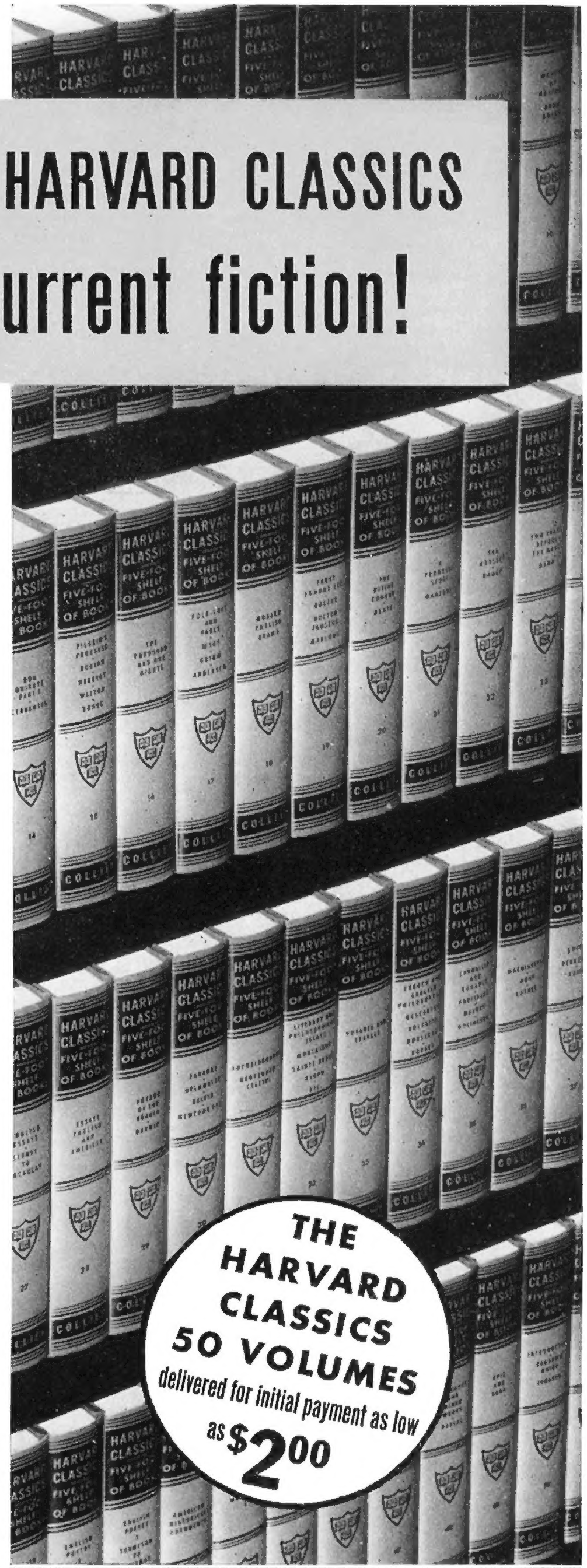
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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

A DIANA DONE IN REVERSE ENGLISH

As a constant, always admiring, but ever critical, reader of Esquire, I've only once before felt called upon to make a contribution to the *Sound and Fury*. This former letter was a somewhat stuffy and pedantic commentary on the egoistic foibles of George Jean Nathan and William Lyon Phelps. It could scarcely have been classed as a remarkable example of brilliantly-pointed criticism.

However, the thing *was* an honest opinion, and *did* have to do with a couple of your most illustrious contributors.

Do you wonder what I'm trying to say? Well, it's like this, boys. The *S. and F.* has heretofore been one of the most enjoyable features of your magazine. It's always interesting to know what other faithful readers think of my favorite authors and illustrators. I'm quite sure I'm not alone in this interest.

So I'm asking you, is it fair to transform these previously entertaining pages into a sort of second-rate "Lonely Hearts" department?

To one who is seeking others' edifying opinions of Komroff, Stuart, Hunyady, Petty, Varga, et al., it is pretty annoying to come across the sort of tripe you've been handing out of late. I'm referring to those moronic outbursts beginning, "I am a gorgeous blonde of nineteen summers . . .", and which go on to list a series of houri-like physical attributes, and several rather corn-fed aesthetic preferences. I have noticed that the word, "luscious" figures largely in all of these self-rhapsodizing epistles, and that they are invariably signed with some such unimaginative *nom de plume* as "Venus" or "Diana." I am *not* eagerly awaiting the inevitable "A Lonely Wife."

Almost equally nauseating are the replies to these frustrated females' subtle-as-a-sewer letters, signed with four or five roguish masculine names. These, also, consist of a number of obvious overstatements, and usually end with a plea for the capricious femme's photograph, phone no., etc.

And I thought Esquire was a magazine for sophisticates.

Unless the editor is regarding the whole thing with that typically editorial tongue-in-cheek attitude, and means to put an end to this Street-and-Smithian correspondence as soon as he's had a good laugh, there's really no excuse for it.

Because, surely he knows as do you and you and I that if these Munchausian damsels were the cataclysmic heart-stoppers they claim to be, they would hardly be forced to hunt the elusive male through a wretchedly anonymous letter to a widely-read publication.

And, as for the boys who pantingly reply to these bids for attention, it is difficult to imagine such well equipped (I'm taking their words for it) lads as lacking more tangible beauteous company.

To end my indignant sputterings, will simply state that when I see that letter which goes: "I am a young man of Beaver Crossing, Nebraska, and my friends say that I am not bad-looking. I have dark hair, broad shoulders, and can play the kazoo. I would like to find a nice girl (blonde, good sport), who will correspond with me. Signed, A Discontented Farm-Hand," in the *Sound and Fury*, I am going to lay aside your otherwise fine magazine forever.

And I would miss it a great deal, as I haven't skipped an issue since the age of fourteen. I'm twenty-one now, have black hair, green eyes and . . .

Gad! What am I saying?

Miami, Fla. Joan Parks Hawkins

MINUS DIANA BUT PLUS ETCETERAS

I'm a little late with this but I'm a busy woman. I am five feet eight with knobby knees and could be described as scrawny by any who didn't succumb to my fatal charm. If Diana is as specified I envy her like hell.

However, I don't think I'd trade off—I have more friends and panting etceteras than I have time for or know what to do with, and it does seem as tho with all that equipment Diana shouldn't have to *advertise* for admiration. Maybe she lisps.

But I should be grateful rather than envious: men have to practice somewhere before they're fitten company.

Chicago, Ill. Mag.

G. J. NATHAN'S NAY CORNER

Not in carping criticism, but by what sort of etymological miscegenation does GJN breed "Tochi?" Now, there, my friends, is a by-blow of family history lush with adultery and incest. The singular, "tochus," is, of course, a hunk o' slang even in its original Yiddish (being a corruption in meaning of a somewhat similar word in Hebrew)—and the singular form should be ample. (Except, perhaps, when Petty and Varga are displaying their wares.) But if Herr Nathan wants to see double, why the Latin ending? There's nothing classical about a hind-end. (Or haven't I seen the right ones?)

Perhaps George wouldn't have slid into his strabismic plurals if he had spelled the original singular correctly: Tachat. Anyway, if multiples there must be for the human rear elevation, just whisper the sad truth to George: Tochtonim.

New York City. M. M. S.

GOOD GRIPE GONE WRONG

Since my last letter to Esquire was one that was very sticky with praise, I determined that in my next letter I would gripe like hell. So I critically scanned the January issue in hopes that I could let loose with a verbal blitzkrieg upon some innocent author or cartoonist. I really wanted to make this a very nasty letter—and God give me strength, I tried!

But no. Once more I put Esquire down feeling positively effervescent with praise. So here is a resounding "Halleluiah!" for William Lyon Phelps. His literary masterpiece written on Ernest Hemingway's "For Whom the Bell Tolls" is one of the most intelligent and enlightening articles I have ever read.

I cannot desecrate it by calling it a mere book review. It was not. It is an article that should prove of lasting interest to every person who makes any pretense at good reading.

At first I thought that perhaps Mr. Phelps had a majority complex when he suggested at the beginning of the article that "For Whom—" is not really a great piece of work. I decided that he enjoyed being out of step with the other critics who have praised this book so heartily. But it didn't take long for me to realize that he was presenting a remarkably logical argument. For a long time I have been of the same opinion as Mr. Phelps concerning the filthy sensationalism of some of our modern writers, particularly Mr. Hemingway. However, I felt that I was just the ornery boy telling teacher that I didn't care how much she thought of Hemingway, but that I thought he was just plain crude and was certainly no more masculine than feminine for all of his dirty words.

To compare "For Whom—" with Tolstoy's "War and Peace" literally makes me sick to my stomach. Mr. Phelps was quite right when he stressed the importance of showing what a character thinks rather than what he feels. After all, our power to think does distinguish us from the animals.

Well, I could rave on and on in complete accord with Mr. Phelps' fine article, but when everyone else has finished reading Esquire, I shall carefully snip this article out and put it away for future reference.

Esquire, hold on to this man Phelps. You've got something there. But for that article, this would have been a nasty letter.

And Mr. Phelps, please continue with your missionary work, because I sincerely believe that the really great writing of today is still unrecognized by the majority. But as soon as the reading public can wipe this filthy sensationalism of some of our present day writing out of their eyes, they will easily see what writing deserves a place among the classics of our time.

An ardent disciple to the Cause,

Minneapolis, Minn. Richard Savage

OFF-DAY IN A NORMAL LIFE

When Mr. William Lyon Phelps gathered up his mental skirts from the alleged muck that is Mr. Hemingway's new novel *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and expressed deep hurt at his own betrayal; I was infuriated and considered that Mr. Phelps was taking an unfair view of the matter and was being very unfunny at the expense of Mr. H.

Now, Mr. Phelps, having previously read Hemingway, should have known what to expect. Hemingway is no towering literary and intellectual giant. He tells strong tales of men's lives, their loves, desires and fears. I read Hemingway for escape from the ordinary life that an average young woman of 25 can lead and I dare say that most of Hemingway's readers are just as average and lead just as placid lives as I. How many of these "John Does" have waged guerrilla war behind enemy lines, have seen Fascist prisoners executed by a mob of villagers filled with a lust for murder or made love with a handsome native while enemy planes hunted you from overhead? Not many. So, who wants a rip-snorting story distilled that only the spiritual beauty remains for us to mull?

Mr. Phelps decries the superfluous "obscenities" employed by Mr. Hemingway. I might say that unless the Spanish are more imaginative and resourceful in their choice of dirty words than the English, the dozen or so substitutes might become more monotonous and distasteful than the obscenities in question.

When Mr. Phelps stopped right in the midst of this tirade or so-called book review, laid down his pencil, wiped tears from his eyes and proceeded to counsel us in our foreign policy—well, Mr. Phelps, you presume!

Because I have the greatest respect for Mr. Phelps' ability and reputation, I shall consider that you meant this review to be only a "criticism of criticisms" and go back to the old life that I mentioned before as being pretty normal—e.g., three meals a day, an occasional romance and Esquire every month.

Gary, Indiana Susan Condo

MEDAL ON ESQ. FOR ITS REALISM

Periodically your magazine reaches new heights. At such moments I feel the call to compliment you. Once I remember a fashion plate showed a female companion to the well-apparelled male that was as well-chosen as his tie. Another fashion plate showed a man with glasses, thus recognizing that there is myopia in the freshly-pressed set. Now you've done it again! Page 132 of February's shows a man with honest-to-gosh baggy-kneed trousers. I rest in wonderment.

Francis Hutchinson, Jr.

Redwood City, Cal.

YEA-SAYERS' YES-MAN

While Dr. Phelps was conducting his page "As I Like It" in Scribner's I took Scribner's. When he stopped so did I.

If and while he conducts any sort of a page with Esquire, I'll take Esquire.

Yours truly,

Coraopolis, Pa. Joseph Raisig

OUT OF THE HORSE'S MOUTH

I have worked for the U. S. Forest Service for the past four years. Most of my work has been fire fighting and public relations, however from my contacts I know the many problems the Forest Service must face.

Therefore my congratulations for John R. Tunis' article *Winter Sports and the Forest Service* in the February issue. It gives added lift to our cause.

Sincerely,

Glendora, Cal. Robert S. McBride

ON BEAUTY BEING IT'S OWN EXCUSE

Of all the pure undiluted tripe that it has ever been my misfortune to encounter, the article on Dorothy Lamour as written by the astigmatic Donald Hough transcends everything.

When a woman completely devoid of personality, talent or looks whose only achievement in life has been to arouse the erotic impulses of a few morons can get a spread in a magazine of Esquire's stature, it is certainly a tragic commentary on the intelligence of the editorial staff.

Mr. Hough has written what he probably conceives to be a quaint and charming article, the theme of which is the incredibly significant fact that Miss Lamour is a trouper. Well who the hell cares?

Undoubtedly a new high in hilarity was struck by the unsuspecting Mr. Hough when he confides that Dorothy Lamour is quite a dish. First of all, the woman has buck teeth, secondly if she is good looking then the author of this letter is Winston Churchill; thirdly she reminds me of a lot of hair with a sack wrapped around it, and to my mind anyone who can discern beauty in Miss Lamour should be dispatched instantly to a reliable mental hospital.

I would profoundly appreciate seeing this letter in print as I am growing slightly weary of writing letters to the Esquire wastebasket.

Sincerely yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. Allan D. Norkin

CHACUN SA VERITÉ

I agree with Billy Phelps on what he says about "For Whom the Bell Tolls," but why does he have to sound like Willkie when he writes it?

The aged Doctor criticizes Anne Lindbergh's last book as being miscaptioned, suggesting that it should more properly have been titled "Do Not Help Great Britain." Is the literary crime less aggravated by writing under the department Esquire's *Five-Minute Shelf* those words which should more properly be sketched into a column labeled "Down With Roosevelt" or "Give The Government Back To The States?"

I expected to find a recipe almost any paragraph instructing me how to prepare Mother's Home-Cooked Brownies—or even a criticism of the Ten Commandments. Regardless of their absence, I managed to finish the article; and, after leaning back to think it over, I came to the conclusion that among innumerable other things, Dr. Phelps didn't like "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

Sincerely yours,

Denver, Colo. Don Clark

Continued on page 152

FOUR ROSES
FOUR ROSES
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

One whiskey that should go down in history....

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WE KNEW, LONG AGO, that the 1941 Bottling of Four Roses would be a whiskey of extraordinary excellence.

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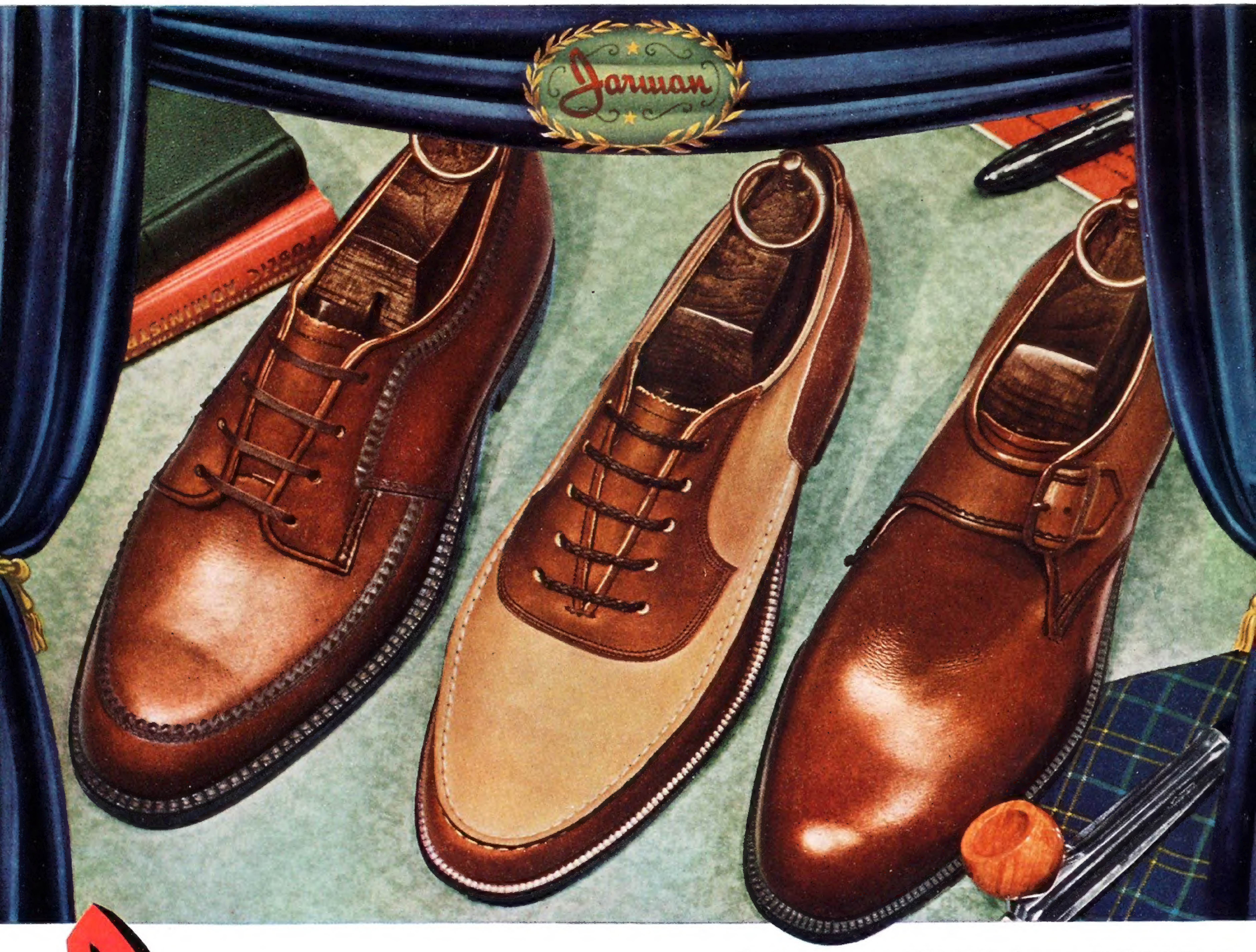

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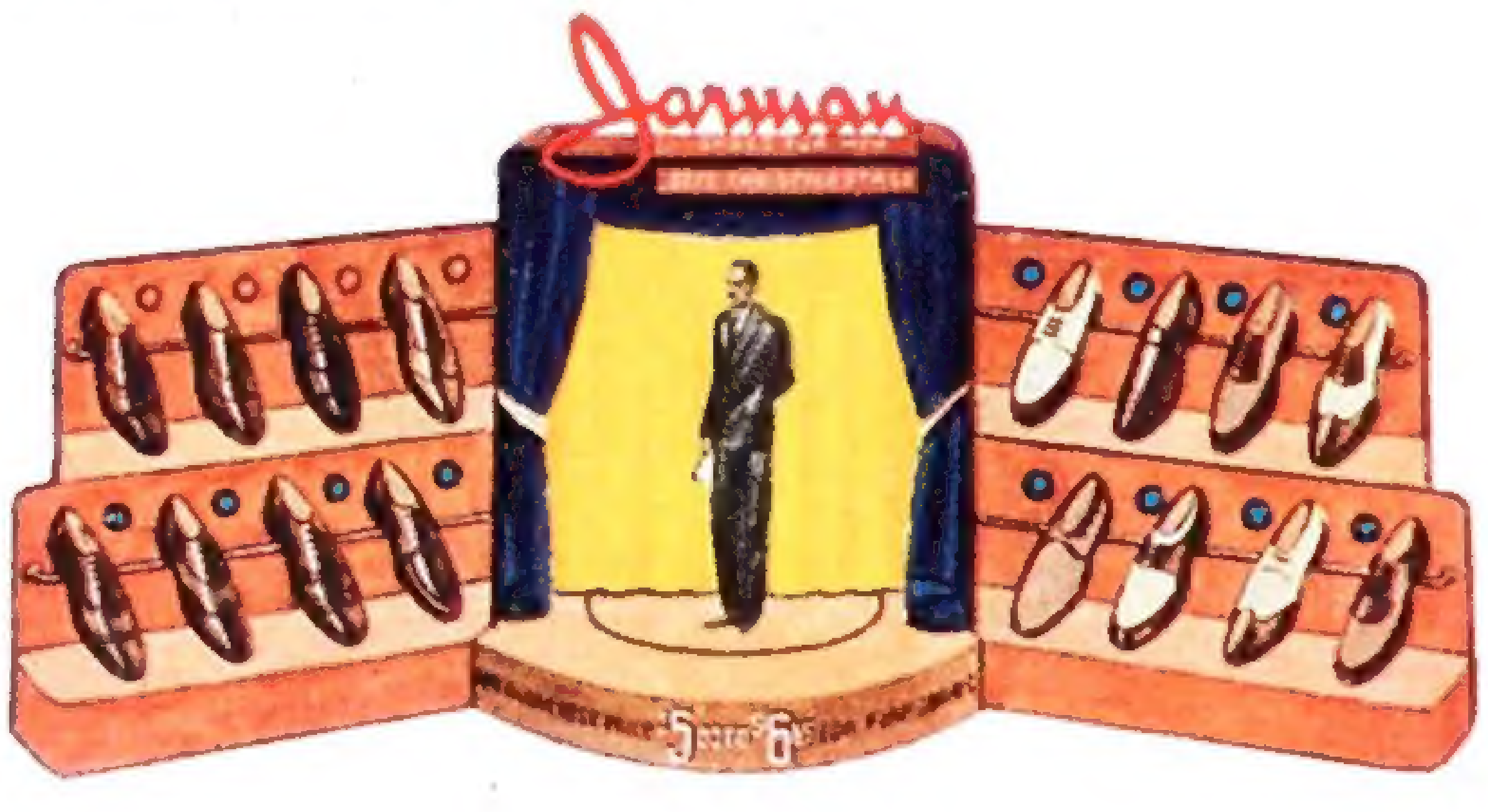

"Great Shade of Homer, what a narrative is this!"
—CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

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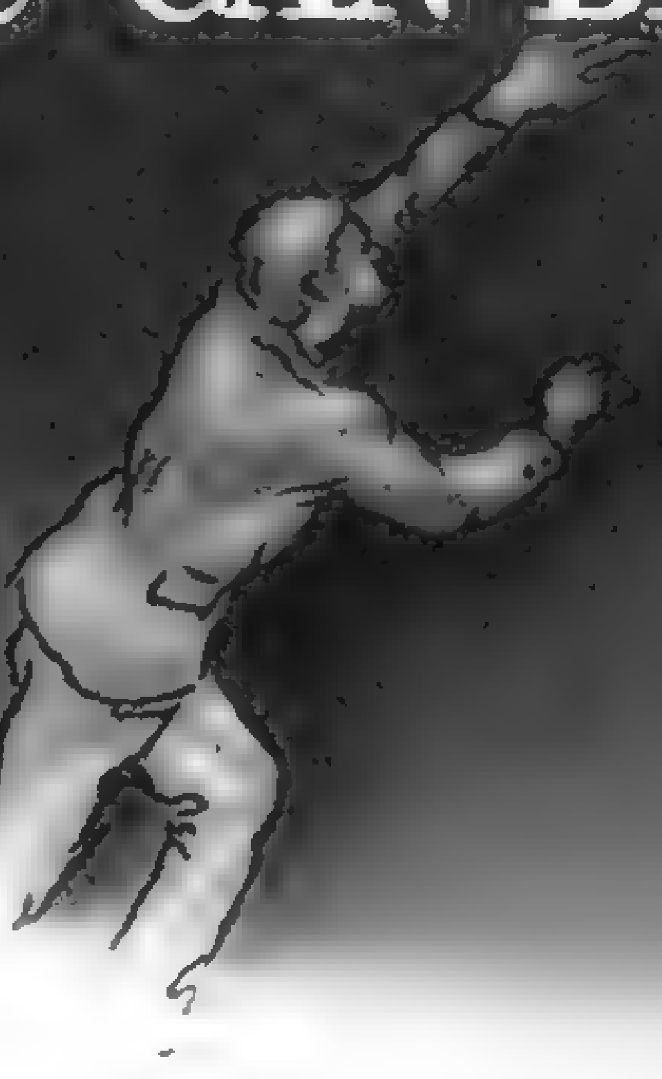

Out of The Night
by JAN VALTIN

A BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION...

—OR YOU CAN BEGIN WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OTHER SELECTIONS

Ernest Hemingway's new novel, FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS, was the Club's November choice. No book in recent years has received such universal and warm praise from all critics.

Willa Cather's new novel, SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL, is her first book in five years. The scene is pre-Civil War Virginia; "indubitably as good a decade hence as today."

Van Wyck Brooks' NEW ENGLAND: INDIAN SUMMER is, in the opinion of many, even more absorbing than *The Flowering of New England*. It was our judges' choice for September.

Franz Werfel's new novel, EMBEZZLED HEAVEN, the Club's December book—deeply thoughtful, "a magnificent character study" of a lowly woman that leaves one comforted and inspired.

William Saroyan's new book, MY NAME IS ARAM, is a delightful puckish picture of a small boy which, we have a hunch, may go the way of Clarence Day's *Life With Father*.

Jan Struther, with MRS. MINIVER, is a new author to Americans—instantly and widely introduced, as so many authors have been in the past, when her book was chosen. See text below.

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Here are love letters, taunting letters, shocking letters, letters breathing fire, letters spelling disaster, passionate letters, secret letters, letters people forgot to burn, letters people did not dare to mail, tender letters, letters that made history . . . the winnowed best of twenty centuries.

FEW people realize that writers who now have become as famous as Pearl Buck, Clarence Day, Stephen Vincent Benét, Sigrid Undset, Hervey Allen, John Steinbeck, J. B. Priestley—and a score of others little less known—were *first* introduced to a nation-wide book-reading public by having one of their books selected, and then distributed to every tiny corner of the country, by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Fully a million perspicacious book-readers—in the families which use the Book-of-the-Month Club service—now rely upon it to keep themselves from missing the new books they are really interested in. The few mentioned above are an indication of the quality of the books they receive.

Time and again you buy the "book-of-the-month"—not knowing it has previously been chosen by our judges—merely because some discerning friend has said warmly: "There's a book you must not miss." How sensible to get these books from the Club, since you pay no more for the books you buy, and save enormously in other ways.

Here is the simple procedure: You are not obliged, as a subscriber of the Club, to take the book-of-the-month its judges choose. Nor are you obliged to buy one book every month from the Club.

You receive a carefully written report about the book-of-the-month chosen by our four judges, *in advance of its publication.* If it is a book you really want, you let it come to you. If not, you merely sign and mail a slip, saying, "Don't want it."

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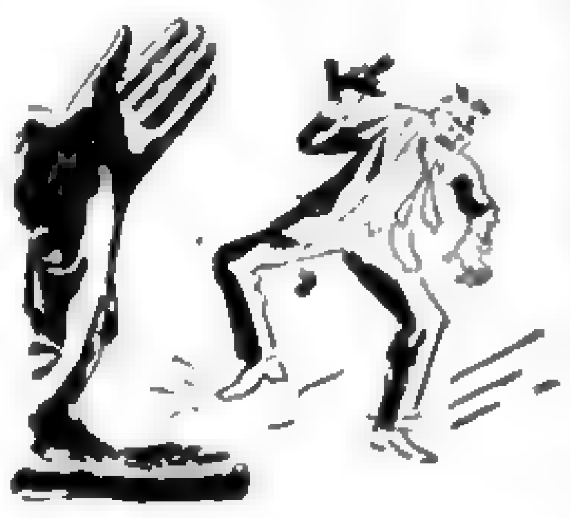
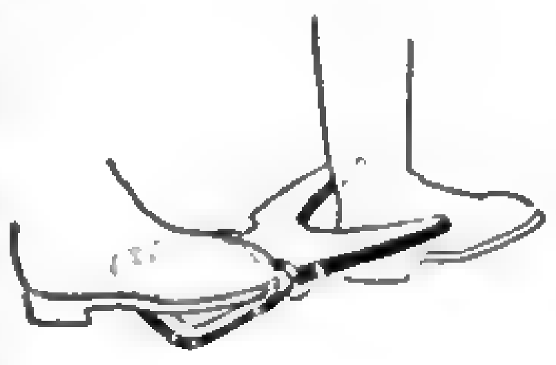
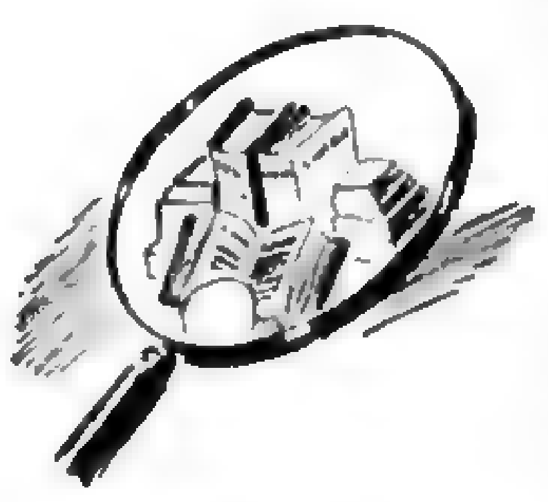


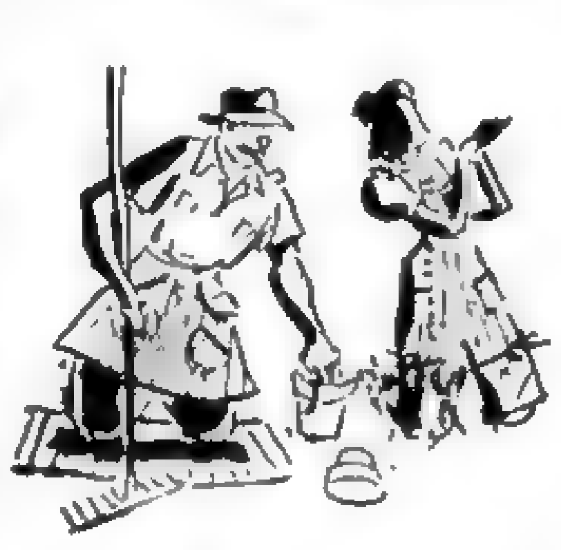
BOOTJACK, 1941 MODEL. Riding to 'ounds is a great tradition. Not so great is the tradition of getting boots off the hard way. John Peel would never recognize the new version of the bootjack, which is, first of all, good-looking, and most of all, simple and efficient in operation. Cleanly designed in duraluminum, it comes in a red suede case and is small enough to fit in your pocket. It's easily adjusted for action; there are no springs to break down, for it's based on a simple, effective scientific principle.



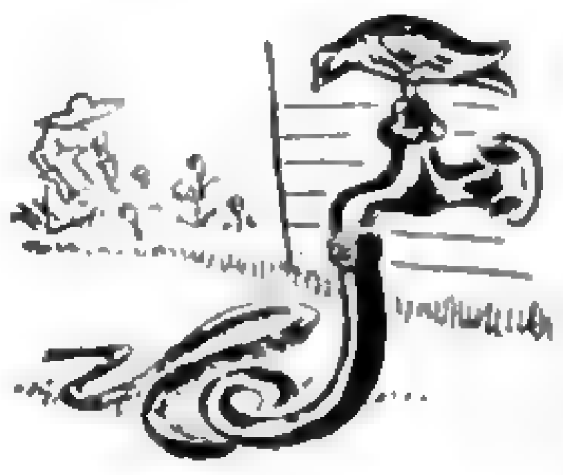
THE HALF-INCH BOOKSHELF. One for your miniature collection—a set of three thumb-sized books, made to perfect scale and decoratively shelved in a solidly built gold-finished case. The books will improve your mind, but not your eyesight, if you attempt it without a magnifying glass. The set includes George Washington's Farewell Address, Calvin Coolidge's Autobiography, and the Addresses of Abraham Lincoln. They are bound in hand-tooled leather with great artistry.



CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND? The calendar says Spring comes in March, so we optimistically turn your thoughts to you and your garden. We do hope it isn't snowing as we try to get you and the woman you married into gardening aprons. For the g. f., there's one that's made of mattress ticking like a teamster's, has a divided skirt with pads on the knees, and is appurtenanced with a chain to fasten scissors on, clips for gloves, and a loop for string. Another one, *sans* bib, has a zipper clear across it to remove the kneeling pad when you wear it yourself. This, too, has the scissors chain and etceteras attached.

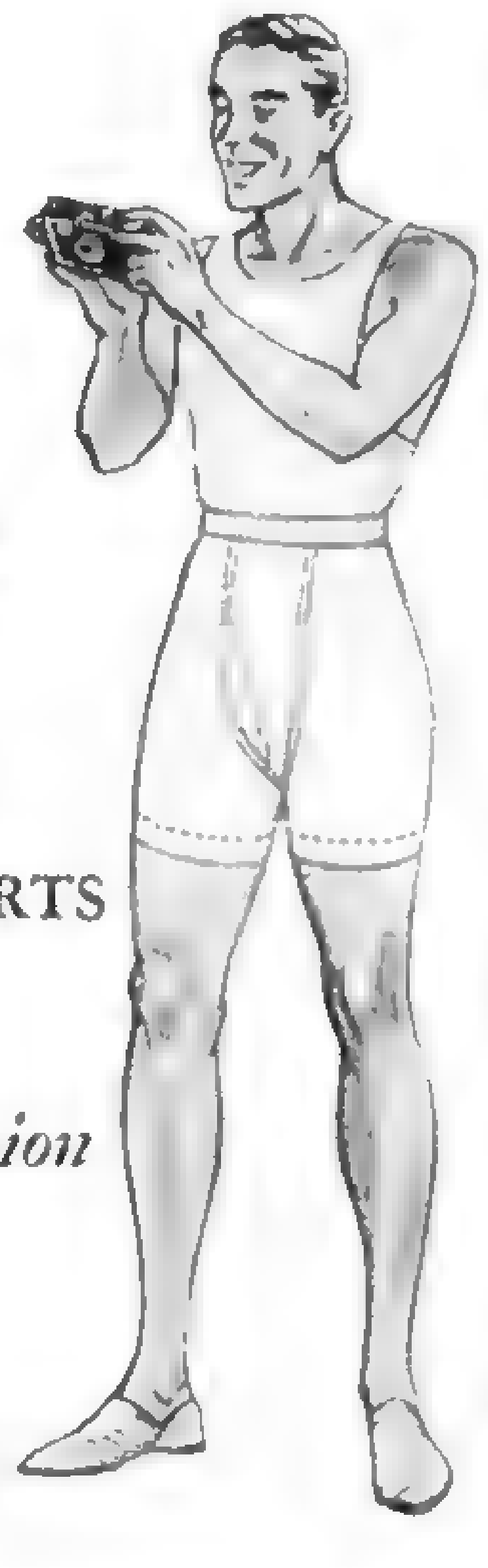


BACKYARD BONANZA. You don't have to wait to see the first crocus before you start anticipating warm weather. Begin with such permanent outdoor furnishings as the water taps, which are usually incongruous among the petunias. Fixtures to fit on standard taps can be had made of solid bronze; the handles are handsome bird or animal figures, including a rooster, a swan, and a dog. Great stuff for your outdoor living room.



Ranger

For answers to all queries, send self-addressed stamped envelope to Ranger, Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.



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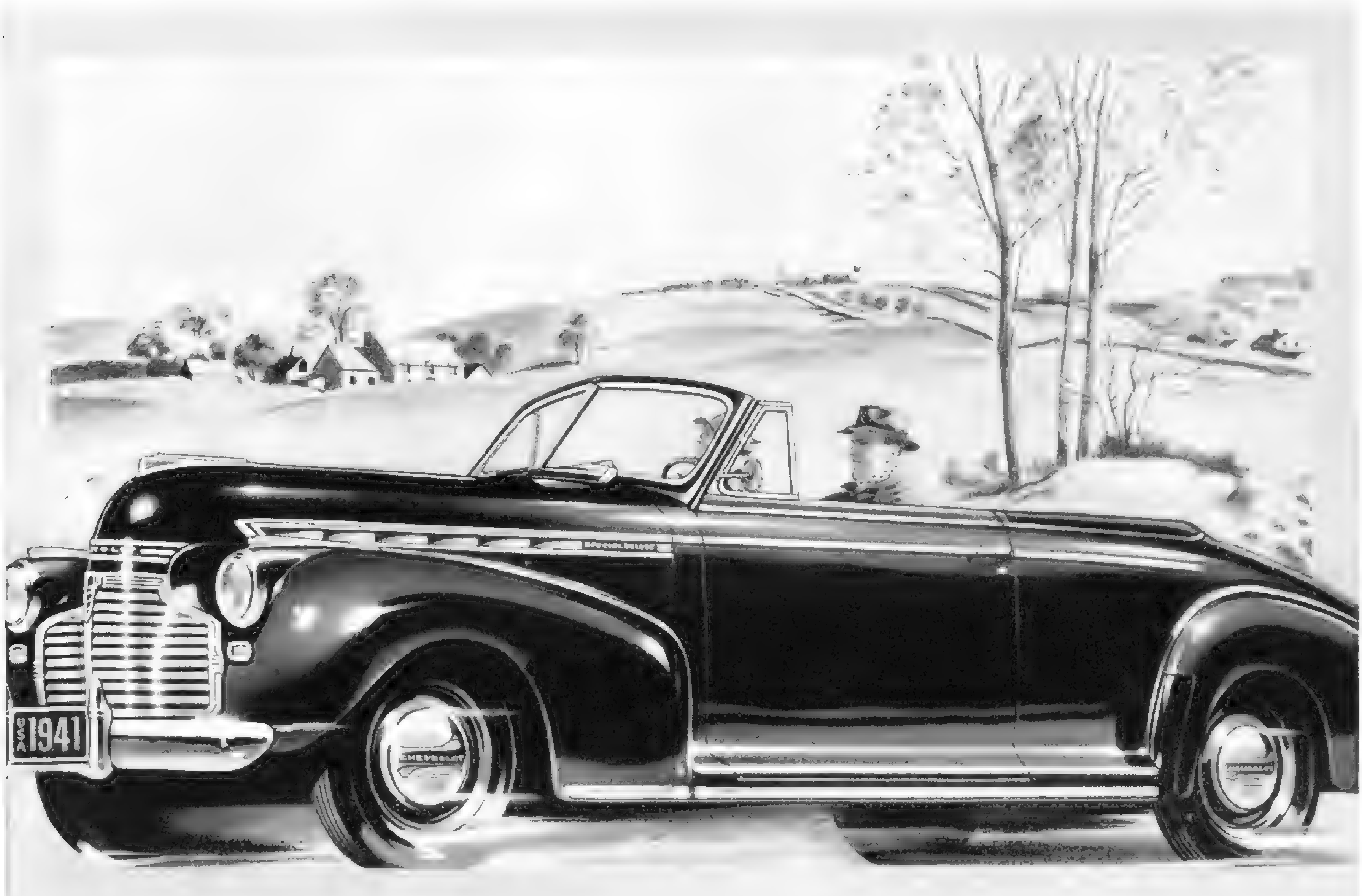

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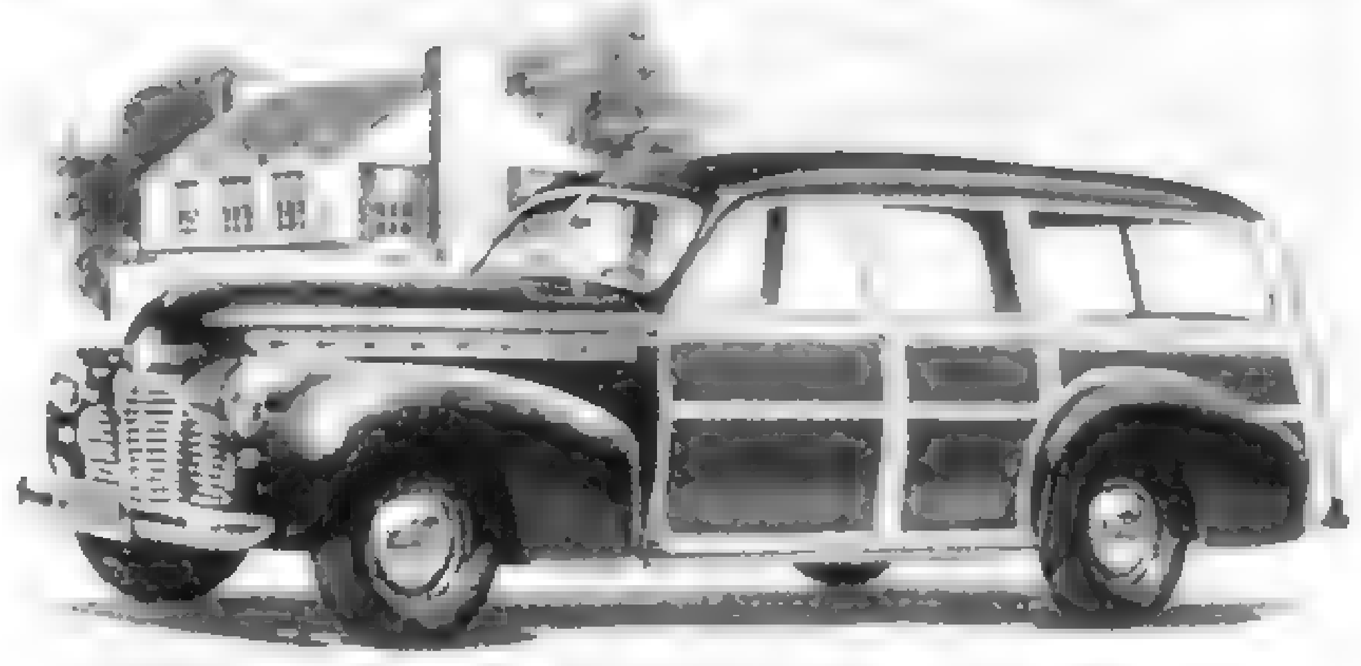

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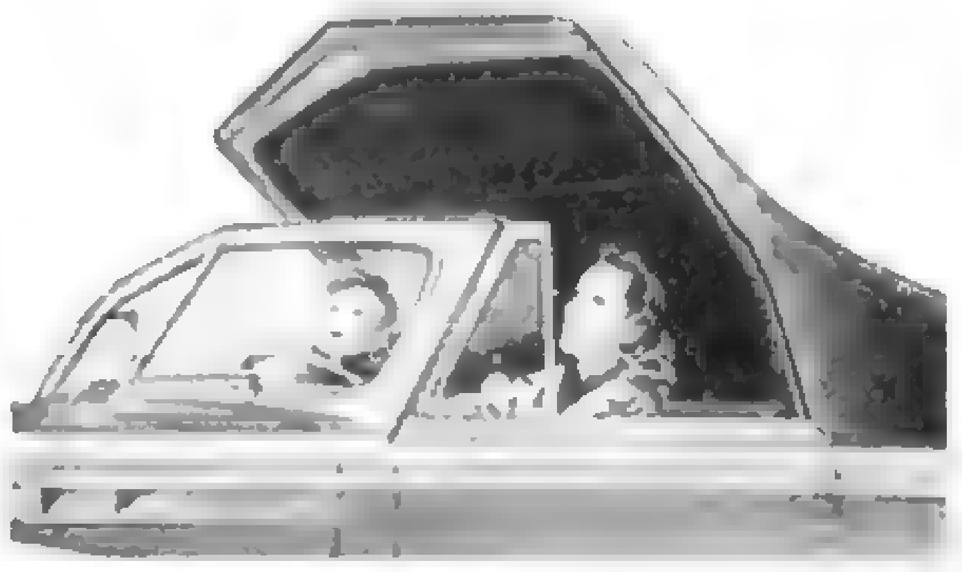

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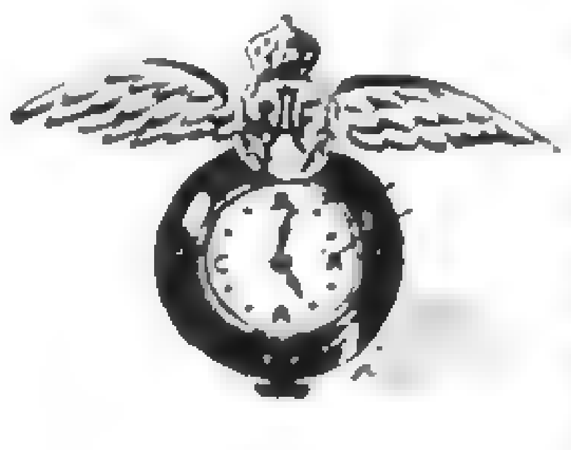
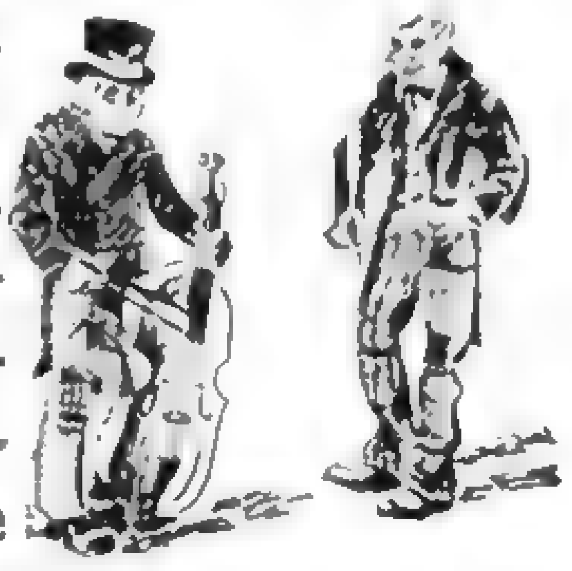
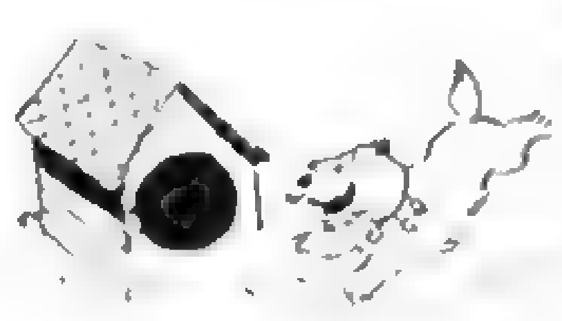


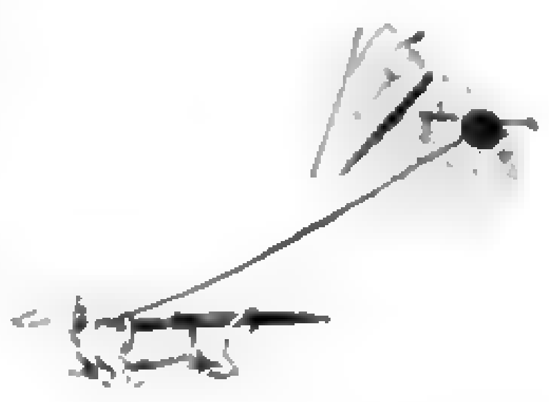
DEMOCRACY'S TIMEPIECE. In its $300,000 drive to raise funds for R.A.F. airplane ambulances, the British American Ambulance Corps has sponsored the sale of a highly attractive lapel watch. Made by a watchmaker unique in the field of individual design, its smart styling alone is enough to recommend it, and there's the added value of the wearer's having aided a splendid cause. In red, white, and blue enamel, surmounted by the R.A.F. insignia, it has a 7J Swiss movement.



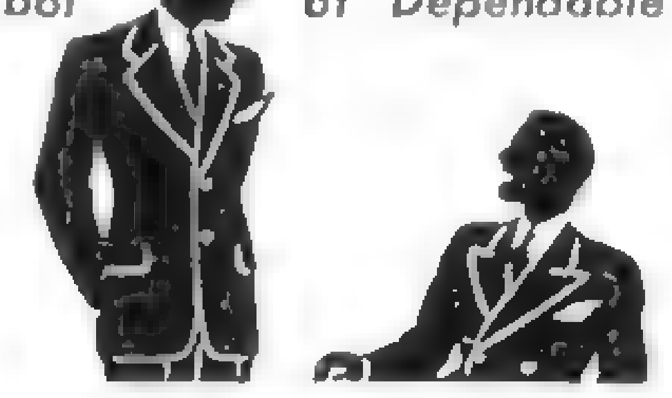
CHARACTER. Remember the old fisherman you met on your last trip East? The diehard hackman shivering in the cold beside his horse? Here they are, not nearly as large as life, (ten inches high), but twice as natural—to wit, hand-carved dolls, rugged-featured in balsa wood, costumed with uncanny authenticity, and each a prize addition to your collection shelf. All different, they have as much character as something out of Dickens.



SEEING FIDO HOME. Labeling your dog so he won't be easily lost, strayed, or stolen, doesn't have to be a purely utilitarian matter, now that Fido's collar has charm bracelet possibilities. There are five sterling silver charms to hang therefrom; one, shaped like a dog house, has space for his full name, plus an alias; on the other side his address can be engraved. The telephone number goes on the back of a silver bone. Purely facetious, but good fun, are a furious cat, a Beware of the Dog sign, and a hydrant. Give the dog house one to your girl, to adorn her Easter lapel.



PENCIL ON A LEASH. Turn about's fair play — dogs wear charms, pencils come with leashes. The leash in this case is a concealed chain with an automatic stop, to one end of which is affixed a capable mechanical pencil in green, red, grey, black, or white. A small circular clamp at the other end fastens to belt or pocket. This, and/or a key chain that works on the same principle and is attached to her handbag, are practical, inexpensive gifts.



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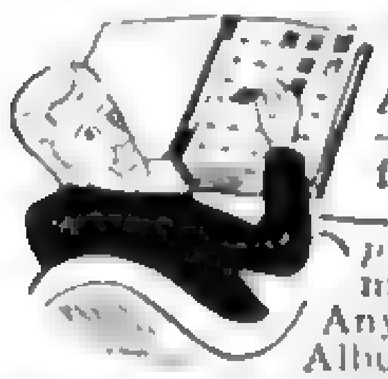

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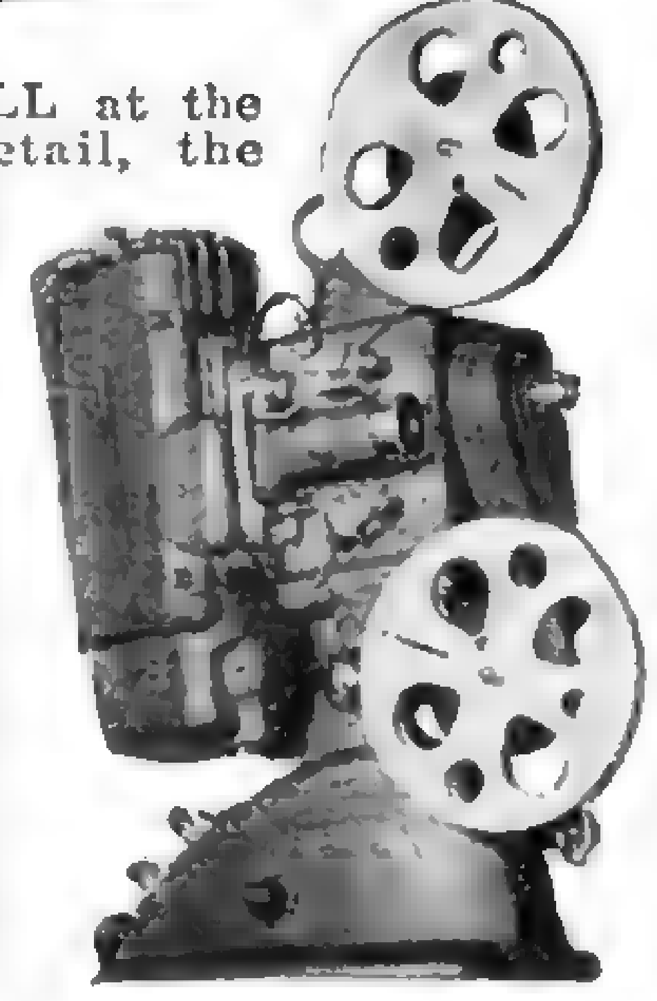

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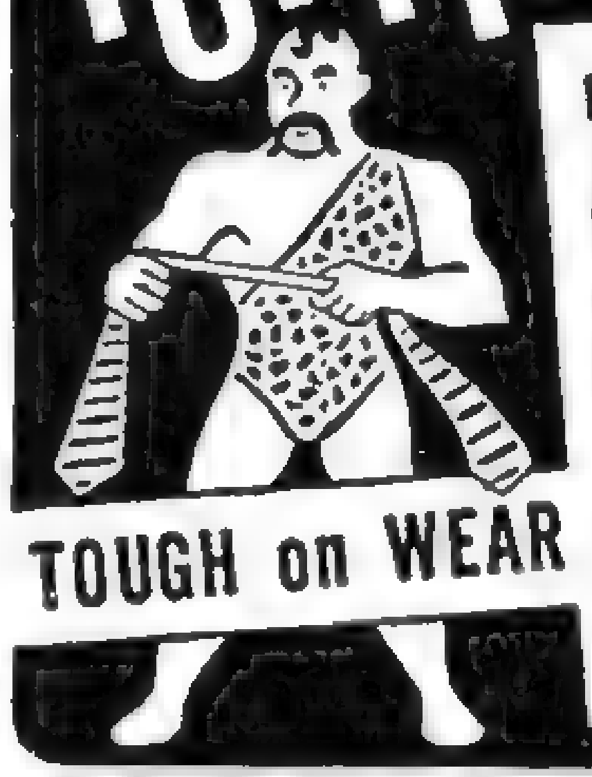

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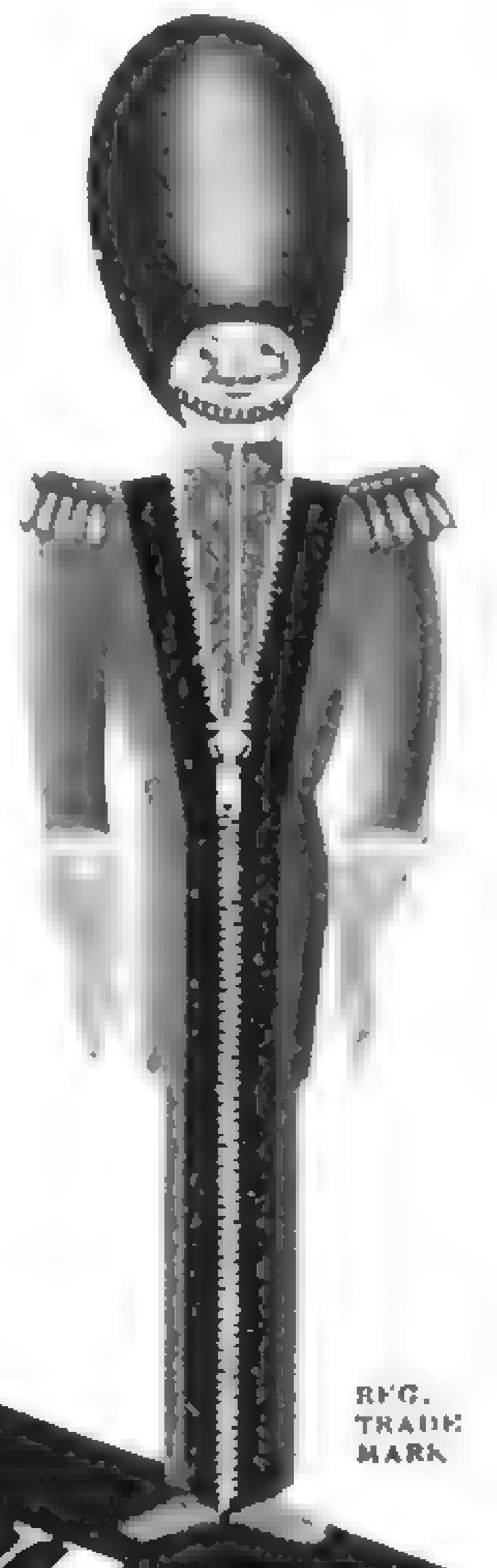

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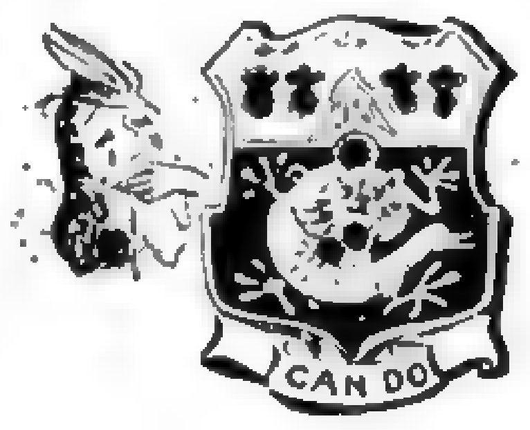

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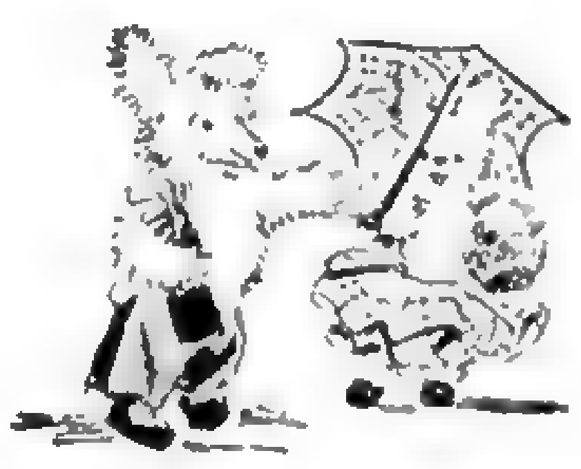

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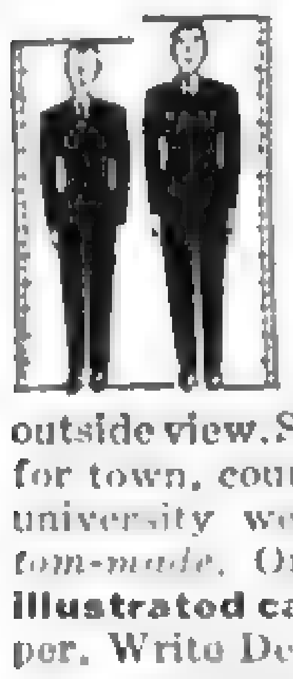

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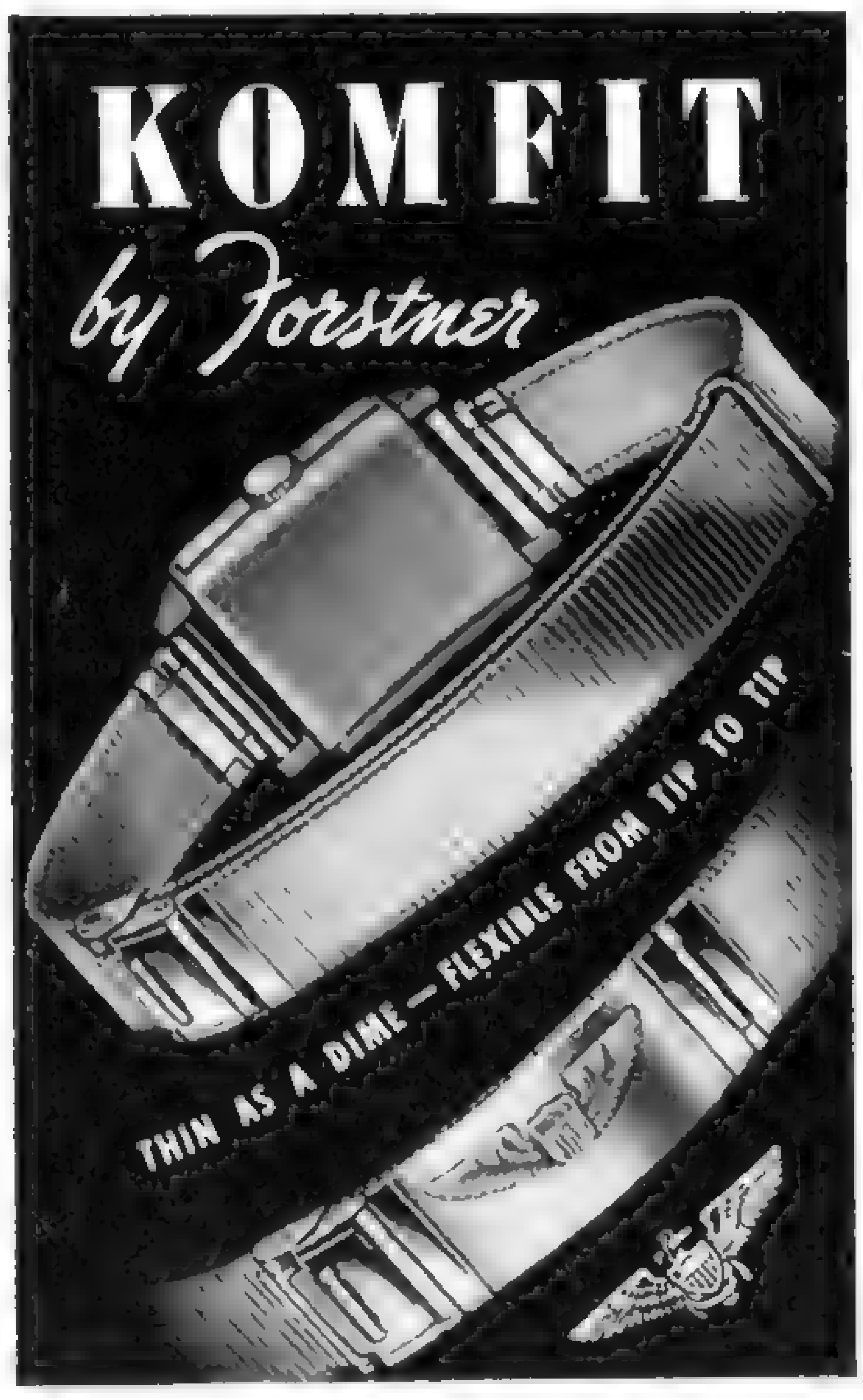

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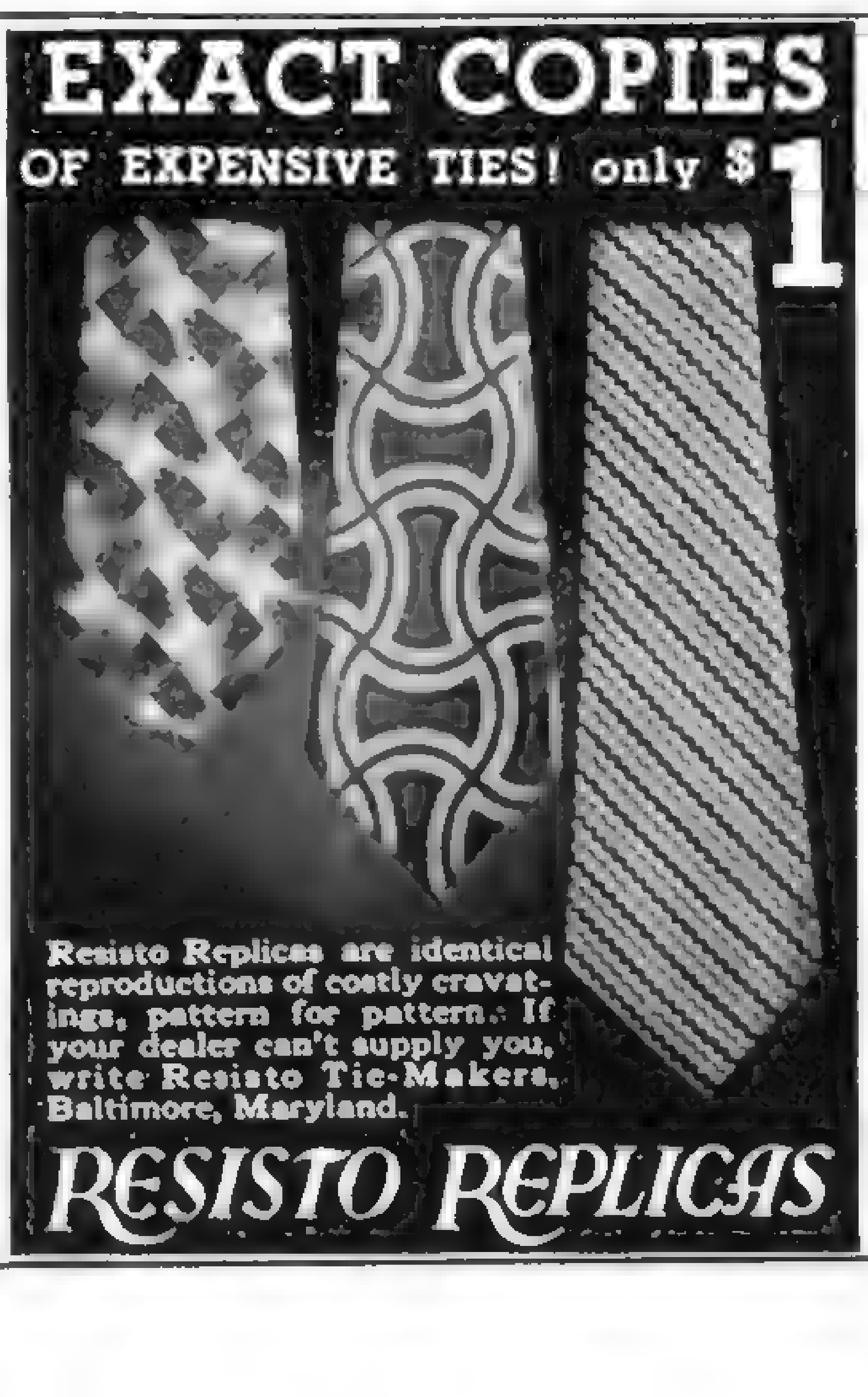

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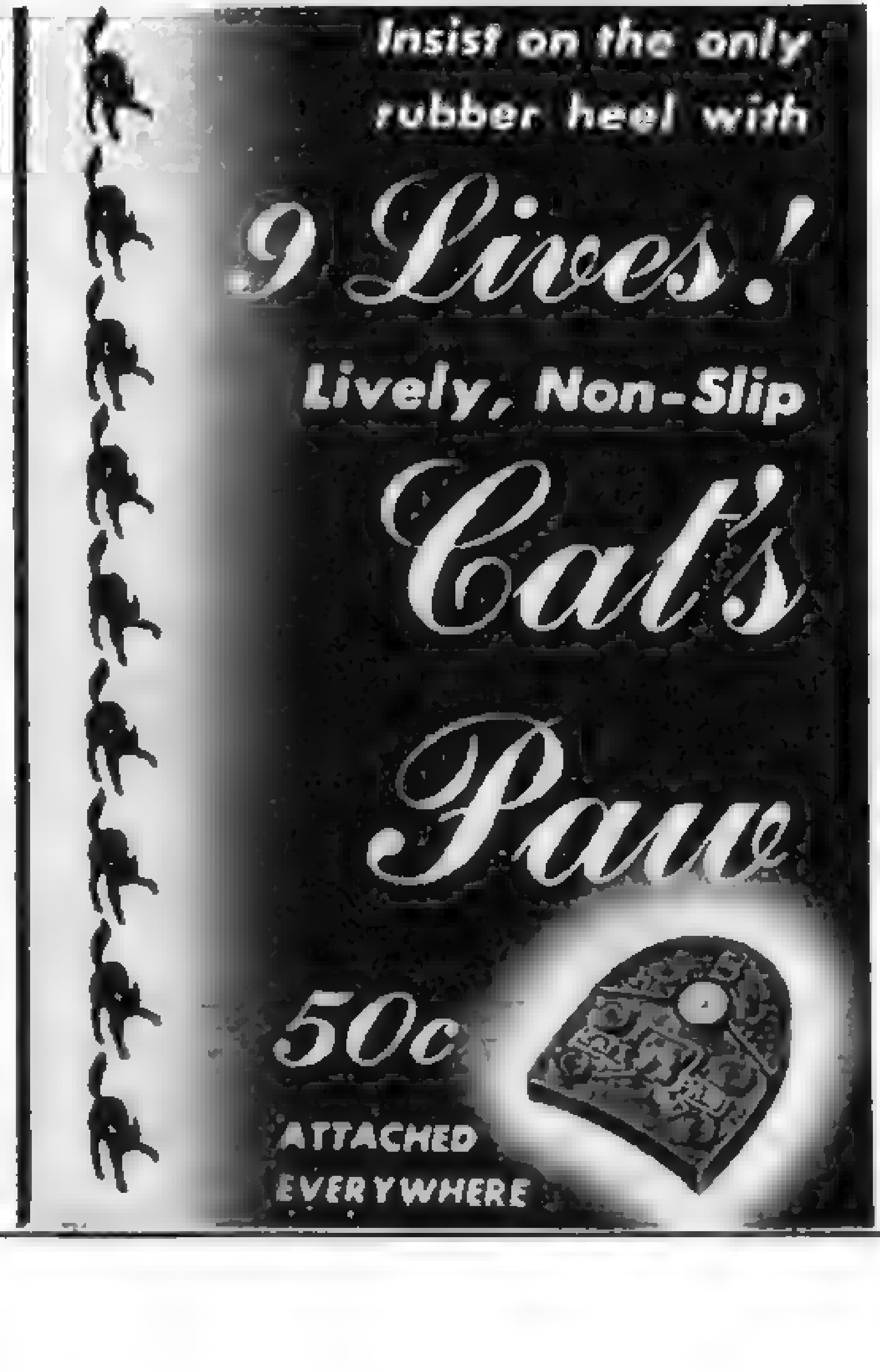

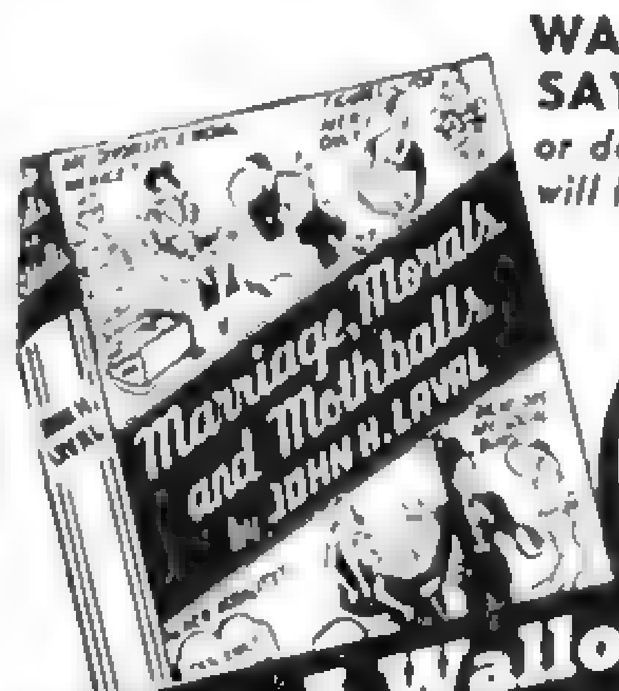

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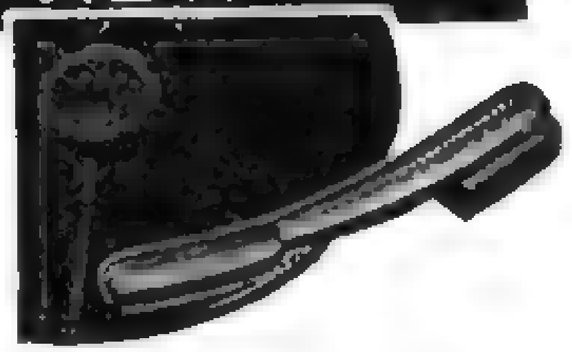

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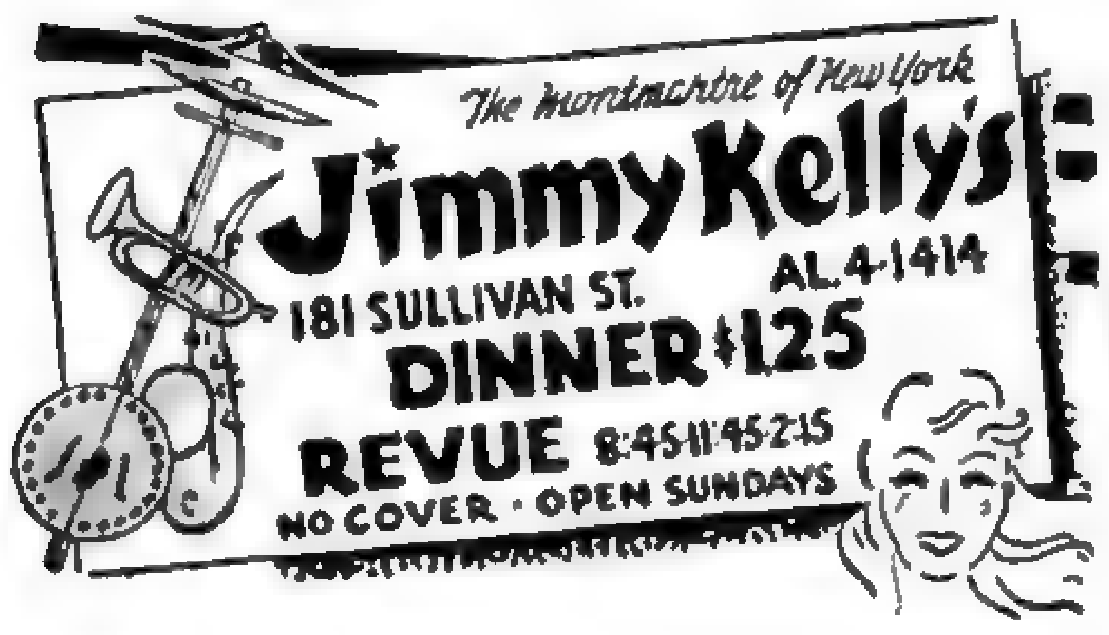
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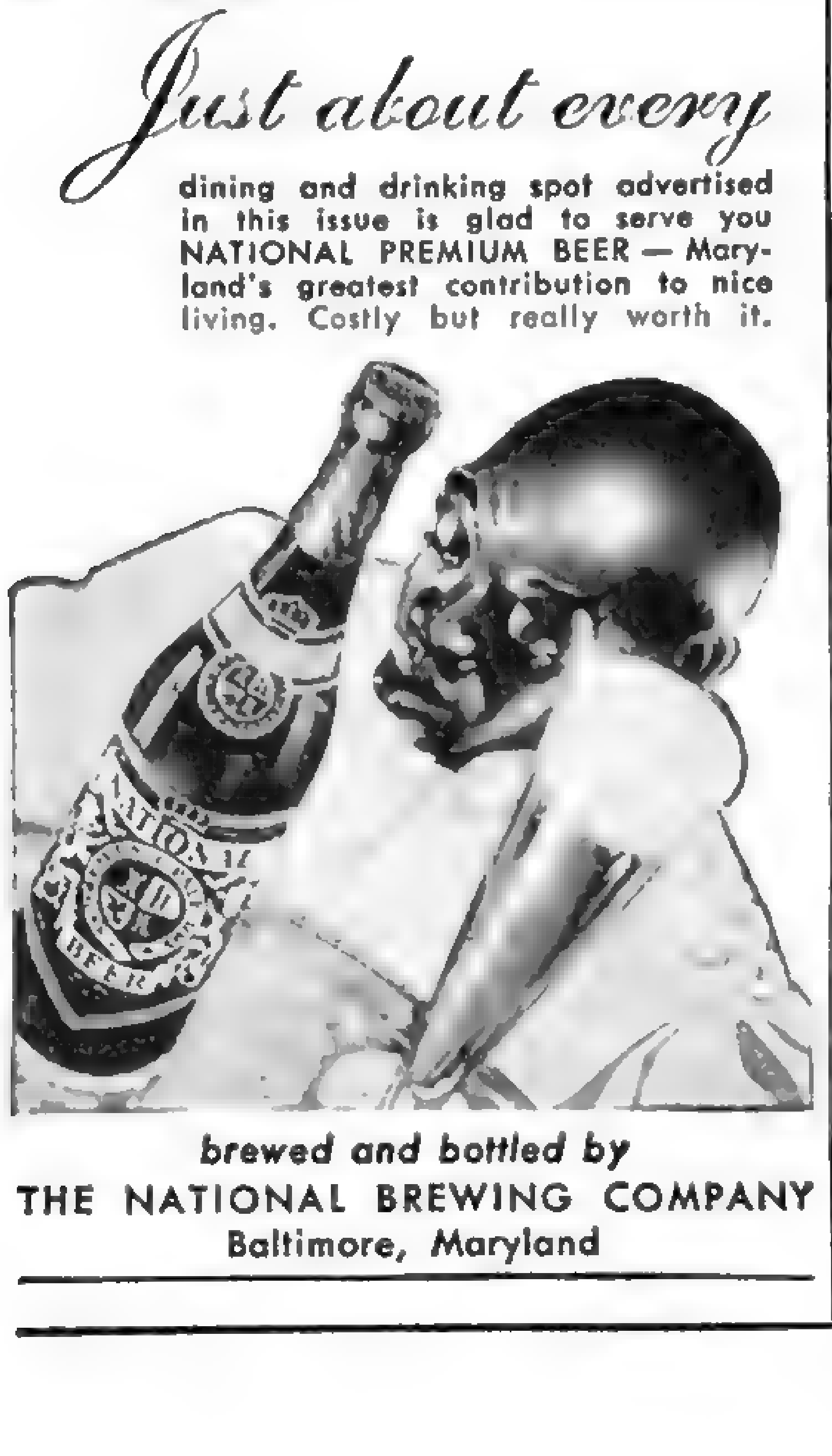
Just about every dining and drinking spot advertised in this issue is glad to serve you NATIONAL PREMIUM BEER — Maryland's greatest contribution to nice living. Costly but really worth it.

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Chicago, taking advantage of its key position between New York and Hollywood, has chosen to combine sundry best features of each, and outdoingly so—as you are made aware of after nightfall.

That tropical dream bower, the Camellia House, created last autumn in the vasty Drake but seemingly detached from anything this side of Paradise, is practically a shooting gallery for Society news photogs. If illusion hadn't provided a big blue harbor to gaze out over from the paved Terrace, with distant mountains to rest your eyes on, you'd get sparkle glutted and chinchilla weary. As it is, there's Ramon Ramos playing for dancing, a Garden Bar, and no slight menu.

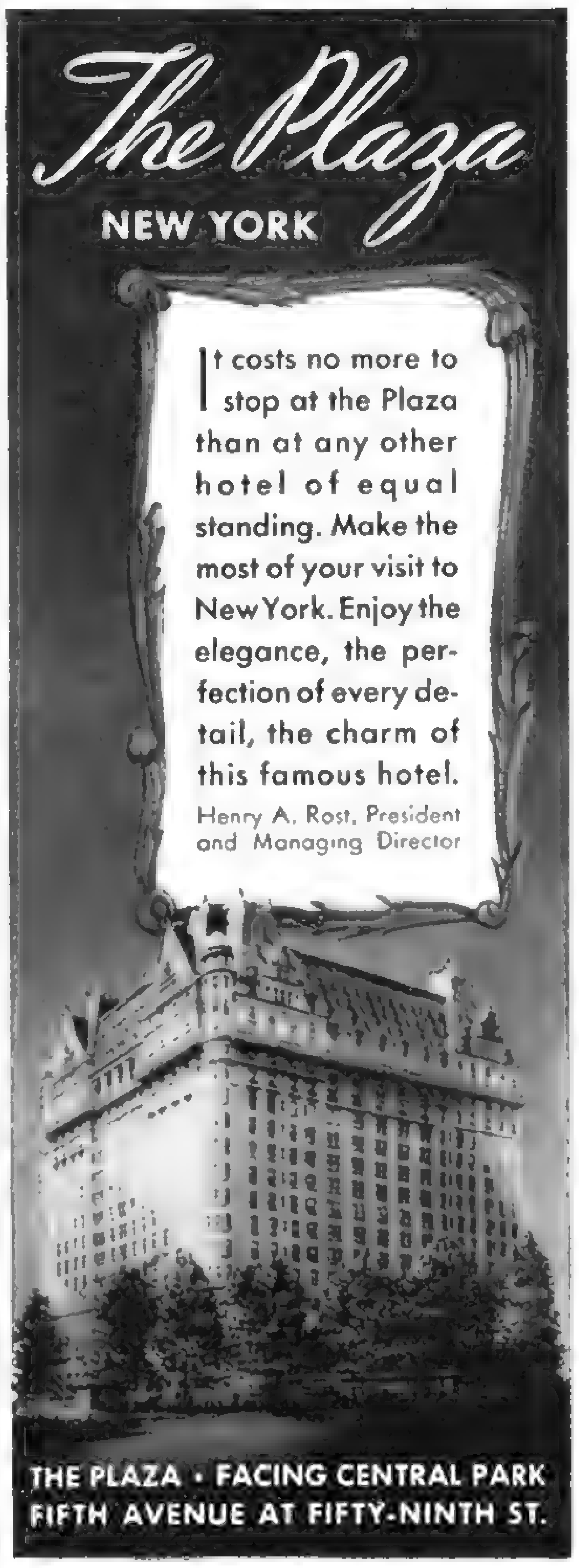
For noted name entertainment, with notables on hand to view it, Chez Paree (610 Fairbanks Court) continues to be a potent draw spot. As a theatre, it presents the stunningest revues procurable. But instead of orchestra seats, you sit in luxury at your table dallying with food which is luxury of ze tops. And should you care to roam, there's the elegantly intimate Elbow Room, just off the large Cocktail Lounge, and a Skyline Room muraled with the spectacle of the city's night enchantment. But anybody would be a zany to budge from his table when the sixteen Chez Paree Adorables (Fred Evans directed) step their visions. Name orchestras swap the bandstand, and stars change every few weeks, but hosts like Mike Fritzel and Joe Jacobson are perennial fixtures—otherwise Chez Paree just couldn't be.

The ultra-smart Pump Room of the Ambassador East seems to know no let-up in its intake of white ties emerging from bright and shiny town cars. The corsage parade vies with the pageant of flaming-sworded viand fetchers colorfully costumed. 'Cross the way in Ambassador West the Buttery is younger setted in a big way, with a sprinkling of gray-haired bankers and dowagers to balance the picture. At the bar you'll find bevies of debs and junior debs sipping cokes and other lighties. The Buttery's roast beef a la Old England has some pretty teeth sunk into it. The Hotel Sherman College Inn, chesty of its sentimental distinction as the oldest living night club in America, spryer year by year, is powering its Panther Room with the music of Bob Crosby, whose bob-cats seem exceptionally congenial with the black panthers recessed along the walls of the bamboo-bedizened rooms. Huge, white-turbaned Negroes are garbed like the retinue of an Indian maharaja, trekking tidbits from the province of chef Fernand Pointreau, with headwaiter Henry Sengfelder as their grand marshal. The adjoining Malaya Room is muraled with gals of a tropical, not to say sultry sort.

The glittering Empire Room of the Palmer House, this season toiled in by such maestros as Ray Noble and Eddy Duchin, additionally gladdens beholders with the trim antics of its Muriel Abbott-picked Abbott Girls. Stellar entertainers beguile your ringside dining and supping. Service is sumptuous. There's a special glamour about this hostelry, second of its name and fame erected on the same acreage. If the first was considered wonderful, what's *this* one?

Grandfather's Follies, featuring bristles, bustles and ballads, is the current excitement at the Blackhawk Restaurant, Randolph at Wabash. Born in London, where it played six months at the Grosvenor House, followed by six months in Paris, and a like stay at the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco, this show has a sure-conflagrational character a-bust with nonsense.

Michael Todd's new Theatre-Café, located at Clark and Lawrence, is exhibiting the not unheard of Miss Gypsy Rose Lee and assorted satellites culled from the Gay New Orleans Revue at the New York World's Fair. Watson Barratt, designer in that instance, has contrived the décor here too. And it's something!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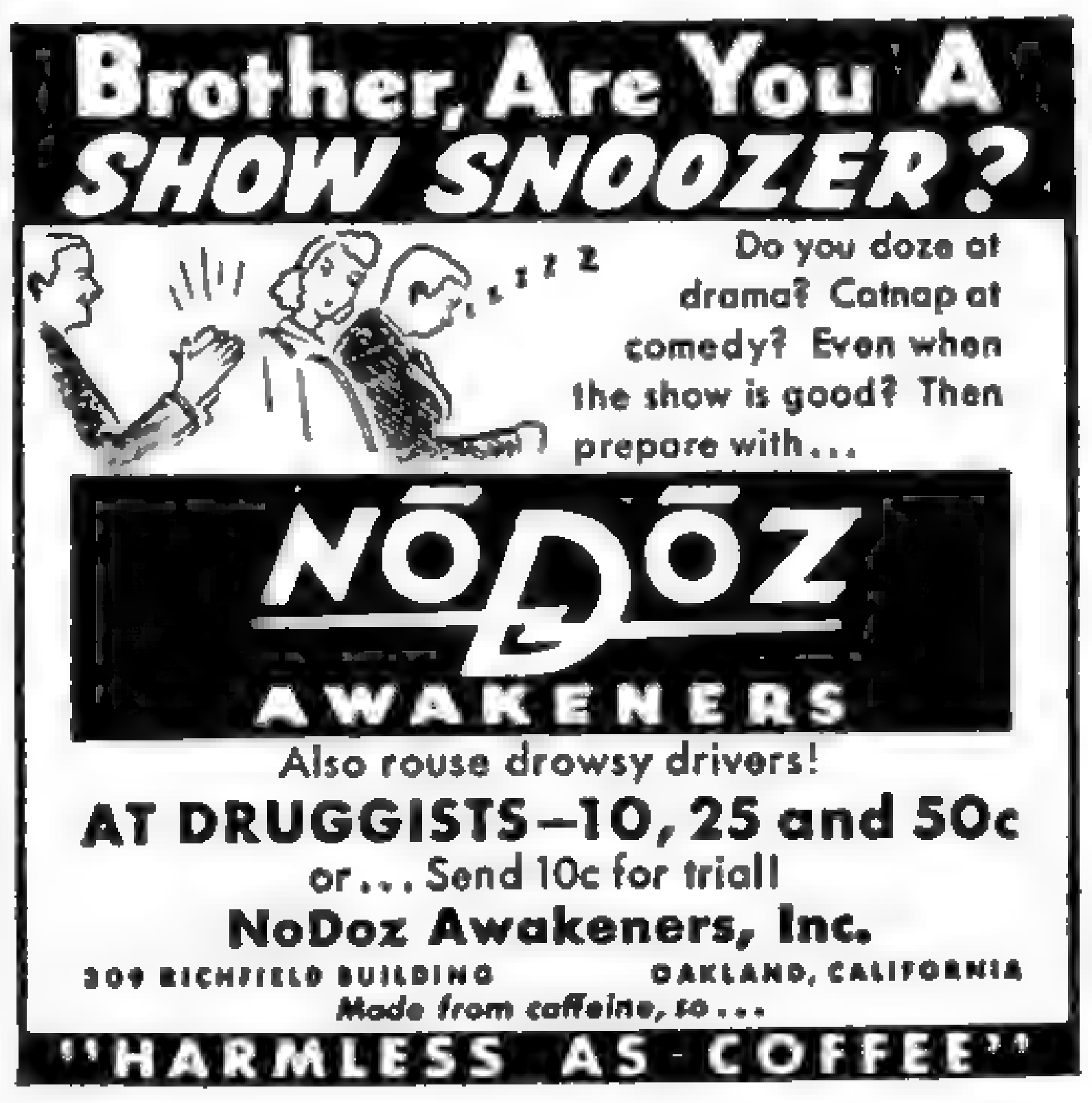
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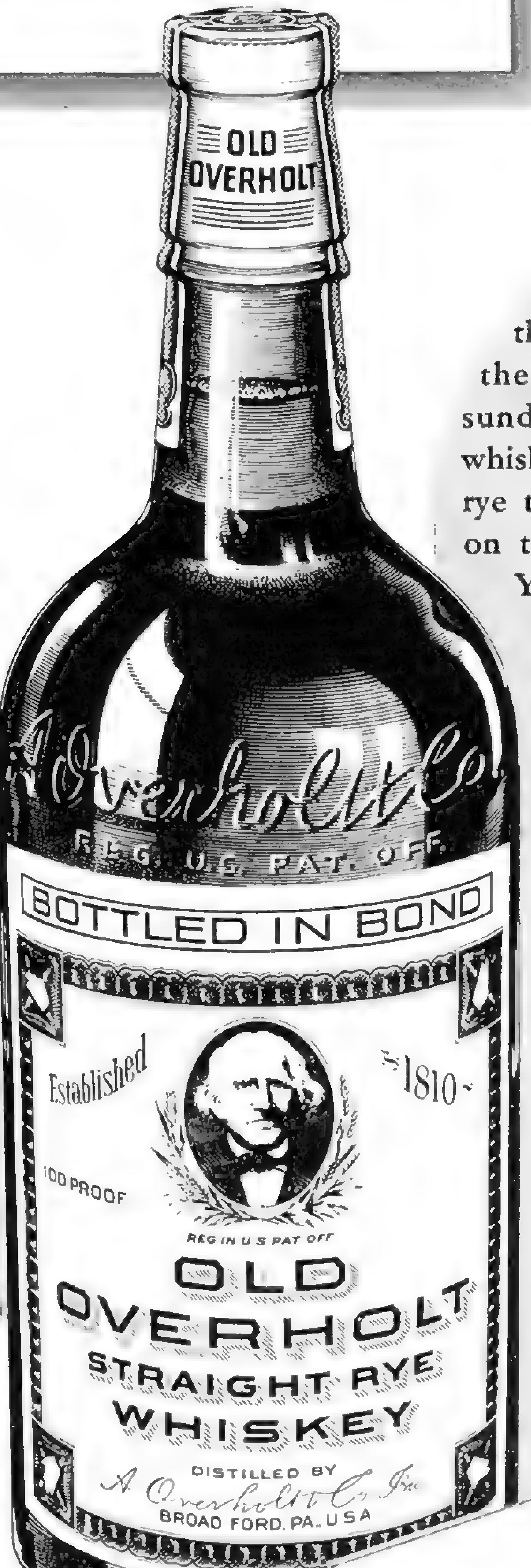
taste tells! 1810

IT FOUNDED THE FAME OF PENNSYLVANIA RYE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In the early days of our republic, the hardy settlers of western Pennsylvania made their own whiskey. But one of these many pioneer whiskies was so outstanding in character and richness that men often rode through the wilderness from sunup to sundown to get a jug of it. That whiskey was the fine, full-bodied rye that Abraham Overholt distilled on the mist-shrouded banks of the Youghiogheny . . . . a whiskey so rare in flavor that it was destined to establish Pennsylvania rye as one of the world's choicest liquors. With the passing years, the fame of Old Overholt spread from tavern to tavern and from city to city as barrels of Old Overholt were freighted to the Atlantic seaboard by Conestoga wagons and shipped down the Ohio and the Mississippi on flatboats and stern-wheelers. Thus, as the country grew and prospered, so grew the prestige and popularity of this magnificent Pennsylvania rye until

THE BLUE ANCHOR INN
where William Penn ate his first meal in the colony he founded. Here, as in other famous Pennsylvania taverns, Old Overholt was served when the republic was young.

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

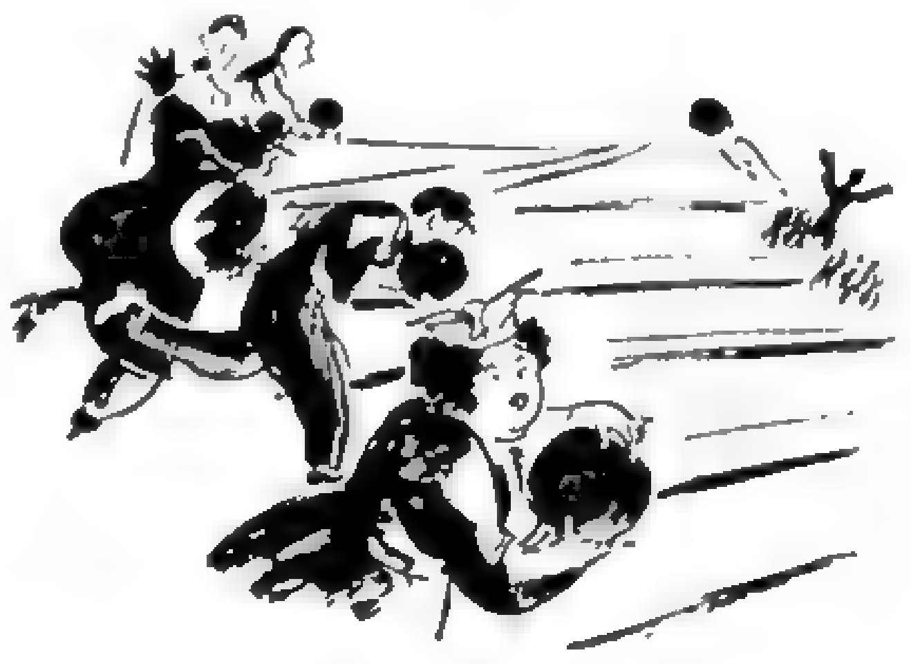
THE STRAND SETS 'EM UP IN TEN PIN ALLEY

They sent a brunette in asbestos panties whizzing down the alley on the back of her lap a couple of months ago, and thus did the Strand Academy bow to a trend. Fifteen strikes did the brunette make for the benefit of photographic art; splinterless strikes, too, we trust, because the alley was brand new, and the pride and joy of Joseph Kline's heart.

For twenty-two long years the Strand Academy has been synonymous with the cue and the eight-ball. It was opened in 1919 by the late Charles Kline and is one of the few original establishments still operating on the main stem. The steps leading downstairs below the Strand Theatre have been descended by practically everyone who ever looked on a billiard ball and found it good, and also by those who just like to hang around where something's going on. Of these last, Joseph Kline is philosophical. "The place is so accessible," he says, and he copes with the problems of accessibility by requesting a couple of dozen walkers-in per week to go, never to darken his doorstep again.

Accessibility, however, is the Strand's stock in trade, and is one of the reasons its new bowling alleys should give the billiard business there some heavy competition. Bowling, it seems, is sweeping the country. It's sweeping Broadway to such an extent that wags are already calling it "Ten Pin Alley." And Kline believes that the real success of bowling will come when more and more billiard academies go whole hog and install bowling alleys in their emporia. Many of them have already done so; many more are in the blueprint stage.

Kline, who has operated the Strand for the past five years, following his father's death, thinks one of the reasons bowling is so much in the ascendancy is that women have found it's fine for the figger. In fact, it's almost too fine, he thinks. "Most men bowlers," says he, " are too thin. The reason they aren't even thinner is that they have to set each other up to beer when they lose." Maybe the girls will help boost beer sales, too.



Bowling, Kline also feels, is a godsend to married men, another reason for its catching on. What the married man does when he finds his wife there reducing, Kline doesn't say. That's a matter for the court of domestic relations, but it sounds like money in the till for the alley owners.

Kline is so enthusiastic about the future of the ten-pin that he gave up billiard table space to it without a qualm to install five alleys, and to make plans for four more this summer. However, he sees no reason why billiards and bowling shouldn't exist happily side by side, and the boys who favor billiards at the Strand have been so busy playing Snooker that they've hardly noticed the intruder.

Snooker is almost an exclusive game with the Strand, or in the East, for that matter. It's a Canadian-imported version of billiards, British in origin. At the Strand, it supersedes pocket billiards in popularity, and British newspapers containing reports of Snooker games abroad are avidly read.

So billiards, in spite of bowling, isn't exactly dead — though Kline says there was one generation that just didn't learn how to play billiards. Before the other war it was more or less a universal accomplishment; those who grew up afterwards didn't have the money. This may have been the reason so many billiard academies became pool parlors — and don't go calling the Strand a pool parlor, because there's a fine distinction. The stigma attached to pool came about when more or less destitute billiard academy owners took to placing bets on the side and earned the further title for their establishments of "horse poolrooms." The Strand has escaped such ignominy and goes its prosperous way with no assistance whatever from Seabiscuit and his equine friends. There were figures such as Hoppe and Schaefer playing there, in addition to the regular trade, to keep the billiard ball rolling.

The bowling alleys, at last report, aren't being neglected, either. If the local talent hasn't perfected its hook yet, it soon will. With twice as many teams registered with the American Bowling Congress as there were four years ago, and rumors of such celebrities as Clark Gable and Meyer Davis going into a bowling venture in Hollywood next fall, it looks as if Kline has made a strike.

Kline, incidentally, doesn't know how to bowl.

Ranger

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But make no mistake, there's nothing luxurious about Beech-Nut's price. It's so moderate it will surprise you. Treat yourself and your family to Beech-Nut tomorrow and learn how downright good coffee can be!

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Beech-Nut Coffee
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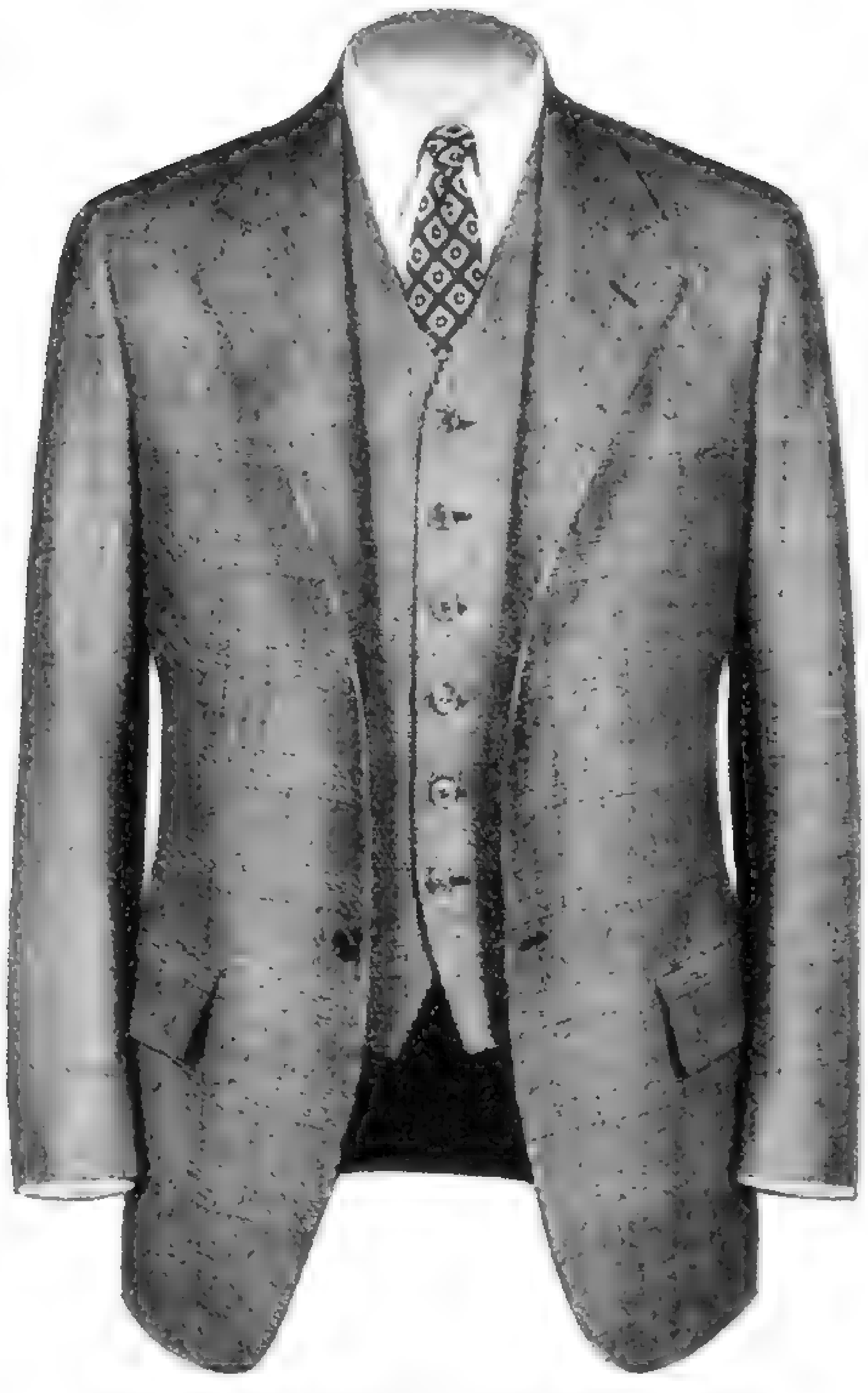
IN 2 GRINDS—VACUUM-PACKED

Drip Grind—The correct grind for all glass and drip coffee makers. *Steel Cut*—For coffee pots and percolators.

Beech-Nut Coffee *. . . the luxury coffee at the moderate price*

In addition to College Undergraduates, Upper-Formers, and Younger Business Executives, many older men also find the style, quality and scale of prices in Brooks Brothers' Young Men's Department interesting. Sizes in Suits and Overcoats go up to 44 —prices begin at $42 for Suits and $40 for Overcoats.



PLAIDS, STRIPES, DIAGONALS, HERRINGBONES, and plain colors are all included in Brooks Brothers' Young Men's Suits—double-breasted models, $44 to $52, single-breasted models, $42 to $50.

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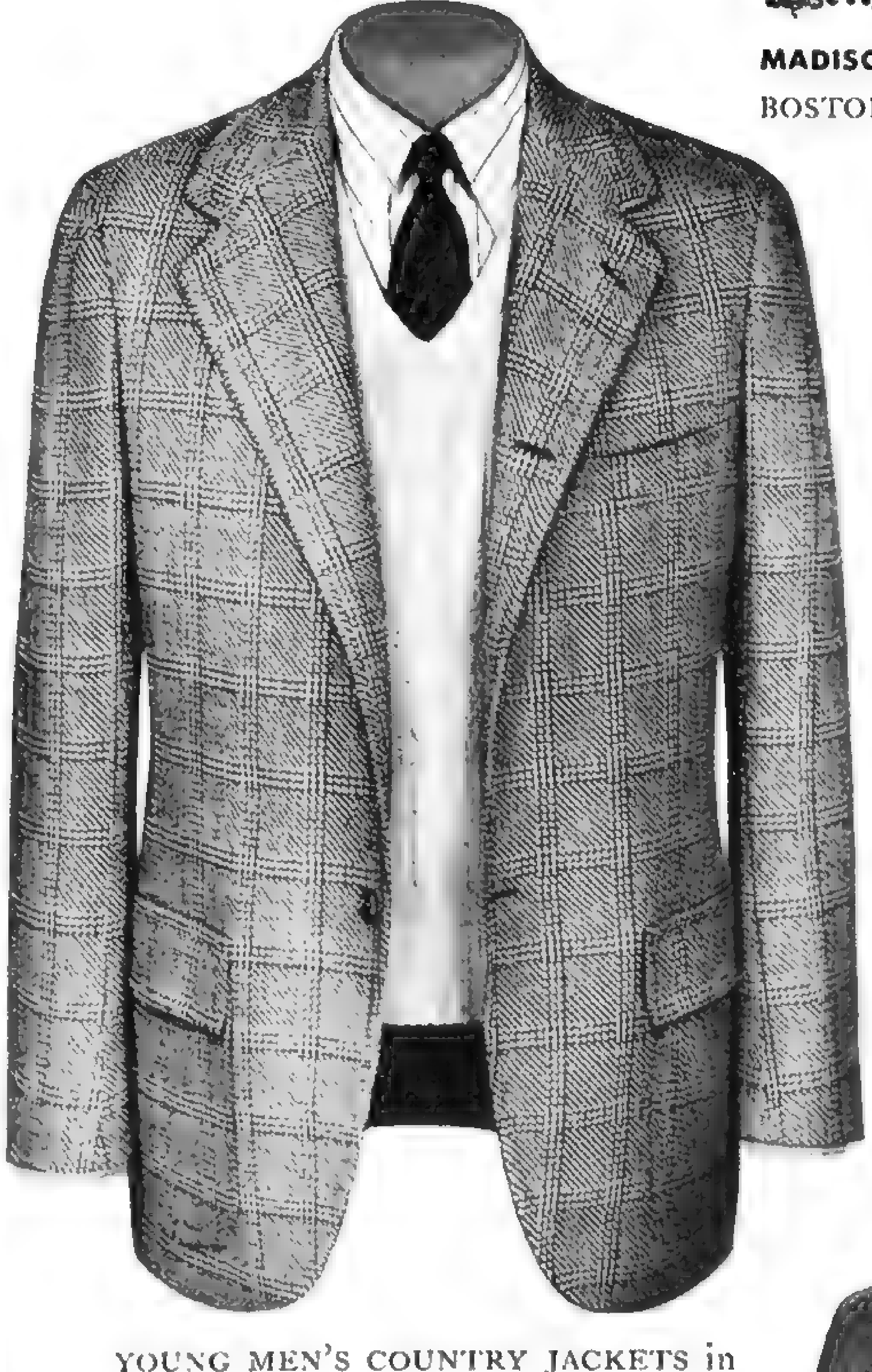
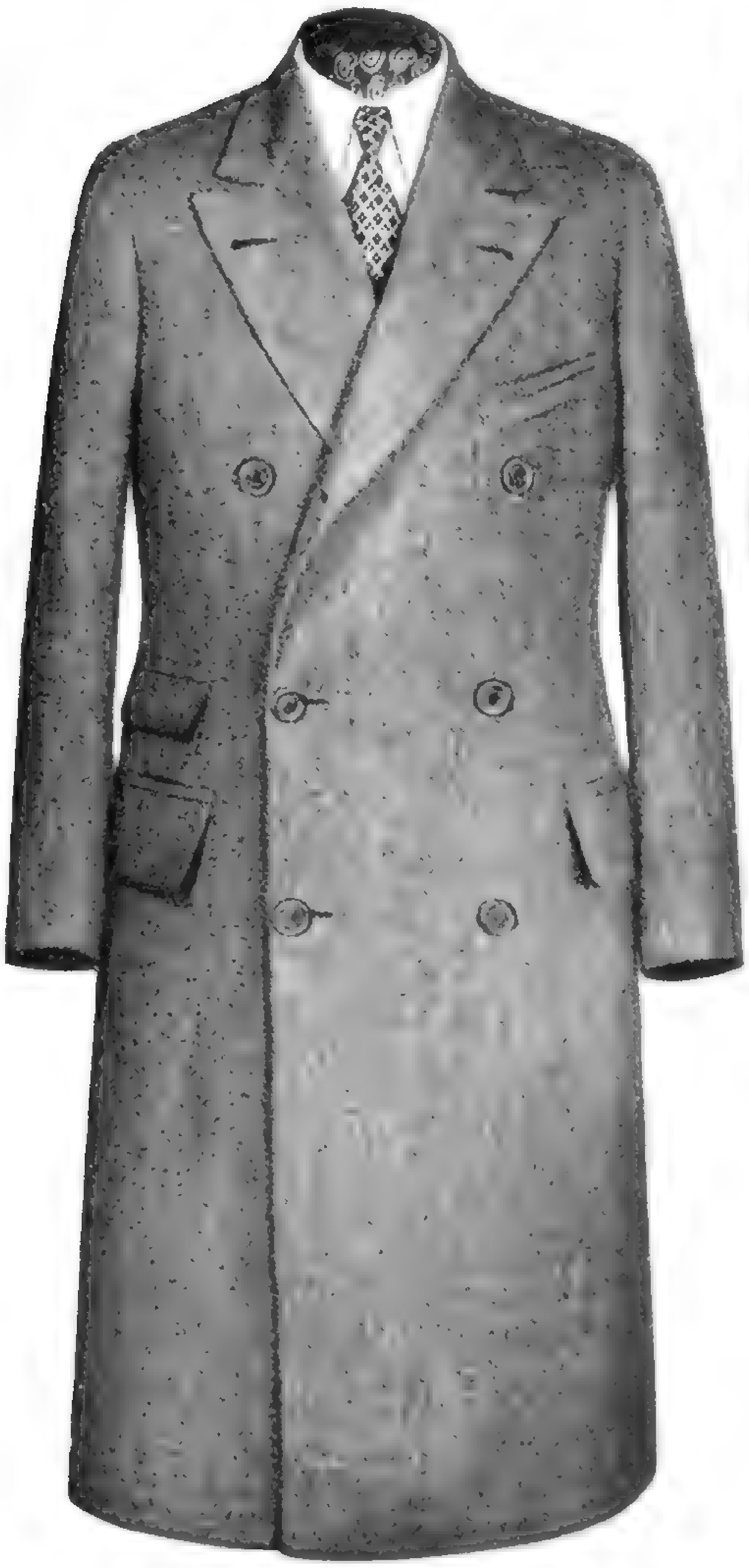
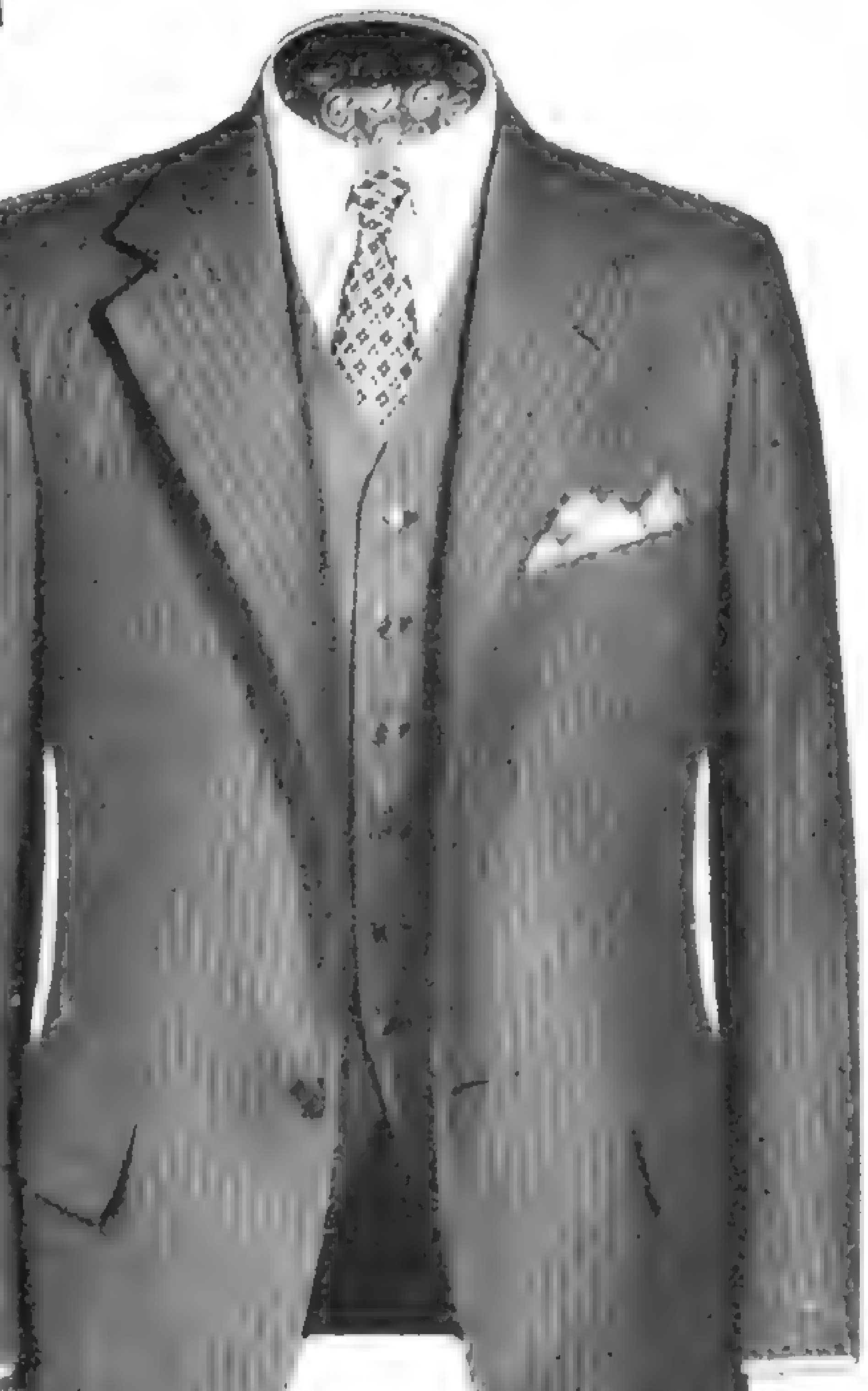


YOUNG MEN'S COUNTRY JACKETS in imported and domestic Tweeds and machine-made Shetlands are $30 to $35. The number of jackets in each individual pattern (as illustrated) is limited.



YOUNG MEN'S SPRING OVERCOATS in both single and double-breasted styles in Tweeds or Covert Cloth are $40 to $45.



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4 Dashes of Angostura Bitters
Splash of Seltzer
Ice
1½ ounces of your favorite whiskey
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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

THE LIBRARY GOES TO THE PUBLIC

If Manhattan's respective population groups could be treated each with a different dye and then observed from twelve miles up, the effect would be kaleidoscopic in point of motion as well as color. For within the borders of our tight little isle, immigration notwithstanding, population shifts are constantly taking place—rather like a dog chasing his tail.

This is undoubtedly a matter of concern to the census board and to real estate men. But it is equally close to the heart of the New York Public Library, which, when its branches' readers drift in moving vans past its various doors, tucks its books under its arm and moves right along with the crowd. For instance, when the Russian colony worked its way from the Mount Morris Park district to Washington Heights, the fine collection of Russian literature at the Harlem Library Branch on 124th Street was moved to the Hamilton Grange Branch on 145th Street.

The 1939 annual report of the New York Public Library shows other geographic trends; a sharp increase of Italian readers in Brooklyn, Queens, and the Bronx, showed they were moving away from Manhattan; the refugee population was found to be doing its reading in Washington Heights; Harlem had moved uptown.

Down at the Seward Park Branch on East Broadway is a wealth of material on the lower East Side that was, in effect, created by its immigrant readers. Most of these, too, have moved, but the character of New York's most book-avid group left its mark.

"Libraries aren't made by librarians," is the spirit behind this vast organization; "the readers make them." And watching the library at work, one knows they're not just making conversation. Some of the most valuable collections of foreign books in the country have grown in branches of the New York Public Library from the simple nucleus of need. Therefore, right where they will do the most good, are Czech and Slovak books at the Webster Branch, Hungarian at Woodstock and Yorkville, Italian at Aguilar and Hudson Park, Spanish at 115th Street, Yiddish at Tremont.

The most impressive collection of all, perhaps, is the Schomburg Collection at the 135th Street Branch, with 10,000 volumes and thousands of manuscripts and etchings—all of, by, and for the Negro. It is this collection that sponsors the annual Honor Roll of Race Relations, and which this year included Justice Hugo L. Black, the Library of Congress, the University of California, Jack Benny, and his man Rochester in its list.

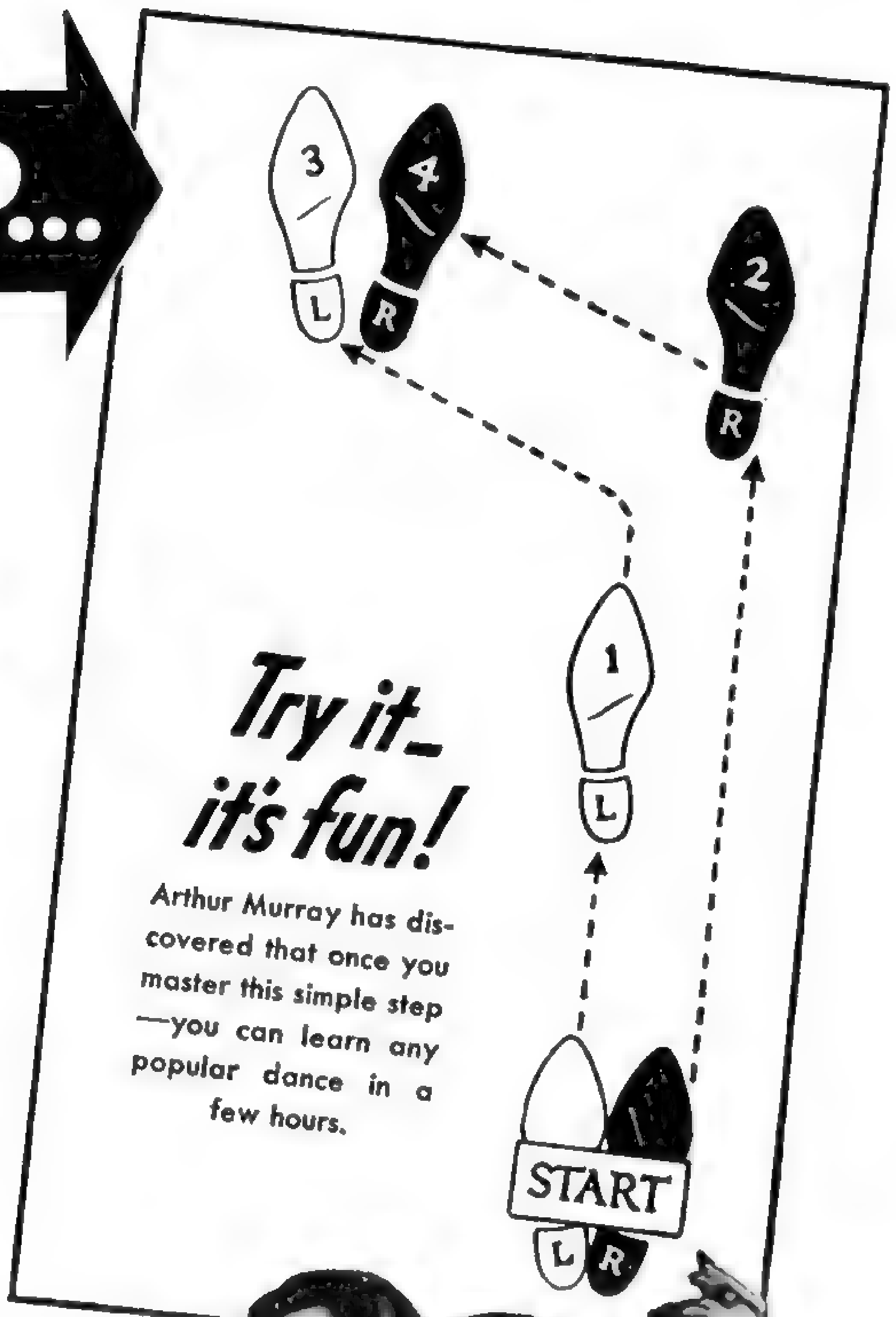
You may be native-born even unto the third and fourth generation, and still the library watches over you, depending on your particular pattern of culture. There's the Sea Room at Staten Island's St. George Branch, for those who follow ships. The George Bruce branch was named after the printer who donated his all-inclusive collection of books on printing. The Municipal Reference Library should be of assistance to anyone who wants to make a speech on city government; the Cathedral Branch has Catholic books.

The 58th Street Branch is known as the Music Library, which often obscures the fact that the Teacher's Reference Room is there, and that the art and drama collections each occupy important places in the minds of their followers. It's in the Drama Library that an experiment is under way, quite new in the annals of library history. The Friends of the 58th Street Library was formed spontaneously last December by the theatre-lovers who used the library, and who consist in part of such lights as John Mason Brown, Morgan Farley, Margaret Anglin, Blevins Davis of N. B. C., and Rosamond Gilder, editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly*. It's their present purpose to interest the public in sending books on the theatre to the library, be they plays, biographies, histories, essays, or designs. They'll welcome your contribution if you have books to spare—phone Volunteer 5-2087, or write 127 East 58th Street, and a messenger will pick up the volumes you want to give the library.

The Drama Library is also a result of geography, although the theatre district itself is some several blocks removed. It was obligingly established for the benefit of students from nearby dramatic schools; the Theatre Guild, for one, and Boleslavski's Laboratory Theatre, for another. One could hardly ask more of any library—here, there are a clipping file of play reviews that goes back sixteen seasons, a thoroughly cross-indexed card file that should locate for you any play you want, a file on moving pictures, and one of current biography. So well thumbed over is the

Continued on page F

IF YOU CAN DO THIS STEP...



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Arthur Murray has discovered that once you master this simple step—you can learn any popular dance in a few hours.

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GOOD DANCER IN 6 HOURS!

"AFTER 25 years of teaching dancing I made an astounding discovery which is revolutionizing the teaching of dancing. It is so simple I wonder that it was not discovered before! 75% of all popular steps are merely variations of this one very easy step! Imagine learning a simple step which any child can do, and performing hundreds of rhythmic, exciting and interesting variations!"

Arthur Murray's instruction is recognized the world over as the last word in smart and correct dancing. Here at last is a practical way to learn the always-popular Fox Trot and Waltz—the modern, sophisticated dances like the Rumba, Tango and La Conga—and some of the very newest swing novelties. It's fun learning to dance *now.*

All you need do is learn the one simple step pictured on this page, to become an accomplished dancer. This new method eliminates all non-essentials and difficult techniques. It reduces modern dancing to *one simple step.* Learn this step—and before you know it you'll enjoy the thrill of being a graceful, popular partner.

To introduce you to this new method, Mr. Murray is offering you his dance book. Once you try the steps in this book you'll enroll at the Studios as soon as possible. Whether you are a beginner or just want to improve your dancing—here is your chance to do latest steps in only 6 hours.

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- Arthur Murray is proud to announce the opening of his new dance studios located at 11 East 43rd Street. These studios were designed and decorated by Dorothy Draper, the well-known interior decorator. All studios are private and each studio is specially equipped with a modern high fidelity music recording system and designed for your convenience and comfort. The congenial atmosphere found throughout them will lend an added charm to your lessons—will make learning a gay adventure.

As a special attraction, Mr. Murray has installed a motion picture auditorium in which continuous pictures will be shown describing the Murray technique, exhibiting the latest steps, etc. You will be able to spend a few leisurely moments at the auditorium with absolutely no obligation on your part.

Plan to inspect the studios as our guest and learn more about the modern facilities placed at your disposal and about Mr. Murray's famous dance lessons. After you have read the Arthur Murray Dance Book you will be glad to come in and take advantage of the special low rates which will be in effect during the next few weeks in order to dedicate the new studios. This special reduction is comparable to low rates ordinarily offered during the summer months.

Arthur Murray's Dance Book

FREE $10 WORTH OF LESSONS IN THIS ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK

If the instructions in this book were given in private studio lessons it would cost $10. The book is offered FREE to prove to you how easy it is to become a good dancer, through Arthur Murray's simplified method of instruction. In addition to teaching the Fox Trot, Tango, Waltz and Rumba, it gives you the secret of leading and following, it tells you the 10 most important pointers on how to become a good dancer.

Never again need you apologize for not being a good partner. You will be able to do all of the latest steps. And most important of all, you will be a better dancer in just a few hours. Send for this book and mail coupon today. Enjoy the thrill of being twice as popular at your next party. Please enclose 25c to cover printing, mailing and handling charges. Address ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio T, 11 East 43rd St., New York.

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Plain Tomato Juice was NEVER like this..

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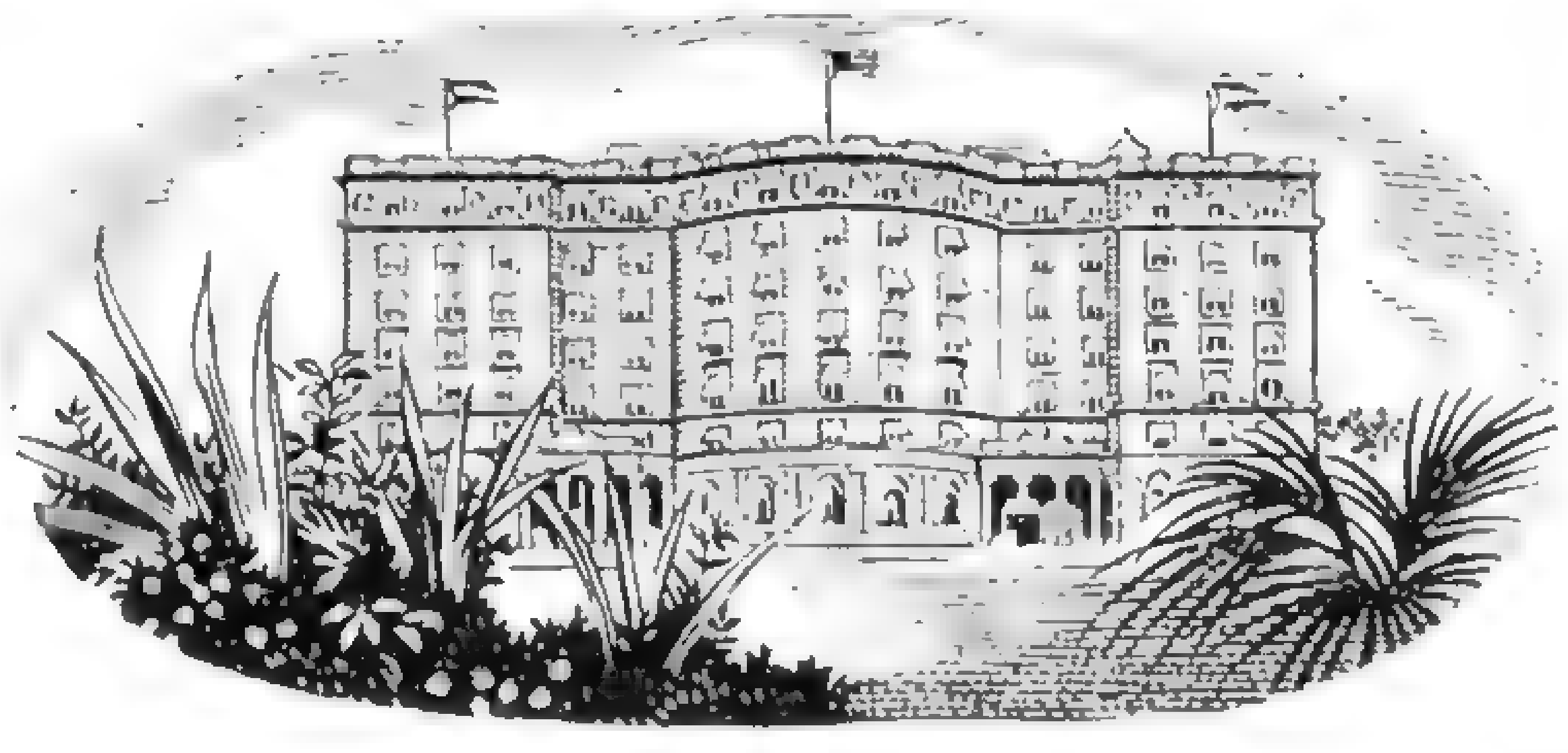
So, pep up your taste today with a delicious glass of cold College Inn Tomato Juice COCKTAIL. Every drop is made of the juice of choice tomatoes blended with a secret seasoning and aged for weeks to a rich mellowness. Simply chill it in its shaker-shaped re-usable glass jar and serve. Ask your grocer today for

COLLEGE INN
Tomato Juice Cocktail

Far More
THAN MERE TOMATO JUICE



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★ *The Copley-Plaza, Boston*

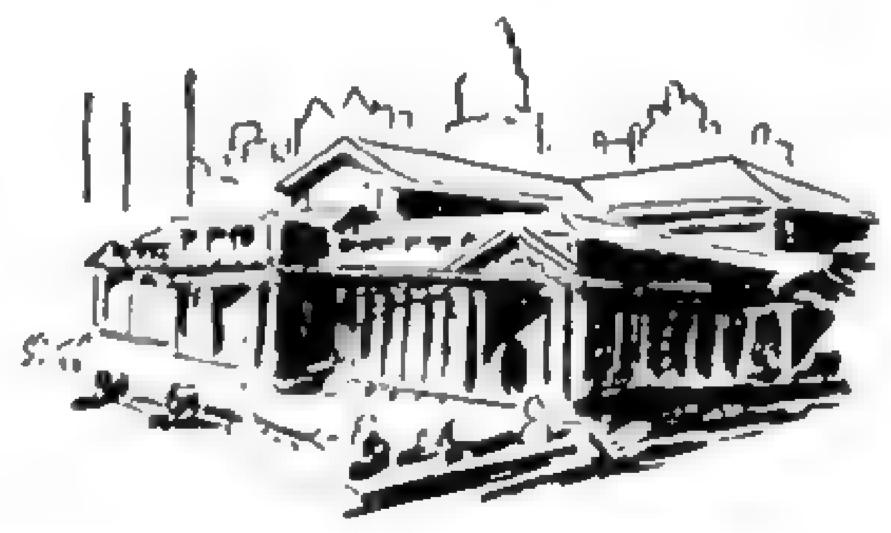
ARTHUR L. RACE, *Managing Director*

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page D

Drama Library's collection by students and actors that when Eunice Comstock Wilson, in charge of operations, took a trip to the Barter Theatre in Virginia last year, there wasn't one of the eighty-odd actors there who didn't claim acquaintanceship with it.

Nice as the Library is to the reading public, it has its troubles, too. People are always getting huffy over the fact that they can't take books out of the Reference Library at 42nd Street, and they think the Circulation Department in the same building has more to offer than the neighborhood branches. Well, you *can't* take books out of the Reference Library, even though you are a taxpayer, because it's supported by private funds and its no-lend policy goes back as far as 1857. Only if you're an institution conducting an investigation and have a fireproof building to take the books to will they relent.



The Circulation Library is, of course, operated by city funds and your card's as good there as it is anywhere else in the city—but it doesn't entitle you to take books from the other rooms. As a matter of fact, it's circulation that is the basic difference between the specialized branches of the library and the big reference library. You can take, say, a book of plays home from the Drama Library, whereas you would have to study it in the building if you asked for it at the 42nd Street Reference Library.

Their list of what's being read doesn't tally completely with your favorite newspaper's list of best-sellers. Right now, what's being read are, in large part, books on defense subjects. They're even bringing these books to students at nine vocational schools, which is the height of being obliging. A librarian from the nearest branch circulates the books once a week.

They can't predict what is going to touch off public interest in any particular book. Several years ago, for instance, when a movie short subject revived Nostradamus and his prophecies, the one copy of his book didn't begin to fill the demand. Shortly afterwards, when a new edition was brought out, the library bought up twelve. Even now, there is seldom one on the shelves.

But whatever you like to read, it's O. K. with the Library. They don't pass judgment on your taste, and as Miss Wilson of the Drama Library says, "A reader in the library is acting perfectly naturally. He's not out to impress anyone with his choice of reading matter. If he likes detective stories, he reads them. If he likes mathematics, he reads books on mathematics."

In other words, the only pressure group operating at the New York Public Library is the public itself.

SUCCESS STORY

Everyone has his favorite place to shop. It's seldom, however, that such an overweening affection for a single store is developed by a customer that he goes in partnership with the owner. Partnerships are likely to be formed for reasons much more crass and impersonal, successful though the results may be, than those that induced a young Mr. Fitch, nearly fifty years ago, to set out his sign alongside that of a Mr. Abercrombie. But he couldn't stay away from the little shop where Mr. Abercrombie sold him his rifles and shotguns and camping equipment.

Love and business proved to have mixing qualities; contagious, too, for Abercrombie & Fitch have an enviable roster of steady customers who have a purely unbusinesslike affection for the place plus a purely businesslike habit of buying there.

If it was fated that Abercrombie and Fitch should meet each other, then it was equally fated that they, in turn, should join forces with a firm whose career peculiarly paralleled their own. For just a year before Abercrombie opened his first small shop, two gentlemen in Chicago went into the sporting goods business on exactly the same premise — to supply sportsmen like themselves with the equipment Mr. Von Lengerke and Mr. Antoine knew from experience they would want.

Up to 1928, when Abercrombie & Fitch took over Von Lengerke & Antoine, each store had progressively moved to larger and larger stores, adding new departments as they went along. Under the aegis of Abercrombie & Fitch, progress at the Chicago store has accelerated so that on March 17th they move, in their fiftieth year, to a brand new six-story building.

That would seem to put them one up on Abercrombie's; but there are plenty of old guard customers in New York who would lose their way on Madison Avenue if they didn't know Abercrombie & Fitch, like the Star Spangled Banner, was still there.

Ranger

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EVER ask yourself this question? Ever wonder why you reach . . . automatically . . . for The RECORD, instead of another Philadelphia newspaper? Ever stop to think that thousands of other people read the same paper for the same reasons you do . . . and that just as many thousands read another paper for other reasons?

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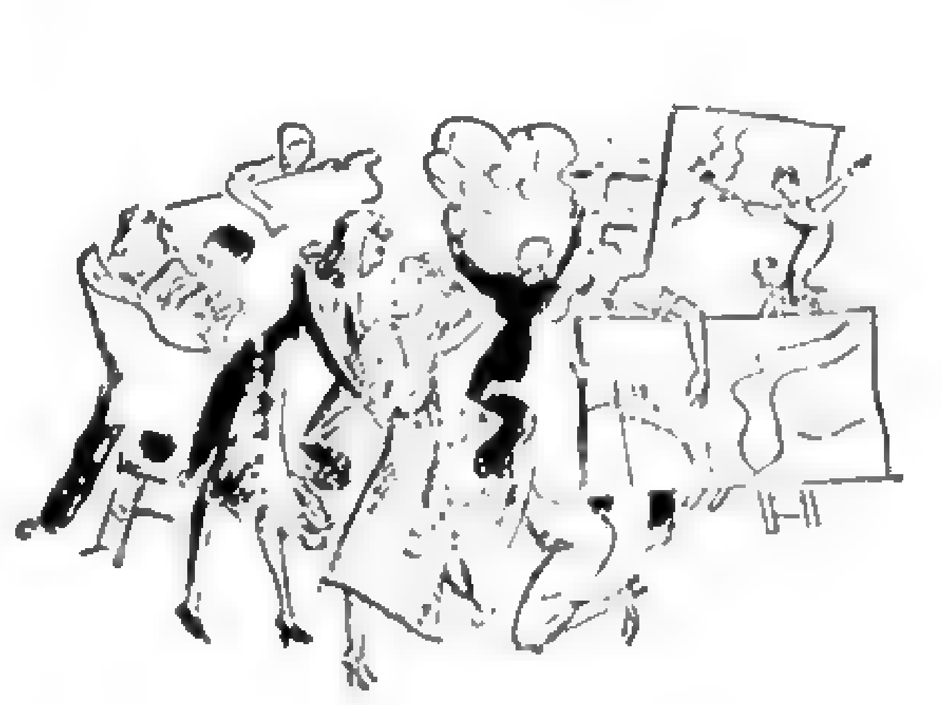
MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

DRAMA IN LONG ISLAND
THE MILLPOND PLAYHOUSE

When Christopher Morley sent Kitty Foyle out to Hollywood to seek her fortune, he was counting on her Irish independence to see her though. He wished her luck, said it was nice to have known her, and made his way back to the Millpond Theatre in Roslyn, where he could keep watch over his other brain children. The night Kitty Foyle was presented to premiére New York audiences, she hadn't sent so much as a postcard to her creator to let him know how she was doing. It wasn't like Kitty to forget, but even with the help of Ginger Rogers, she was a changed gal by that time. They'd taken the nature out of her natural history.

Well, you can always read the book, and Morley can always see his fiction in the flesh at the Millpond Playhouse. The personal touch has worked out very well for lovers of the drama; they travel twenty-one miles from the Great White Way to see our only native workshop theatre in operation—actually the only group of its kind whose experiences we are privileged to share. The fact of Christopher Morley's residence in Roslyn serves to lend the situation piquancy, and results in some spontaneity in the theatre-goer's life. Seldom enough does he get to see a play hot off the griddle; "The Trojan Horse" and "Soft Shoulders" are like paté de foie gras in a picnic basket.

An experiment like the Millpond Playhouse could only have been attempted by the very young and star-dazzled. There's a vast difference, however, between the Millpond project and the average (they usually are) Summer theatre. It's one thing to put your money on the line for the privilege of being cast in an offhand drama of love and life, and another to work throughout the winter at a $5 stipend, with the danger of excommunication if you don't care to whittle scenery into the bargain.



The boys and girls at the Millpond Playhouse are a photogenic lot, but they don't live their lives solely for the candid camera boys that spring up with the first crocus. They are hired for their conviction that acting should be, even if circumstances don't permit, an all-time job. Acting is an art, but it is complicated by the fact that an actor has to have an audience to be an actor. An artist can paint pictures that are never seen in a gallery; a poet can dash off sonnets that are only discovered after his untimely demise; a playwright can create a human drama that won't be produced, if ever, until years have elapsed from the time of its writing; but an actor's art is non-existent while he keeps the lid on his can of greasepaint for weeks at a time between engagements. He, too, can produce the goods, but usually he has to wait till he's asked.

The Millpond Theatre's permanent residence was not, however, established merely to give would-be Thespians a chance to let off steam while at leisure. It is to the theatre what an artist's rough sketch is to a finished layout. A rough sketch can be appreciated as sincerely as is a full-color spread. It gives you the idea without having to give you the expense sheet, too. In view of the fact that a lavish production never fools an audience, the Millpond Playhouse goes to the other extreme and gives theatre-goers that rare sensation of having discovered something.

Take your spontaneity where you find it these days; the lightsome touch is all too rare. The fact is, that acting in the Millpond Playhouse is a serious business with the youngsters who compose its personnel. The older generation that looks askance at its offspring who want to act might be surprised at the efficiency with which the Millpond Playhouse is managed. Five performances a week would be a full life for most actors, but the day of the boys and girls who live in the adjoining house, and the dozen or so who commute daily from the city, begins with keeping a literal roof over their heads and only ends with the application of greasepaint.

This existence is ideally contributed to by the facts of the theatre itself. The residence overlooking the millpond in Roslyn was formerly the home of a sea captain; the theatre was built in 1920 as a community center. House and theatre are wedded one to the other by a labyrinthian basement; furnaces and a refurbished bowling alley are under the stage, and there are signs admonishing loudmouths to keep quiet, or else, while a performance is going on. There is practically no limit to the rooms in the house, though they appear to have been sown rather than laid out. They are furnished comfortably but with utter abandon by the occupants. The large downstairs sitting-room has as its most conspicuous furnishings a series of semi-circular love

Continued on page I

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

Continued from page 11

seats, bought for a song from the Salvation Army, which in turn had obtained them from a defunct bar.

David Lowe's is the responsibility of the theatre and its occupants, residential and nonresidential. An impresario at the great old age of twenty-seven, he has a three-year lead in age over the oldest member of his crew. Maintaining a Summer theatre over the winter was his own inspiration, aided and abetted by local resident Christopher Morley.

Ever since Morley was invited to join the cast of "Our Town" last Summer, when the Millpond Theatre got started, he has grown in his love for the group and contributes to it a goodly percentage of his time and energy. He understudied Gaylord Mason (Fredric March's protegé) in the part of Pandarus in "The Trojan Horse," delved into his prolific mind for promotion ideas, and has promised to write another play to be presented at Millpond. "Soft Shoulders," the current offering, returned after a highly successful seven-weeks' stand at the theatre last Summer. Then, it had been planned to give four performances, but as Lowe says, "It just seemed to hit," and there were long lines of cars from Roslyn and Manhasset to the theatre practically every night, gratifyingly responsive to Morley's free-wheeling comedy.

The Millpond Theatre operates on a shoestring, but it operates. Nobody's out to make a profit, which removes one real obstacle from the path. The kids who live at the house get a place to live in and enough to eat, in addition to $5 and transportation. In their spare time, they look for jobs; when last seen, only one of the cast had an outside job, which consisted of selling house paint to contractors. David Lowe has a job, too, on which hinges more than his personal success. His radio program is the means of swinging many an off week at the Millpond Playhouse. Between times, he lectures to lady seekers-after-culture on the arts, literature, and drama—particularly the drama with which he is most directly concerned.

Youth has been discovered in the past few years, and Youth as a label is beginning to have social and political implications. There are those who feel that youth asks for too much looking after, that they band together as a means of protection against what is known as Outside Forces. Well, here's a group that is looking after itself quite nicely; it's creating a pleasant feeling for itself in the community, and it's preparing with practical experience to shake outside forces by the hand—in this case, Broadway.

GUIDE TO THE EASTER PARADE — AFTER A FASHION —

Last year, capital F Fashion dropped, like a rich, juicy plum, into the laps of New York's designing boys and girls. It was a gift that could hardly be refused; sort of like being required to adopt a six-year-old earl for the Duration. Quite a responsibility; but the association lent such prestige that it was worth all the trouble, really.

So, smiling bravely, partly from real pride and partly so the inner struggle won't show, the new fashion capital gives you Spring 1941—just, it hoped, like Paris used to make.

It even has a Theme, which, as near as we have been able to figure out, is Read Your Daily Paper. If fashion never had an editorial policy, it has one now. The girls you know may not get beyond the weather report on Page 1, but by the nature of their ensembles you will know their hearts belong to South America, China, Turkey, and/or Greece—because Spring 1941's styles are full of the folklore of these nations. The hearts of the $14.95 specialists are full of tabasco sauce, and pilaf is their inspiration.

Another front-page style almost involves a complete knowledge of military tactics. Not having draft numbers to worry over—much, anyway—the girls are going to be as cute as their own military coat buttons, realistic as all get out in Sam Browne belts, sailor collars, and insignia braid. It will not, however, be necessary to salute.

Even more, carrying on in the tradition that to every season is its fashion controversy, New York's designers have thrown themselves into a self-inflicted turmoil by giving the shoulder back to the American woman. You just *think* she's got natural football shoulders. Beneath that plethora of padding there lurks a revolution, because there ain't gonna be no padding this spring. Not much, anyway. And that, say the geniuses of line, means the bust must go. We haven't investigated where the bust is going instead of where it's been, but we'll keep watching for it and advise you to do the same.

Any canny hostess knows that she can overcome the memory of a tough T-bone by something special in the way of entertainment, even when accomplished by a nose-dive into the lily pond. If Spring 1941 is confused in its head, it has an ace up its dolman sleeve—several of them, in fact.

Ranger

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

BALLET SPEAKS AMERICAN

A better psychologist than we are might be able to figure out why certain of the arts belong predominantly to men, and others to women. We don't want to start any fights, either — we're just wondering. In painting, men have the field, and in musical composition. They also have the edge in musical interpretation. There are plenty of successful women playwrights, poets, and novelists, but more successful men. When it comes to what goes on on the stage, the gals are right in there holding their own, and when the field is narrowed down to ballet, the average male is more than willing to dismiss any part of it as far as masculinity is concerned. This, in spite of the fact that most choreographers are men, and that men like Nijinsky, Lifar, and Dolin are identified with ballet.

Ballet is dancing, and dancing is also what Fred Astaire, Bill Robinson, Tony De Marco, and Paul Draper do without getting the male back up. But the trouble is that ballet has been thrown at us in the past like a redolent powder puff, completely ignoring the fact that American men aren't equipped to take it.

If Anton Dolin of the Ballet Theatre has anything to say about it—and he has—there will come a time when ballet won't have the pink connotation that keeps the boys away. The golden wig and the elegant stance aren't any more an integral part of ballet than are the gentle boys themselves — and you'd be surprised how unnecessary they are. Ballet, furthermore, is not pie. It's probably even less pie than opera is for an opera singer, and tenors are not always considered to be mice, either. In ballet, you have to start young and keep up the good work as long as your career lasts, without taking too much time off from practising.

What Dolin is working on now is not a new technique of ballet —which, after all, is a technique in itself—but a new interpretation of it, based on the American, not the European, idiom. American sports, for example, have great ballet possibilities, he thinks; you've seen many an unconscious *arabesque* in baseball, approximate *entrechats* in basketball, and *fouettés* in football. This association of movement is the theme of a new kind of dance. Dolin got his musical inspiration from Stravinsky's *Sacre du Printemps* in *Fantasia's* shorter version. Because the Fantasound music in *Fantasia* can't come to him, he goes to it, and before the Ballet Theatre opened on February 11th, he practised almost every day behind the screen at the theatre. While Disney's brain children interpreted the evolution of the world before the audience on one side of the screen, Dolin would be interpreting the evolution of sport in ballet technique on the other. Its first performance should be a revelation in ballet, and since Dolin has been dancing for twenty-six years and knows what he is about, it should interest the balletomaine as well as the skeptic.

Anton Dolin's real name is Patrick Kay, which would do very well for the purpose of making Americans understand the ballet, except for the older tradition that if you weren't Russian you simply weren't a ballet dancer. He's English, but he's been Anton Dolin too long to stet the Patrick. Alicia Marks was the also British name of his partner, Alicia Markova. Together, they formed, and still do, the nucleus of the ballet in England, where previously ballet had had only a half-hearted existence. Perhaps they'll do as much for America.

During his full and brilliant career, Dolin has found time to write two books, — *Divertissement* and *Ballet Go Round*, the latter a hodge-podge of names, events, and places enough to sum up the average lifetime instead of a seven-year period.

Anton Dolin, at 37, is slight but well-built, serious and earnest, and considerably amazed at the blank ballet has drawn for years in the United States. The fault, he feels, is not with American audiences, who after all have the right to reject what they do not want, but with the failure of ballet to understand the American audience. He has taken a quick, analytical look at America and has discovered that the majority of Americans like their dance art fused with showmanship. A showman as well as an artist, Dolin is prepared to try to give the American public what it wants. If he succeeds, it will be because he has not tossed ballet at Americans, but because he has helped to translate ballet from an alien tongue into an American one.

Ranger

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R. J. BIDWELL COMPANY, Los Angeles, San Francisco

MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

ALL SOAP ISN'T SOFT

Perhaps you remember away back when a rising Thespian would occasionally condescend to act on the radio in exchange for those ever-welcome shekels which brought food. He "prostituted" his art thusly when circumstances (and the landlord) forced him to—and then frequently used an assumed name. If you do, brother, you've a long memory. Them days are gone forever.

Today the networks and the independent stations are deluged daily with a stream of mail from high school and college drama students—not to mention the established actors—who have an insatiable desire to act on the radio. Some of these letters frankly plead for a chance; some (from established non-radio actors) are arch—the "if-I-found-the-proper-vehicle-I-might-be-interested" type; some are merely certain that they have a great talent to bestow on a dead medium. Most are alike in one respect, however. They have no working knowledge of radio acting technique—but all assume it would be a cinch.

So, in an effort to lay the ghost, we approached Jay Jostyn, a handsome gent in his early thirties, who is a seasoned and versatile radio actor. We chose him because, in addition to his six years in radio, he put in almost eight years in touring stock companies, during which he memorized and performed more than a thousand roles. And last year, he set a new record in radio's dramatic shows, appearing in thirty-six script shows as forty-eight different characters – all in one week. So Mr. Jostyn, you'll agree, is eminently suited to discourse on radio acting vs. theatre acting. Says Mr. Jostyn, "Radio acting is far the more demanding. You have no stage to cavort on; facial expressions are wasted on the ether air, and meaningful gestures are of no account. Every bit of artistry you are capable of must be expressed through one medium only—the voice."

As a matter of fact, Jostyn looks back to his one-night-stand days with something almost approaching envy. For while he may have had a different role every day (two on matinee days), at least he had his script weeks in advance, and could polish up whenever he wanted to. He was able to memorize it.

To the layman, reading a script seems to be of great assistance, but any actor worth his salt would much prefer to memorize his role. Once the words are memorized, he can go to town on the interpretation.

In radio, that's impossible. For one, the actor rarely sees the script more than a day in advance of the program—and frequently gets it only an hour before he goes on the air. In that short time, the script may be rewritten two or three times to include last-minute changes and suggestions. So after only three readings, the radio actor goes on the air and gives. Three readings on a stage production barely takes in the first day's rehearsal!

The soap operas, so-called, make up the most remunerative slice of an actor's income in radio. Oddly enough, these fifteen-minute five-day-a-week slices of life allow the least room for that oldest of all acting prerogatives—temperament. Come to think of it, though, it's only the established stage actors who indulge themselves in that luxury. Certain of their indispensability, they allow themselves a bit of pettishness. In radio, no one is indispensable. If an actor, for one reason or another, incurs the annoyance of the production or agency man, he'll show up for rehearsal only to find that he's been killed off in the script (or maimed, if they just want to threaten him). When the show goes on the air, the other actors mourn him, or pray for his recovery, as the case may be. There are very few contracts between radio actors and sponsors. The agencies find it too expensive to sign the actors for a lengthy period of time and prefer to call them when needed. The actors, on the other hand, may be busy when the call comes – and so a strange situation arises. On one soap opera, for instance, the leading role was played by four different actresses during a five-year period—and that's a "good" record. If the radio audience paid any attention to the different voices picking up the thread of the story, they didn't let it bother them too much. But then, radio audiences are an unpredictable genus.

To dust the soap opera cobwebs from his mind, Jostyn occasionally takes a part in the "arty" dramas. Because most of these shows are sustaining, the pay, comparatively speaking, is peanuts—especially when you consider the work and time involved. However, the roles are meaty ones, and test an actor's mettle. And, though you may not think so, a radio actor likes to reassure himself as to his ability—when he can afford the luxury.

Ranger

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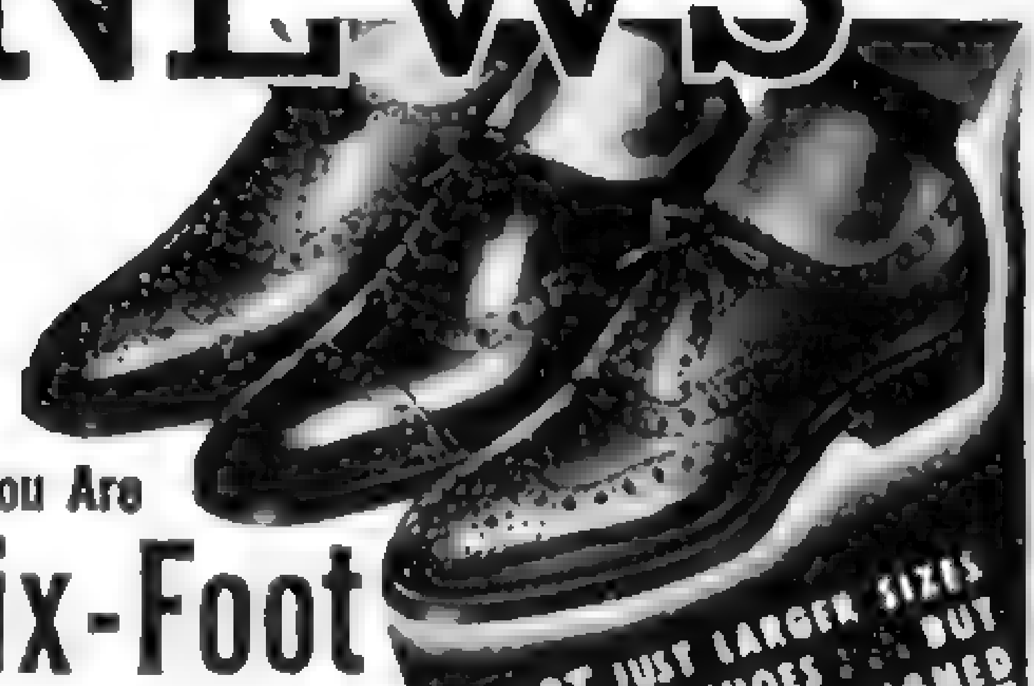

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MANHATTAN ROUND-UP

JOHNNY PAYNE HIS BACK IS PARDONED

This is the seventh season now that Johnny Payne, the country boy from Nashville, Tennessee, has been displaying his own peculiar talents at the Hotel Elysee's Monkey Bar. Proof that New Yorkers and a great number of out-of-towners love exhibitionism and insults can be found in the fact that he has been filling this not-too-small room, right back to the service bar, for six fat years.

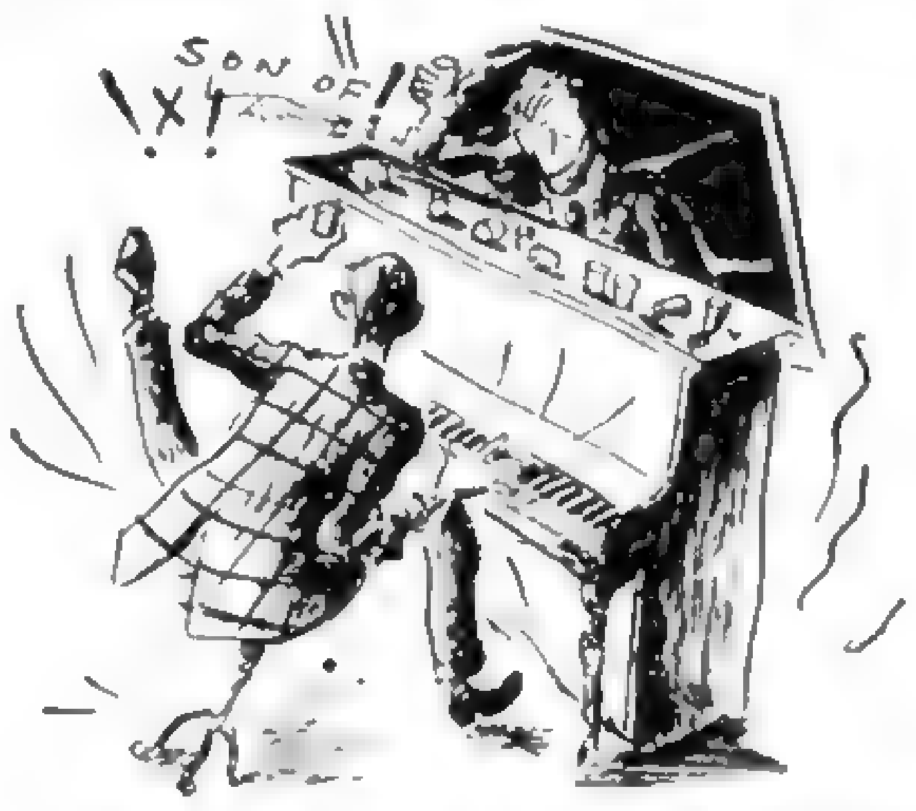
The genesis of his unusual technique of public entertaining took place six years ago and turned a fairly talented performer into a unique star. That night, some very rude patrons annoyed Johnny, who was pleasantly and conventionally singing away at the piano. After trying to battle the elements for a while, he just turned the piano around and finished his performance with his back to the audience. And the other patrons cheered.

Ever since, Johnny has refused to face his audience. As a concession, he had a mirror placed in the wall in front of the piano, enabling the customers to watch him, but the spotlight in the mirror enables him to avoid seeing them. Which is just as he would like it to be. And that isn't the half of it. It isn't unusual at all, when some lush auditor is being particularly provoking, for Payne to hoist that inevitable pony of rye that is delivered at quarter-hour intervals by a faithful waiter, down its contents, and fling the glass at whoever happens to be irritating.

And how the audience loves his particularly viperish tongue! Woe to the foolhardy soul who tangles with him in a mess of repartee, for Johnny pulls no punches. When a patron, eager to get a smile for his money, laughs at one of his quips, he generally parries this gesture of appreciation with, "You must be new here." Folks who have come back for years still laugh at this one. A crowded night might find him saying, "Any more hotels want to get pulled out of the red?" One night, he outraged the composer of *Thanks for the Memory* by interrupting the lyrics long enough to comment, "Why, this is a g-d-m travelog"—which it is, when you get right down to it.

As a matter of fact, Johnny quit the first night he opened at the Monkey Bar. It seems the headwaiter went over to the new entertainer and informed him that he was playing much too loud, whereupon Johnny stalked out. But the owner of the hotel, who happened to be in that night, had heard him perform, and demanded that he be brought back. He's been there ever since. The people who came in first brought others, and they brought still others until there was quite a crowd.

There isn't anyone quite like Johnny Payne. With a liver and kidneys that are practically immune to alcohol, he never regards his act as a success until he has downed one gill of rye after another — and if you don't believe it's rye, he'll make you a present of it and order another at your expense. With a throat that must be wonderfully constructed, he has never lost his voice, no matter how much shrieking and singing he has indulged in the night before. To the audience, he is downright rude, answering requests with, "I'll play whatever I g-d-m please." And it's effective psychology. With so many entertainers straining at the leash to please, New Yorkers are fascinated by a performer who throws all the rules out the window.



Actually, and this will come as a great shock to many, Johnny is a mild-mannered, polite, and gentle Southern boy from Nashville, whose three great loves are good music, his car, and bridge. Paradoxical as it may seem, he keeps himself well-balanced by never doing anything moderately. He will travel two hundred miles for a good concert, and attends the opera every night during the season, even if he has only time for one aria or a particularly favorite passage. If he plays bridge, he plays for hours at a time. When he drives his convertible Chevrolet, he drives like the Furies incarnate. When he is driving without a destination, his friends invariably try to steer him out to Long Island, for the farthest he can go is Montauk.

Though he consumes prodigious amounts of alcohol, he has never suffered from that common ailment, the hangover. His immunity to this universal ailment lies in a simple system. He never goes to bed tight, even if it means playing phonograph records until dawn or thereafter, or walking two laps around Central Park reservoir with his two Yorkshire terriers, Colin and Donna, until completely sober.

It's a full life, all right; one that would make a dithering maniac of the average citizen in a week, let alone six years. But it certainly seems to agree with Johnny Payne.

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256 taste buds*

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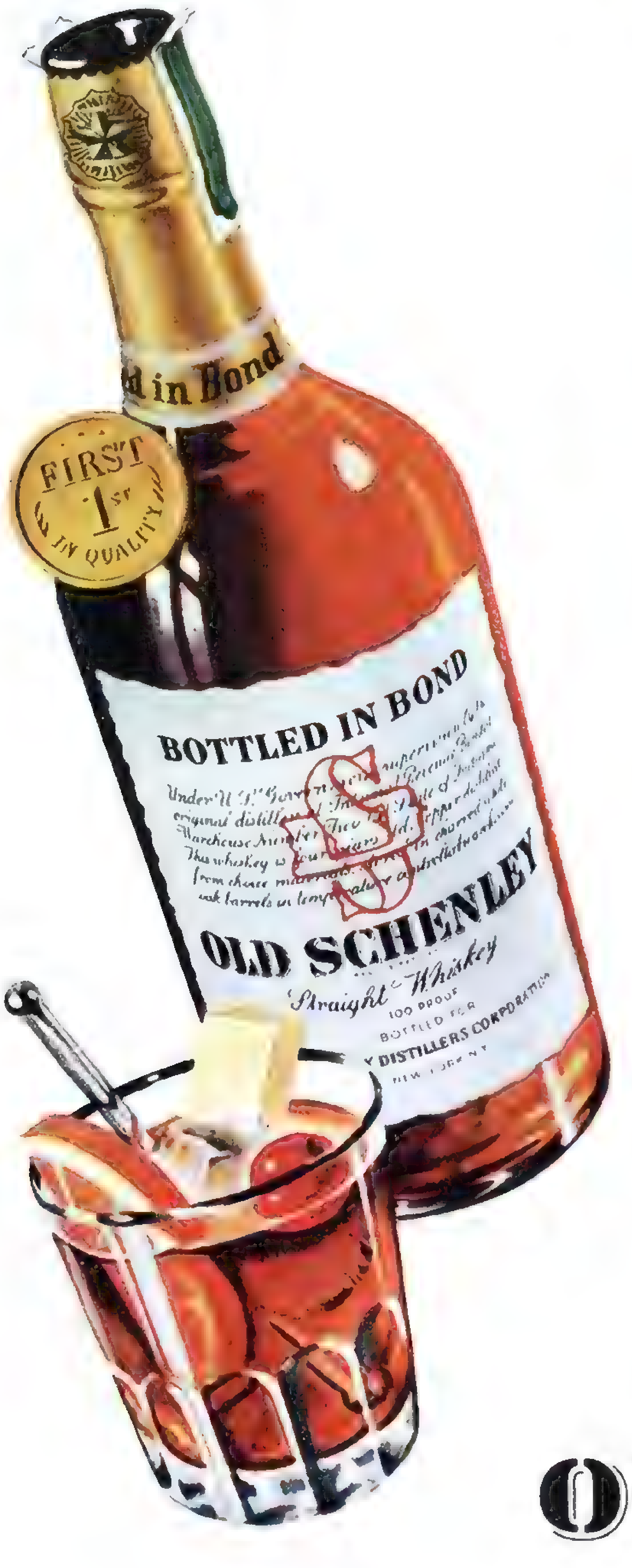
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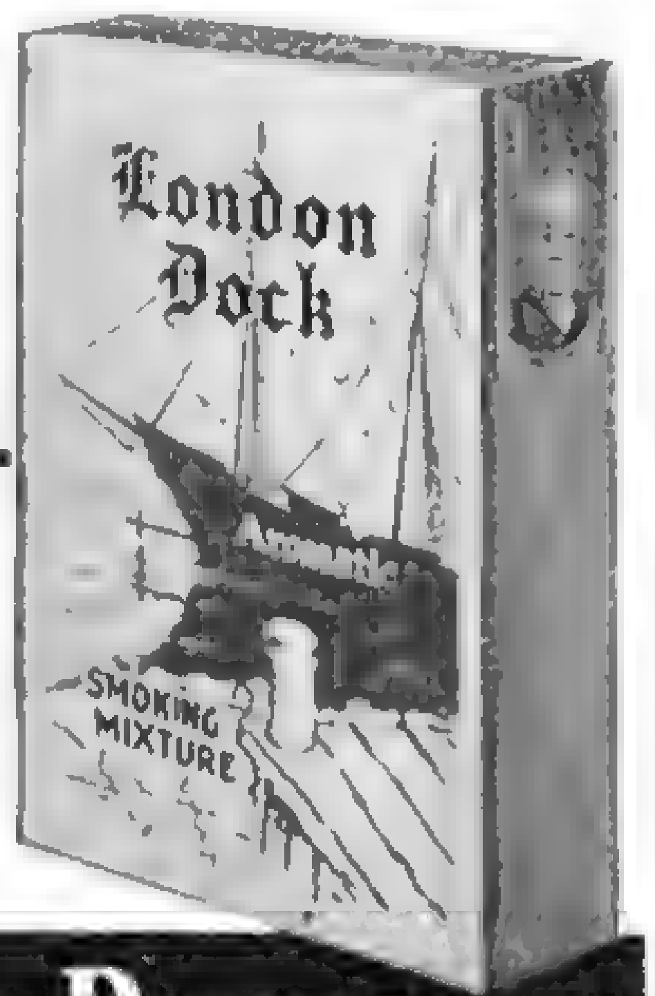

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right into your pantry.
Mail $7.00 check for four dozen 10 oz. bottles, $3.50 for half case; carriage paid; bottle refund $1 East of Miss. River.
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Elegant no end is the new restaurant Baroque, 14 East 53rd, whose success was as if a sabled horde had been leaning against the door when opened by ye smiling messrs. Frank and Joseph, alumni of the Savoy in London who have functioned at estimable way-stations since. The decorative schemer of the place has let his fancy romp ingeniously, scoring some effects the town ain't seen before, such as a tiny, casually triangular bar, a huge castle portal, and vermiculated stonework—all baroque of the baroquest. As for viands, there's oranged guinea hen, asparagus-ferruled sweetbreads Regence, haunch of venison, etc. The prideful cellar is represented by a pushcart des vins from which you pick by merely pernting.

Gas-lit gaiety of the bicycle-built-for-two and planked-steak-for-four variety knows neither let nor hindrance at Bill Hardy's Gay Nineties (57 East 54) to which old timers with young notions gravitate unerringly. The way that Gay Nineties Quartet (Gus Wicke, basso astoundo) go barber-shopping through Sentiment Lane fairly sends teardrops into your beer. Much pathos, too, in Spike Harrison's melodious account of how he lugged his harp to the party and nobody asked him to play. Should you be doing your dining in the private room, no need of calling your attention to the collection of oil-painted air-conditioned ladies from historic barrooms.

Its front attractively wrought-iron grilled a la New Orleans, the Absinthe House introduces a note of dignity into dizzy West 52nd Street. 50 is the number, and inside you find a semblance of the Crescent City's famous dispensary, featuring an authentic four-spigotted absinthe drip fountain. (Three tumblers and you're seeing animated electric signs.) Upstairs in the colorful dining room brown-uniformed mulatto gals fetch oysters Rockefeller, Creole gumbo, pompano in ze bag, and so forth, as announced on the huge slate which their young mistress has exhibited to you. Palates that don't think it's swell are no kin to ours.

There was a vacant chair at the Stork Club the other evening but eleven people were applying for it . . . Pleasantly suctioned at here and there around town is the Big Apple Cocktail, consisting of what Johnny gave the teacher, with sloe gin, dry vermouth and dash of Cocktail Bitters inside . . . Genial stand-on-his headsman Tony Soma of 57 West 52nd is experiencing whimsical competition from a neat distaff-side show entitled Tony's Wife where the Missus and her sophisticated clique foregather for bites of food and random entertainment. We're stumped to decide which of the pair is the more likeable . . . The glittering Versailles (such a place!) of Nick and Arnold never seemed to us to have had quite as superb entertainers as it's been sporting this season. Eats were tops already . . . The tile-tapestried caverns of the Hotel McAlpin's Marine Grill are now resounding cheerily to the sonorities of old wizard Isham Jones . . . Strip-tease sentiment is enshrined with hullaballooish success at Minsky's 51 Club (West 52nd) . . . Those five Delta Rhythm Boys have certainly not hindered the vogue of Herby Jacoby's nocturnal Ruban Bleu. Smart to go there and be seen there . . . Fighter Benny Leonard believes in fish as food, with a bang-up new restaurant (791 Seventh Avenue) to stress the idea to his not so few friends.

Upper Eastsiders caught by a sudden yearn for boneless jumbo squab en cocotte, English style, don't have to journey far to snare it: the Montparnasse, right in their neighborhood at 50 East 79th, is the place—author of Profiterolles (ice cream fritters to us) au Chocolat à la Pierre. The Bar, a room unto itself, is pictorially nostalgic of the Paris that was; the main salle, Chinese red, with motifs of web-footed fowl on the wing, has Wilbur Parodi's orchestra, for dancing, sepia Mr. Tisdale and trio for lyric drama.

Rising majestically from the heart of New York's most beautiful center of activity, overlooking Central Park, is the Savoy-Plaza. Always anticipating every desire of its guests, the Savoy-Plaza has attained the enviable reputation of satisfying the most exacting. Rates are reasonable.

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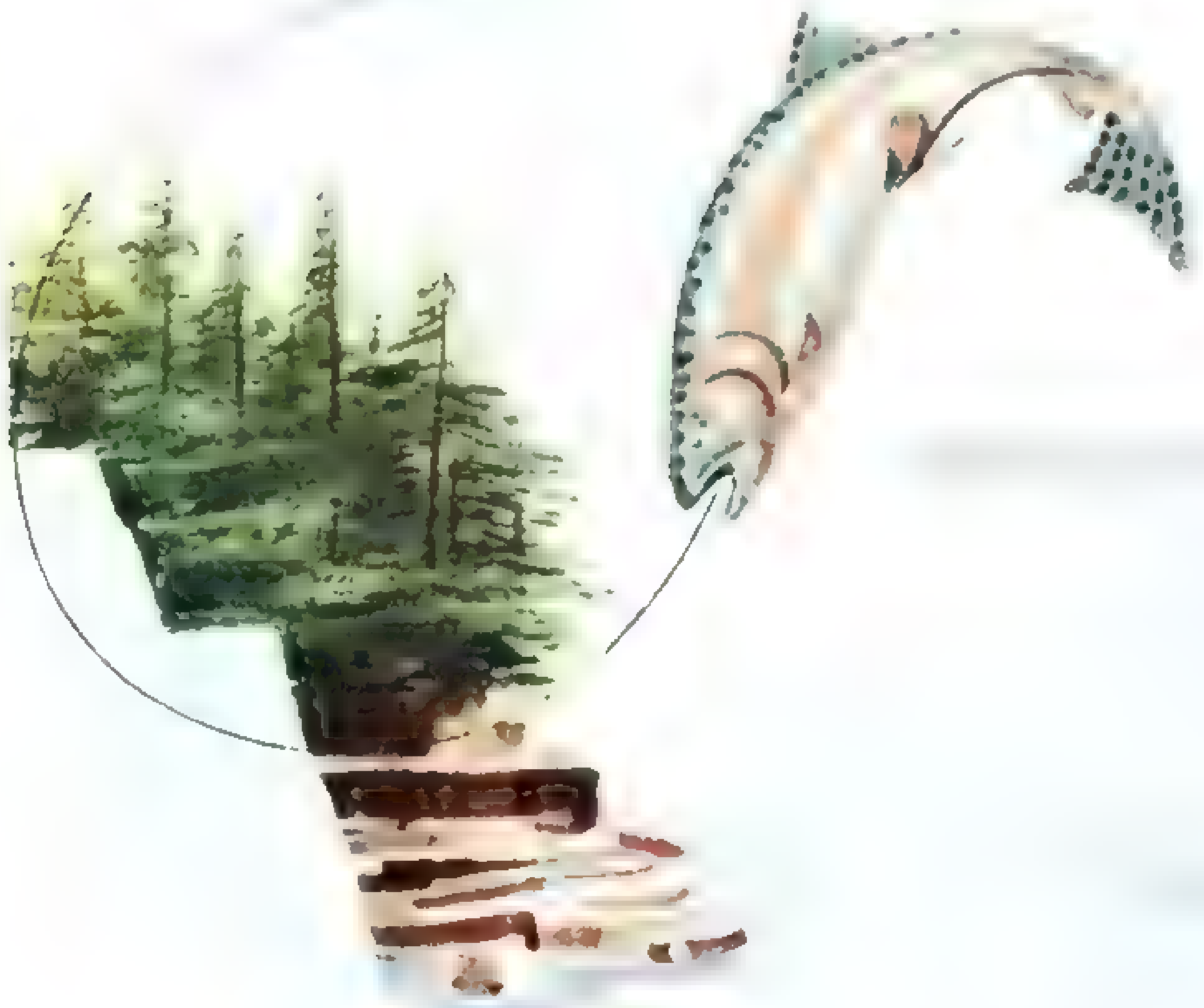
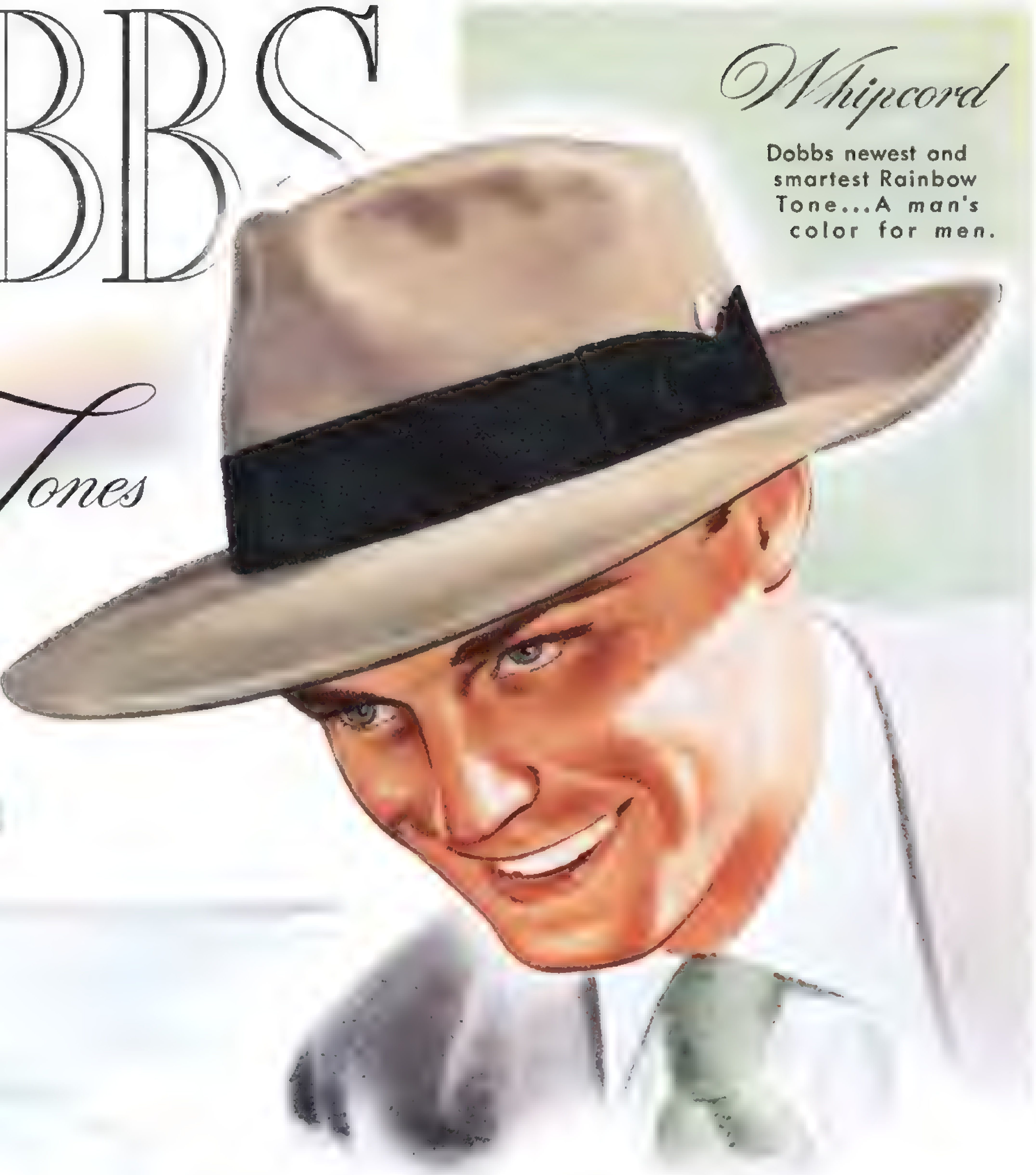
Rainbow Tones





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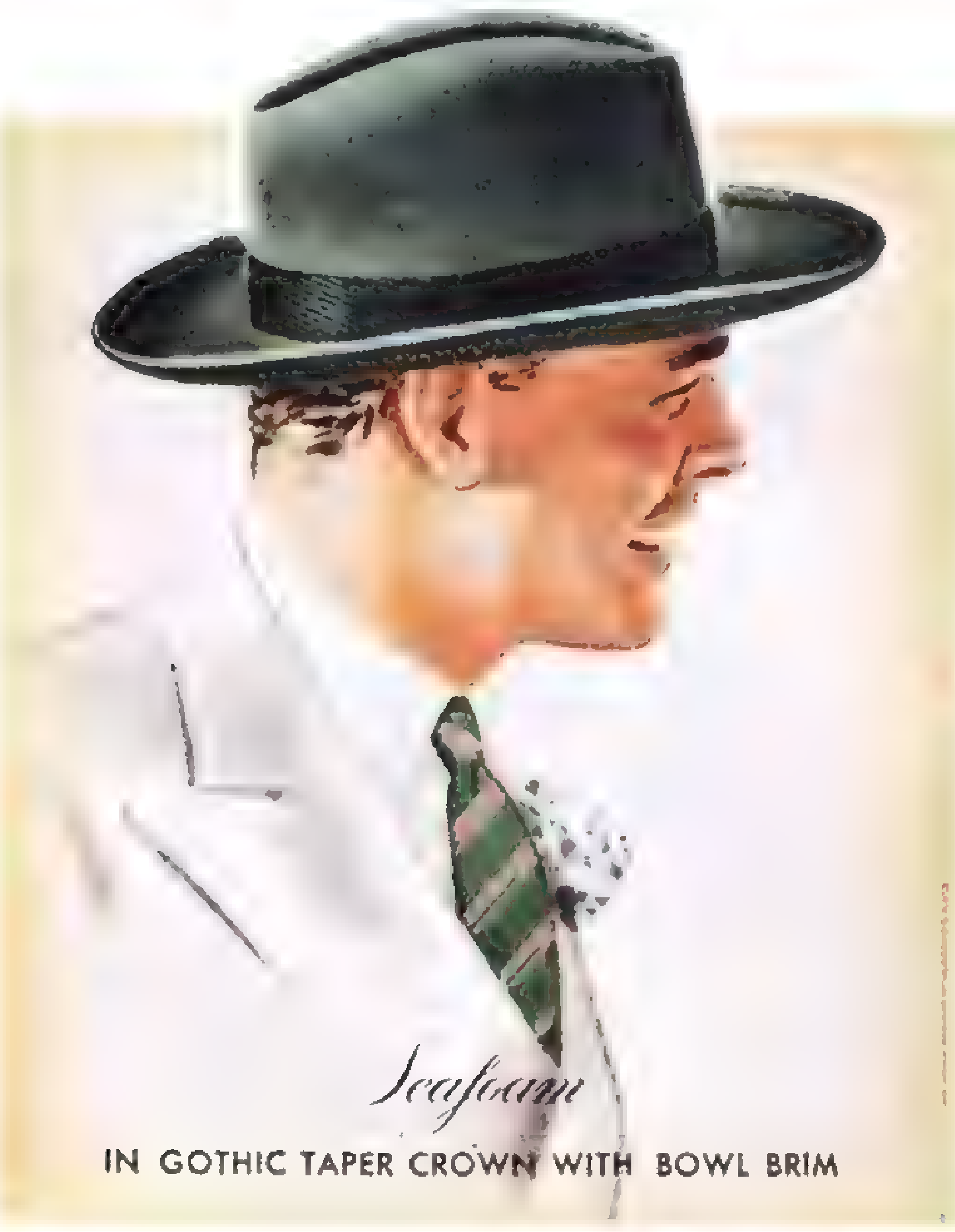
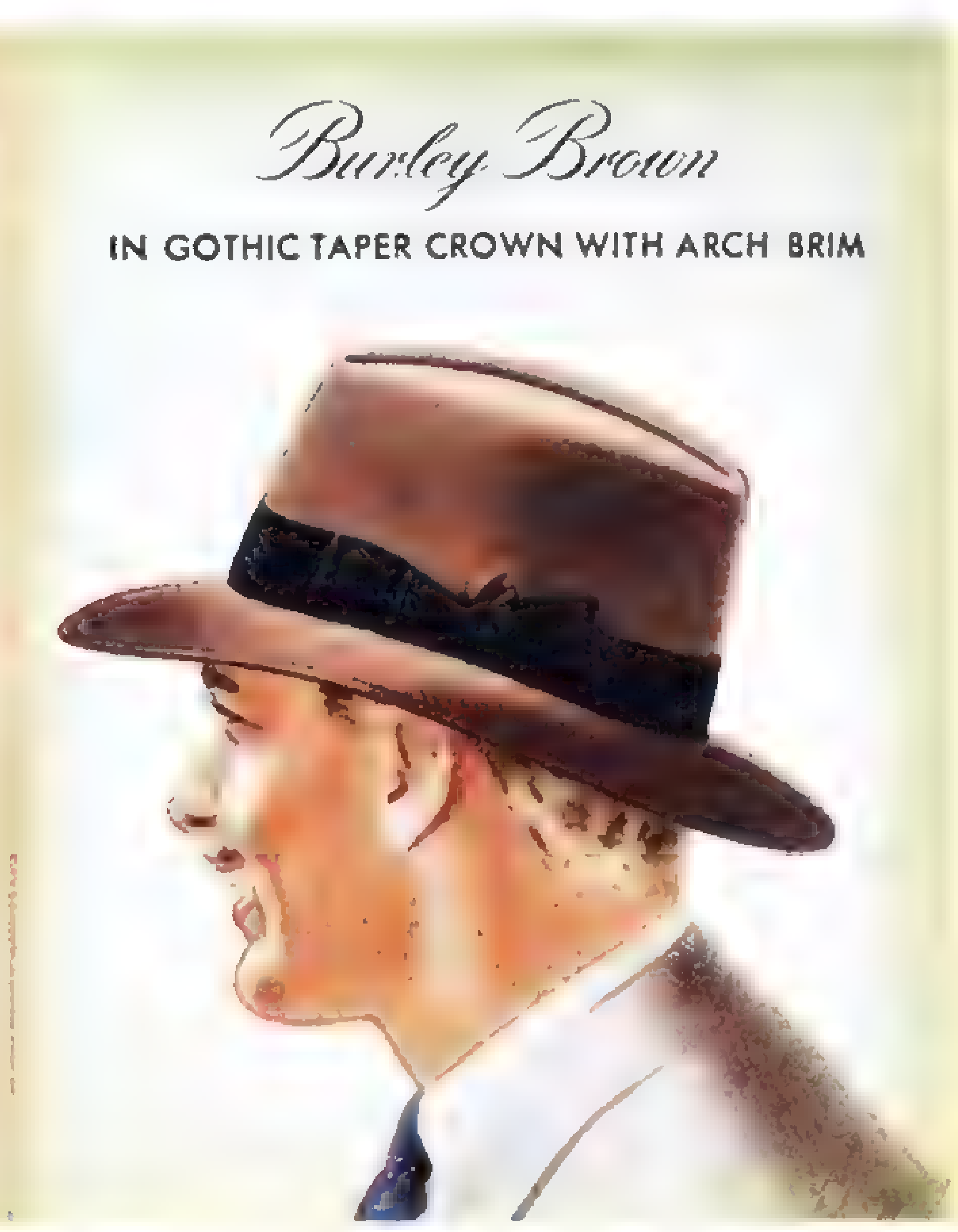


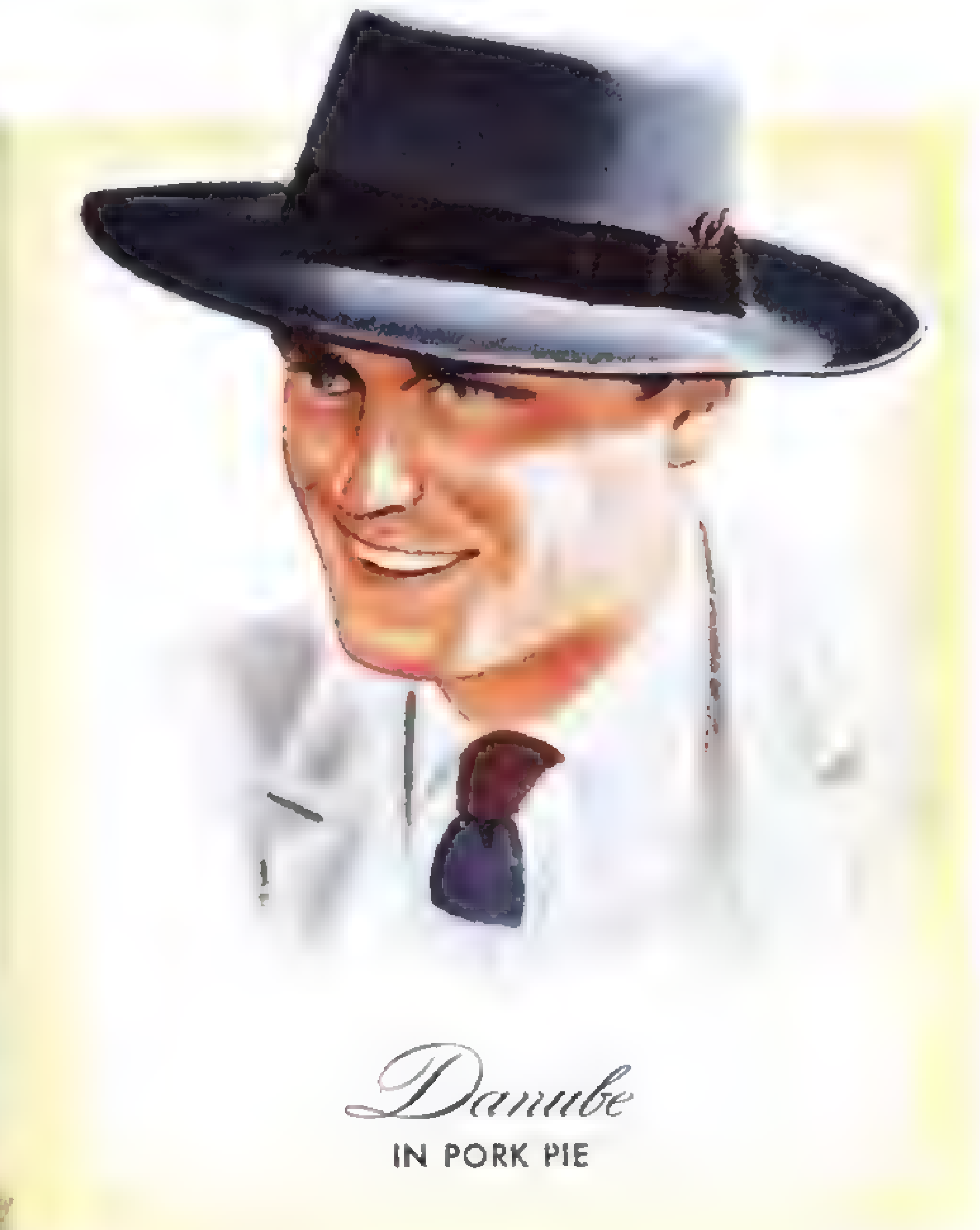
Seafoam

IN GOTHIC TAPER CROWN WITH BOWL BRIM

Burley Brown

IN GOTHIC TAPER CROWN WITH ARCH BRIM





Danube

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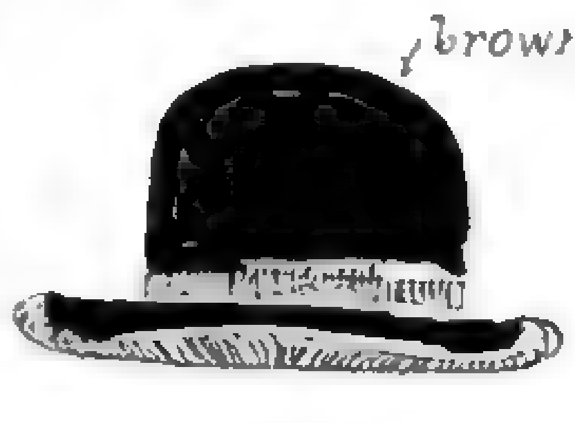
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

The Waldorf-Astoria's southwestern table-land, the Empire Room, has copped itself a smooth find in youthful, engaging-personalitied Leighton Noble of California who sings to his own wanding, backed by a smart set of lads of twenty-one and up. It's music of the scintillantly soft, rather than the biff-zam kind, and hence accords pleasantly with the filet mignon, etc. circulated under the tutelage of headwaiter Ambrose. For divertissement there's Adelaide Moffett (better than ever) at the mike, and newster John Wray scoring in tap-ballet exertions. In short, a typical Empire Roomful. And soon there'll be another—Xavier Cugat is due back, along with the wonder kids from Seville, dancers Rosario and Antonio. Apparel note: Ties may be either white, black, or four-in-hand.

The Rainbow Room, luscious lighthouse parlor of Rockefellerville, is detaining tall curly-haired Ben Cutler, the barytony maestro whose rhythms mean such a much to deb hearts and ankles. After-dinner and during-supper shows afford him opportunities of toastmastering the performances of confidential keyboarder James Copt III, lookish songstress Maggi McNellis, and the exceptional team of Kevin and Vilan, dance dramatists. As for the elegantly appointed, color-bestrewn room itself, no matter if one be visiting it for the nineteenth time or the fortieth, its charm and atmosphere of graciousness do an enchantment job which seems brand new—with the welcoming smiles of François at the door and Auguste on duty as cellar keyman, both conveying polite assurance that one's preferences are not forgotten.

Forty-fourth Streeter Frank Case, touched by the plight of playgoers who aim to dine at leisure in his Hotel Algonquin's Oak Room but dillydally over their sips and quips in the Lounge till suddenly they discover it's eight o'clock, has flung open the Rose Room as a grab-a-bite buffet. And now that's congested too.

Something that New York hasn't got is an equivalent to even *one* of Southern California's treasured Brown Derbies. What places! The late Herbert Somborn started the first Brown Derby, across from the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, with some architect's plans and a batch of recipes of his Ma's cook. That was in 1926. Now there are three, the most famous located in Hollywood on Vine Street is the favorite luncheon spot for filmdom, the stars not even bothering to lift their makeup. Beverly Hills demanded and got its own de luxe edition: Old English style. Present owner and operator of the trio is Somborn's erstwhile right bower, tall Montanan Bob Cobb—a West Coastal Sherman Billingsley, you might say.



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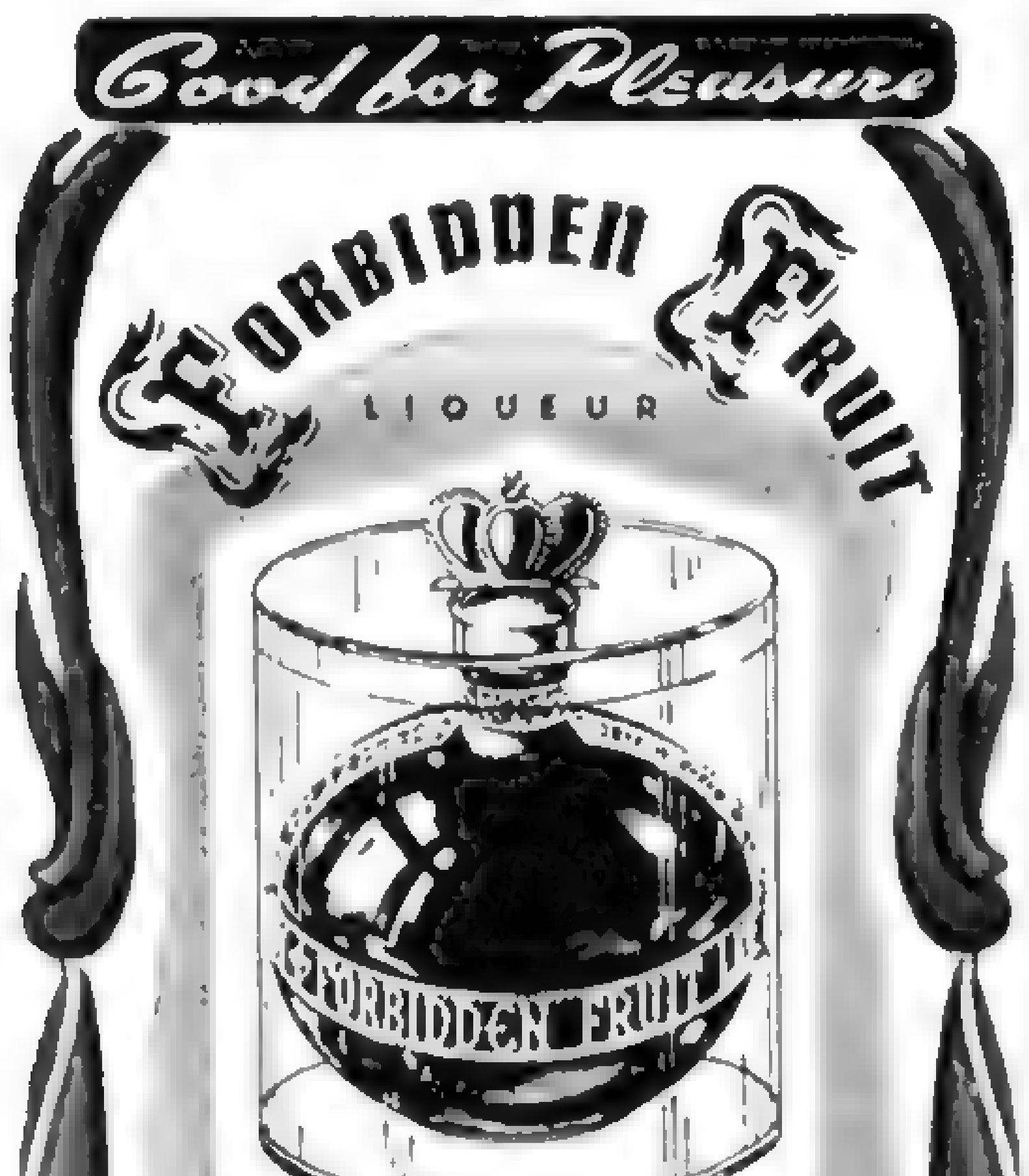

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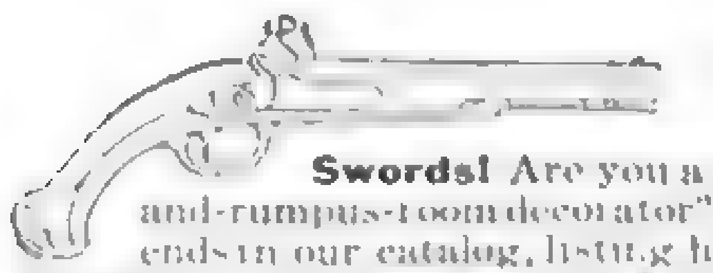

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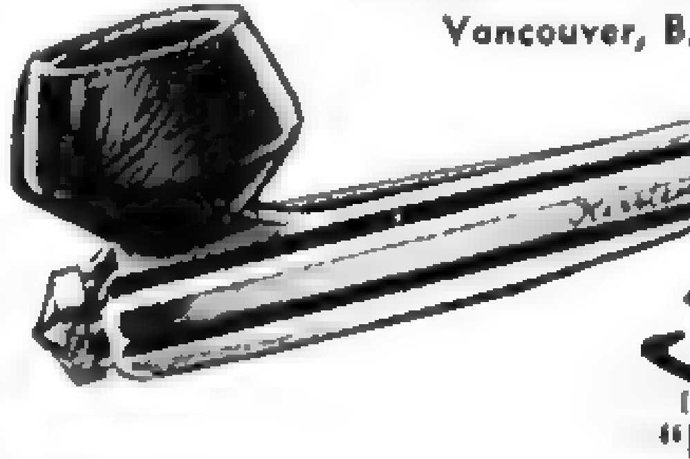

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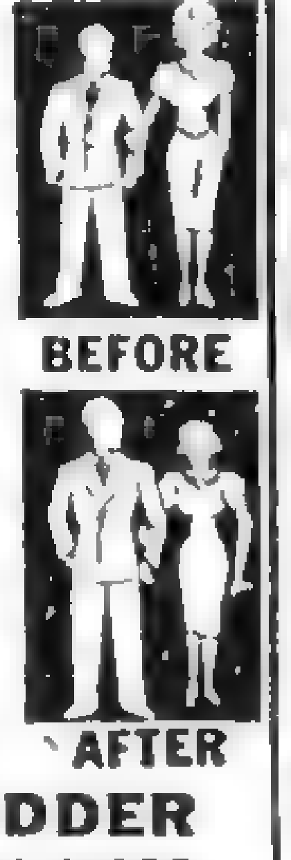

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As Rebecca Stickney—Mrs. Hamilton was formerly an associate editor of Harper's Bazaar. Today she is in partnership with the young American designer Jane Derby and is pictured above in her wholesale showroom.

BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Gene Rider

Gene Rider, Discovery of the Month, is a native of Arkansas. Disappointed in love, at fourteen, he joined the Navy to forget. Allergic to discipline, however, he wound up in radio school. Sent to the S-21 in submarine service, he had never seen a sub till he went aboard for duty—that same day forty-five men washed out when the S-4 cracked up off Provincetown, and it scared hell out of him. At WQAM, Miami, for the past nine years, he's been chief engineer for the last two. He was married once.

•

Ernst Behrendt was born in Berlin in 1910, graduated from Berlin University, was employed as a court official in that city until 1933, and spent five years in the Balkans as a correspondent for foreign newspapers. He came to this country in '38 and switched from writing in German to writing in English. He complains his imagination expands faster than his vocabulary. He's working on a novel, *The Man Who Might Have Been.*

•

After a few years of newspaper work in New York City, Jeremiah Digges took his wife and daughter to Provincetown on the tip end of Cape Cod, where he wrote *Cape Cod Pilot* and *Bowleg Bill.* Then he got a Guggenheim Fellowship and parked his family out on the tip end of Cape Ann in Rockport while he went to sea with Gloucester fishermen and wrote a book which is coming out soon. He's in Washington now and says it's interesting, but too far inland.

Jeremiah Digges

•

Michael Wilson's first published story, *The College Scab,* ran in our April, 1937 issue, under the pseudonym, Franklin Michael. Since that time other of his stories have appeared in *Story Magazine* and *Coronet,* and *Reader's Digest.* He is twenty-six years old, and writes: "Three years of graduate fellowships in literature and American history at the University of California ended in a break with academic life. There was no place in the university for the kind of history that is found in *The Fall of the Funny Papers* (see page 77) so I packed my typewriter and softly stole away. I have written a picaresque farce, *The Great Imposter,* which will soon be published by Lippincott."

Irving Wallace

Irving Wallace was born in Chicago, reared in Kenosha, Wisconsin, studied at Williams Institute in Berkeley, California, and first saw the light in Hollywood. He recently returned from four months in the Far East, where he learned about *The Yellow Man's Adolf.* He says: "I got a good deal of inside anti-Jap stuff in China and having to return home via Tokyo, smuggled much of it out in a tobacco pouch sewed in my bathrobe. Have landed stuff with *Liberty, Modern Screen, Coronet, American Mercury, Rotarian, American Legion,* etc., have turned out three syndicated columns and worked on five newspapers. I anticipate two great adventures for this year: a trip through South America to ferret out U. S. A. sentiment, Nazis and articles; and a trip to the altar with a blonde who looks like something your Mr. Petty didn't get around to yet."

•

Soldier of Occupation is Alfredo Segre's first story to be published in this country, where he's had so far a brief but varied career as a tutor, publicity salesman and radio script writer. He was born in 1908 in Italy. He says: "Because I was bent on becoming a shipmaster in the merchant marine, my father decided to make me into a lawyer. And so, no sooner had I entered college than I boarded a freighter bound for the Gold Coast where I worked for a while with an exporter of cacao and monkey skins. Shortly after I had come home I set out on a fishing trawler in the North Sea. In 1929 I did a year of military service in the Italian Alpine troops. In 1931 I lived in Egypt and held a job in an 'art' shop. In 1932 in Paris I was about to become a night-club singer when my father, at last triumphant, got me into a lawyer's office. In 1933 I won the Mondadori prize with a novel called *Agenzia Abram Lewis;* in 1938 my second novel, *Mahogany,* was confiscated and withdrawn from circulation. And in May of 1939 I came to New York."

Nat Holman

A native New Yorker, Nat Holman attended the Savage School of Physical Education, was graduated in 1917 and became a pro. basketball player, retiring from active play in 1933. He has been instructor at several coaching schools; since 1936, at the City College in New York. This year he was elected President of the National Collegiate Basketball Coaches Association. He is the author of *Scientific Basketball* and *Winning Basketball.*

•

Robert Kinney has been editor of a "society" magazine, ballet set designer, furniture clerk in the B. W. I. and until recently on the staff of the Federal Writers' Project in Richmond, Va. He is now working on a novel to be published next fall. He says: "I attended one public and three private schools, and finally put my foot down on college. At seventeen I started the rounds of art schools trying to learn to paint. It took me three years to learn that art schools are about as bad as any other kind."

Sam Balter

Sam Balter has for the last two years been broadcasting over the Mutual networks in a program called *The Inside of Sports,* and has risen to top-ranking among sports commentators. He played basketball at the University o California, and from '30 throug '34 was player-coach of the Hollywood Athletic Club team. He also taught school and coached basketball and baseball at El Segundo (Cal.) High School. The following year he joined the Universal Pictures team which in 1936 won the Olympic Tournament at Madison Square Gardens, and was named on the first (and only) American Olympic Basketball team.

•

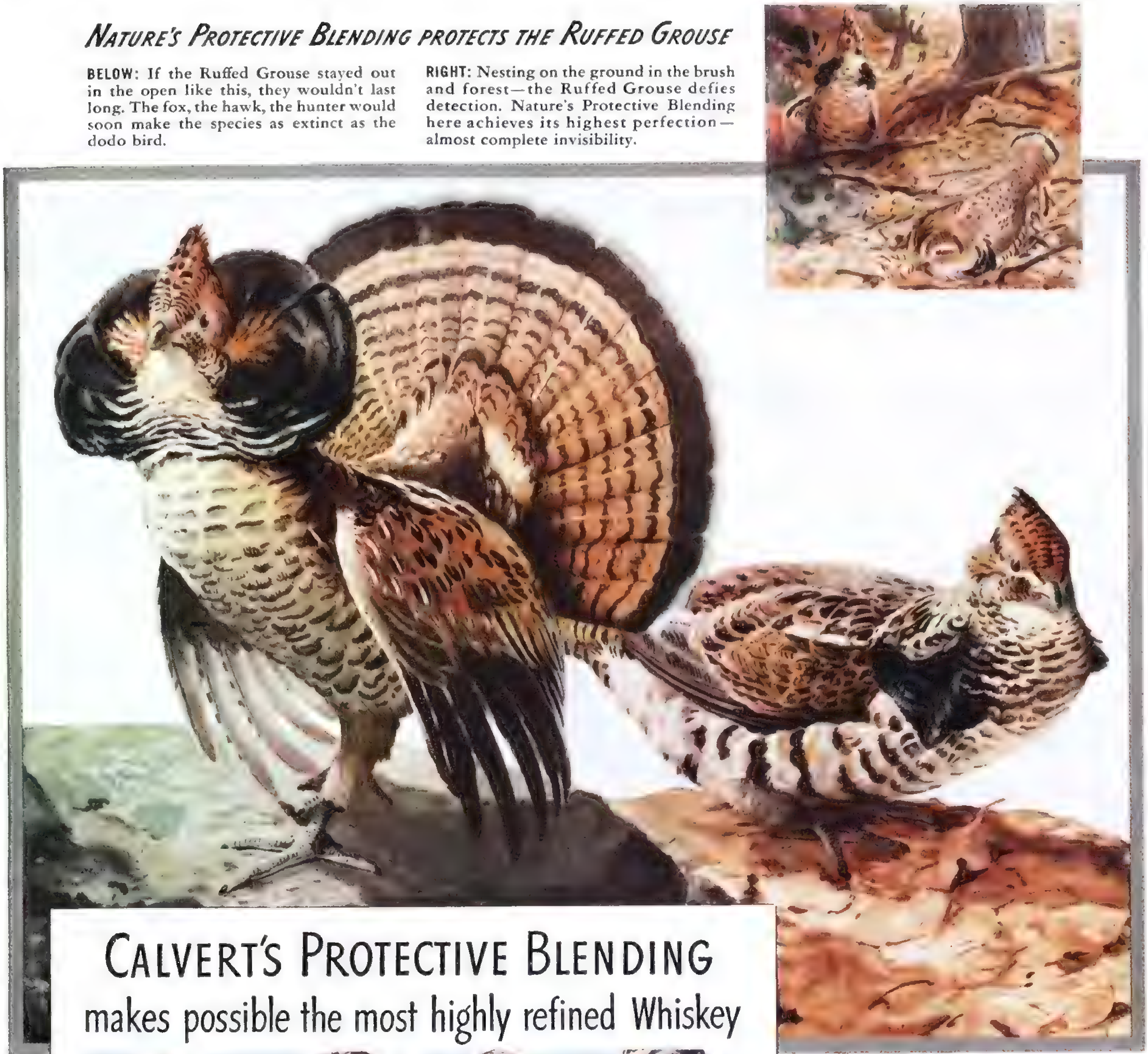
When Chalmer H. Minor was twenty-one he left Grove City, Pennsylvania, to teach in the Philippines, and there he became a captain of infantry in World War I. Back home after three years, he set out on a two-year Educational Mission to Peru. After that he became a typewriter salesman, and for the last eighteen years has been carrying the glad tidings to the senorita stenogs in every Republic and Island to the South, until the Home Office got tired of paying passages for his increasing family—Mamacita, Cal, Phil and Virginia. So now he lives in Buenos Aires.

Chalmer H. Minor

Nature's Protective Blending protects the Ruffed Grouse

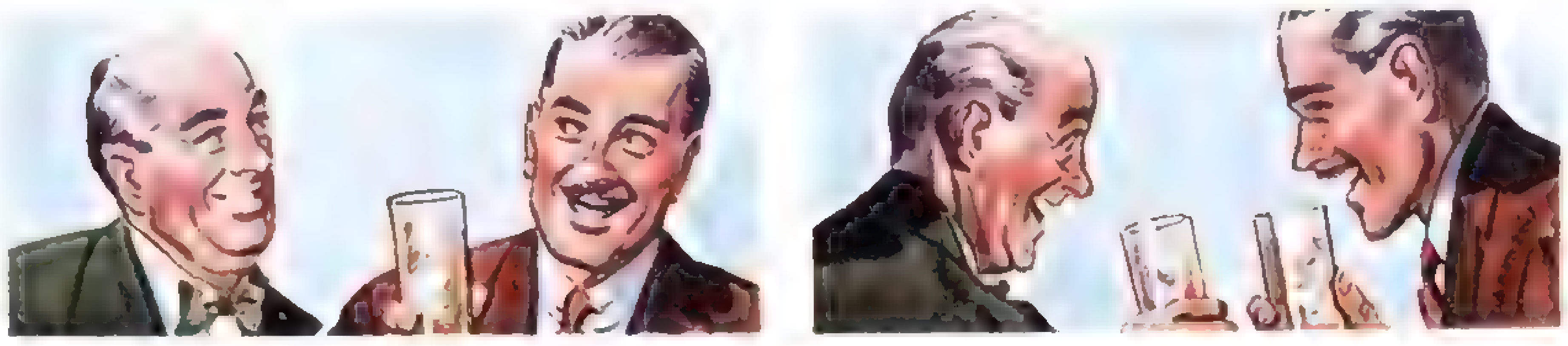
BELOW: If the Ruffed Grouse stayed out in the open like this, they wouldn't last long. The fox, the hawk, the hunter would soon make the species as extinct as the dodo bird.

RIGHT: Nesting on the ground in the brush and forest—the Ruffed Grouse defies detection. Nature's Protective Blending here achieves its highest perfection—almost complete invisibility.



CALVERT'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING

makes possible the most highly refined Whiskey



STAN: What are you drinking these days, Dan? I don't seem to be able to find a whiskey that . . .

DAN: I'm way ahead of you—you're looking for a whiskey that *tastes* good. Well, your troubles are nearly over. Here! Try Calvert.

STAN: Hey! You've got something there! Makes a swell highball. How's it in a "Sour"?

DAN: Perfect! My barman at the Club says Calvert tastes better any way you take it. And he ought to know—says he's tried 'em all.

P.S. *Dan's barman knows his whiskey. Calvert's exclusive Protective Blending makes possible the most highly refined whiskey—that's why Calvert tastes better... any way you take it. Just try it and see for yourself.*

CLEAR HEADS (CLEAR-HEADED BUYERS) CALL FOR Calvert

Calvert
RESERVE
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SPECIAL
RICHER
COSTS A LITTLE MORE
LIGHTER
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BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City

Don't let *your* Easter Suit lay.. *an egg this season*

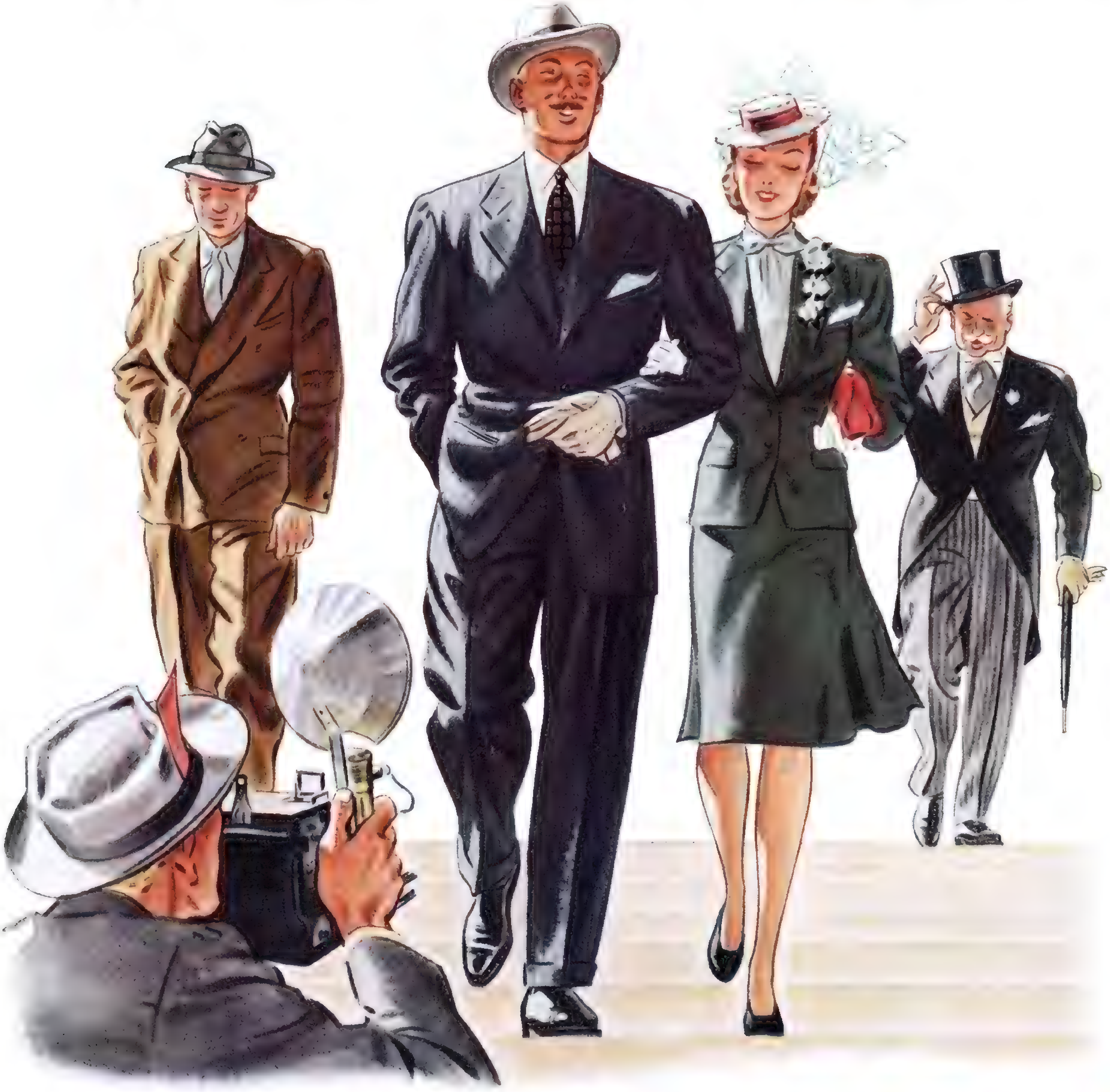
When it's "lights, action, camera" along main stems everywhere . . . the one time a year when the production is "Styles on Parade" and everybody's in the cast . . . and in the audience, too . . . play your part like a trouper (downstage, center), not a drooper (backstage, left) . . . *don't* let your Easter Suit lay an egg this year!

Take our word for it, there definitely is *one* suit this season that's going to bring down the house . . . it's Gulfweight . . . the lighter-weight suit that gives you regular-weight suit style, plus summer-weight comfort, from April till October! Tailored of unusually fine, lightweight woolens,

The Gulfweight Suit is 22% lighter in weight and 100% more comfortable than any suit you've ever had on before. The outstanding men's store in your town . . . the store that features Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes . . . has a wide collection of Gulfweights ready to show you. Stop in this week . . . get set for Easter and be well-dressed for months to come!

The Trumpeter Label

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND



HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

"Somebody Stole My Car!"

How Chicago's Auto Theft Bureau finally smashed the stolen car racket, as told to Kent Sagendorph

by LT. JOHN T. KELLY*

▪ARTICLE▪

So you come back to where your car was parked and it isn't there. What do you do? You call the police, and if you're like 99 per cent of all the other car-theft victims, you're excited, mad as a hornet and you think the police department is to blame. You say: "Somebody stole my car, and I want it back!" Naturally you want it back. So what do the police do?

It depends on where you live. If you go through this experience in the greater Chicago area, it's up to me and my Bureau to get your car back and catch the crooks who pulled the job. Next to burglary, this crime is the most common in the United States. It runs up an appalling toll every year; into the millions of dollars. It is the most expensive criminal racket in the country, and the craziest. Car theft is the beginning of most criminal careers, the usual sideline to all other forms of crime and the unfailing tipoff in big spectacular stickups and murders. The theft of your car starts a train of police investigations that might go on for two or three years. But you get your car back in more than ninety per cent of our Chicago cases, almost always without damage. You get it back within a few days. Then we start our heavy work.

I hate a car thief. I have a personal contempt for him even deeper than for almost any other criminal. He has no mitigating circumstances to offer. He's the worst kind of a thief, because he is so obviously thumbing his nose at the victim, the police, the courts and the public.

Consider the most famous case in a long list of interstate auto-theft rings that tried to operate in this area. The leader was a supposedly respectable business man who ran a small auto-body repair shop on the south side. Well-dressed, affable, polite, he was the soul of courtesy in showing us around his place. We knew he was running a quick-change joint where stolen cars were disguised. But he was one of those smooth operators who thought the law couldn't touch him.

For some time we had been getting complaints of cars stolen out of a downtown municipal parking lot. We put watchers on the place, but that didn't stop the loss entirely. Each of these cars reported stolen was carefully investigated through all of the Department's records. One day a routine report showed that one of these stolen cars had been recovered in a city in Indiana. It was being held there.

Two of the detectives from my office accompanied me to that city. We found the car. It had a load of left-hand, or rather left-foot shoes in it. The owner was a shoe salesman who had reported that fact to us at the time of the theft. He also said the car had a new grease-job, and we found that the car proved it had been recently lubricated. He had told us that his young son had dropped a metal tie-clasp down the right-hand door panel. We had the panel removed and found the clasp.

This car was located in an old abandoned stable in that city, along with eighteen other late-model cars bearing Illinois licenses. All of them had been stolen in Chicago, but the place was deserted and the local police had no idea who had put them in there. The police had interrupted this ring just as they were about to change bodies, substitute serial numbers and disguise them for fraudulent sale. We found stacks of fenders, piles of wheels, all kinds of spare parts ready for quick substitution. But we had no suspect, and no clues as to who was running the hideout.

If we could obtain bomb-proof identication of those cars, some of them without bodies and others with no wheels, we'd have the starting-point for a big cleanup. Each theft, of course, was a separate crime. The accumulated complaints were bound to convict somebody.

So we called in the people who had been registered as the owners and who had made the original complaints. We showed them the partly-dismantled ruins.

"That's mine!" said one. "Here's my car!" said another. "How do you know?" we came back.

One of them was a Model A Ford. A buxom woman stepped forth and pointed to the underside of the gasoline-tank, under the instrument panel.

"My husband, the big bum, used to scratch matches on there to light his pipe. Put your flashlight in here. See those marks? That's ours."

Another owner was examining a wheel. "This is my car," he said. "See that hub cap? I banged it against a curb once and dented it. So I took it off and pounded it out with a hammer. Didn't do such a good job, either. Another thing. I had a Knights of Columbus emblem on the radiator, and here's the mark where it was clamped on."

One of these owners told us that the bulb in his spotlight didn't work right and he had fixed it with a toothpick. We found the toothpick still inside it. In a pile of door-panels we located cards, letters, all sorts of objects which had been identified for us by the owners. One owner said his child had put a little puzzle from a box of crackerjack in the glove compartment. It was found there, just as the child left it.

Out of the nineteen cars we identified seventeen, and returned them. Then we started combing the city. Various tiny clues kept leading us farther and farther out on the south side. We narrowed the field little

Continued in center of page 179

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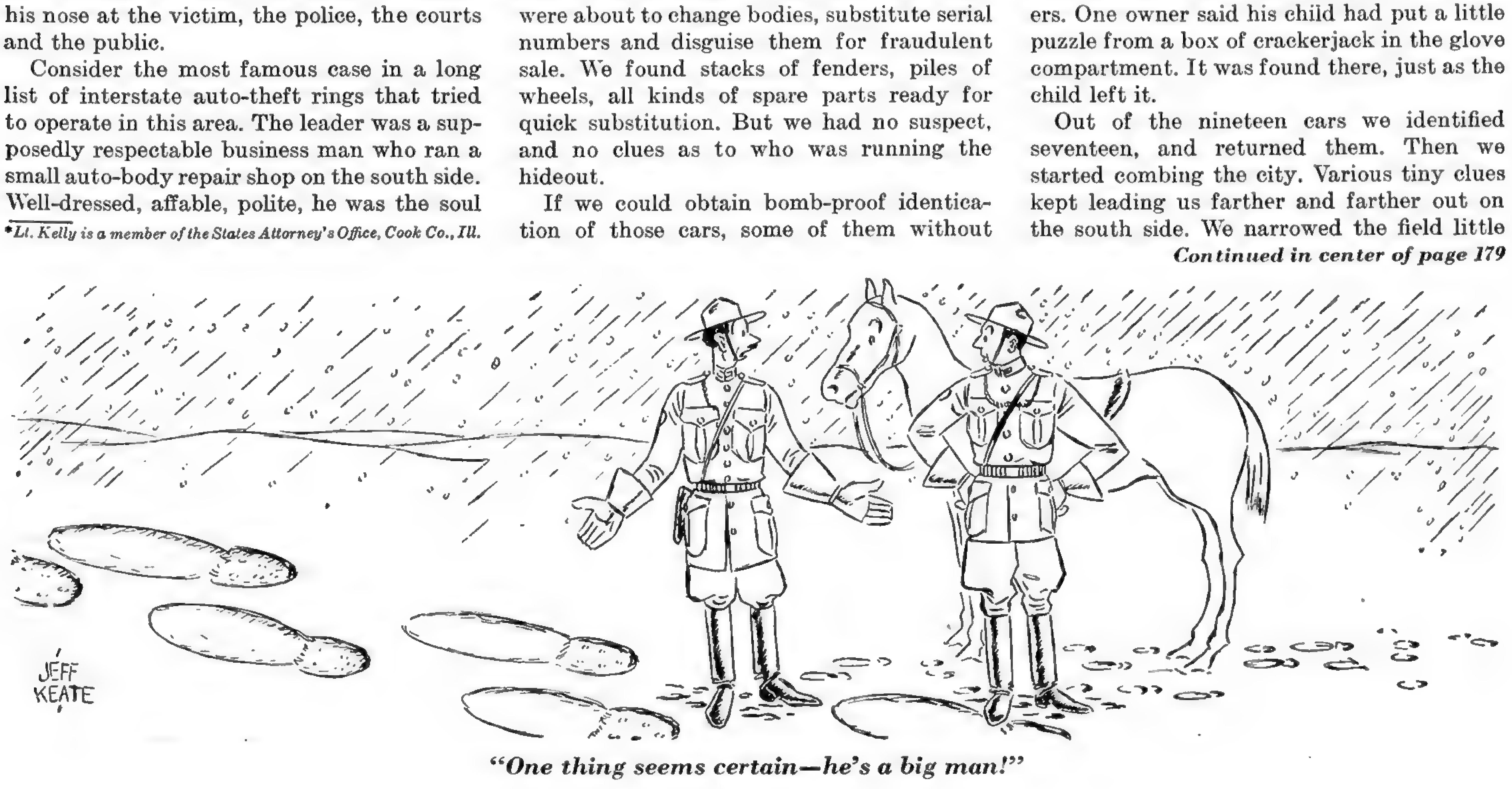
*Lt. Kelly is a member of the States Attorney's Office, Cook Co., Ill.



"One thing seems certain—he's a big man!"

Offensive in the Spring

It was a strange romance, but things happen quickly in time of war, when life is uncertain

by FRANK NAGY

• FICTION •

It was late afternoon of a balmy day at the beginning of June, 1916. I was at the railhead, back from the lines on official business. Rumors of the great offensive were afloat everywhere, but that did not diminish the glory of the spring: the warm sun, the buzzing insects, the silvery foliage of the willows in the creek bottom.

This business I am referring to did not require my personal attention, for I was first lieutenant and company commander. But I was worrying about our horses. At that time a machine gun company was equipped with about forty pack horses to carry the weapons and the fire supply train. You see, in those days a machine gun company carried a considerable amount of armor. I wanted to see the animals, perhaps weed out those I must, see that they were shod and fitted out with spare shoes. The past winter had been an evil one on man and beast. We had settled in position at the beginning of November, '15; first came the snows, then the spring mud. There was no fodder or bedding to speak of, long hauls during the night, cold stables by day. You cannot feed the horses with the promise of an early victory! They are materialists. Feed them the rye straw thatch from the huts of the village, and they just lie down under the pack. When a horse does that, you might just as well unlimber the carbine and aim at the forehead between the eyes. For he is not going to get up, not when he once lies down on his side and rests his long-suffering head down in the mud.

It was heart-breaking to see them, as they stood saddled, their heads hanging, without moving their tails or their ears. Or to watch them foraging for dry leaves under the trees. Spare them we could not, any more than we could spare ourselves. They were kept lugging barbed wire and cement sacks endlessly for the field fortifications. Spring pasture was my only hope, and this was a late spring. Signs and portents showed that the long awaited offensive was bound to come any day. There would be no more warning. The friendly White Russian divisions were withdrawn from the line, and crack troops of Siberia took their place: sharpshooters from Mongol tribes of Turkestan and the Caucasus. Rifles cracked all day—and their marksmanship was good. We paid back the compliments with interest. I had the best goddam gunners and crews on the Eastern Front. Foxy-patient—tough; soldiers.

Every day new Russian batteries were getting their range, a great many batteries, heavy ones. The chart I kept from the nightly flashes showed a tremendous concentration of enemy artillery. At that time barrage was a new thing, introduced only a year before and tried only once. That, however, did not worry me. I just wanted to see for myself what the boys behind the lines were thinking. A troop officer in the army was not told much. Once I went to see a pal of mine who was an observer on one of our balloons. Just to find out what he knew, see what the artillery was doing. I believed in getting all the information I could, then doing what I could when hell cut loose once more.

And I wanted to see the horses . . .

Dour Sergeant Kerekes watched me from the corner of his eye.

"If we could pasture them just another ten days, sir," he ventured in a low voice. "With a little grain in the evening . . . they would fill out. If only they were all like old Bess here."

Bess was the company's pet. Served with us as a gun carrier in peace and war for five years, had the digestion of a crocodile. She was one handsome strawberry roan mare. Her military career included being twice wounded during the first year of the war. Then it was a great event when she unexpectedly foaled an iron-grey colt at the Bug River on the march into the Ukraine in September '15. Well, we gave her four days off duty. Here they were, both looking frisky; the only colt in the division. At the moment she was nuzzling in the sergeant's pocket.

Well, there was still too much hair on the rest of them, but they looked lively. The pasture was as good as could be expected so early in the year.

I turned toward the sergeant. "About that grain, Kerekes, they are not issuing us any."

Kerekes grinned. "Last night the men broke into one of the railroad cars. We got away with a little. If it passes undetected for just a few days . . ."

Now a little judicious stealing was not a thing I condemned, as long as nobody was caught. I looked at the sun and thought I should be heading back toward the company, two hours of fast riding away. This night, I was thinking, would be the last one to be silent and peaceful.

From a distance the faint whistle of a train was heard. Suddenly I had a great desire to see the train rolling in, and perhaps meet friends coming back from furlough. We ambled toward the sheds which served as a railhead and warehouses for our division.

The sergeant, as always, was reading my thoughts. "I would not worry about the boys lifting a few sacks of grain from the divisional reserve, if I were you, sir. Even if they would get wise to it in a couple of weeks or less, we are pulling out of here one way or another."

"Yes," I countered, "we have been here from the beginning, sergeant, both of us."

"I am not thinking of death, sir. We will leave that to the last . . . Somebody must be here when the bugles call 'Cease Firing!' But when the push comes we gotta have those horses fit to carry a pack."

The train slowly rolled in and came suddenly to a halt, the buffers of the cars smacking against each other from the head of the train to the very last car. I watched the officers detrain from the single passenger coach. I knew many, but none of them closely enough to be especially glad to see him just then.

I turned toward the engine. The old engineer was a character well known among the men. He distributed religious leaflets. A queer sort of an evangelist. He enjoyed the war as a just punishment for a sin-loaded mankind and firmly believed that the war was really a prelude to the grand finale: the end of the world. The thought of the day of judgment gave him intense satisfaction.

"Oh, He will separate the sheep from the goats," he gloated, "and they will burn in hell endlessly." I am afraid he made very few converts among the cocky Hungarians, and for this reason he had a special loathing for this race of skeptics. He was a German from Kattowitz. I was curious to see this specimen.

Approaching the cab, I heard a dry venomous voice speak. In reply I heard somebody on the fireman's side of the cab laugh. A low throaty laugh and an answering, "Yes, yes, uncle. I know."

My heart missed a couple of beats, then started to pound in my throat.

"Blessed be Our Lord," I intoned, coming to the cab. The engineer gave me a poisonous look over his steel rimmed specs. The "fireman," just pulling off her black canvas cap from a shock of tousled auburn hair, answered me with a flash of teeth:

"Forever and ever."

The old man roared at her. "Bank your fire, abomination, before you turn in. We must be ready to pull out at any time of night on short notice."

Without giving me a second look, the engineer stepped off the train and, carrying a small bundle, he vanished into the caboose. The explanation of the miracle flashed through my mind: I had heard that wherever they could the railroads were beginning to replace men with women.

I found myself standing in the cab. The girl was laughingly holding out her arms toward me. Her right index fingers pointed to the collar of my tunic. Playfully, like a child displaying its talents, she pointed at the stars.

"First lieutenant," she said. Then touching the colors, "Fifteenth Chasseur battalion," then pointing to the insignia of the dragoon, "Machine gunner." She fingered the decorations on my left breast: "Brave . . ."

My spurs touched and I bowed solemnly, "At your service."

I bowed from the waist, my eyes on her laughing lips, about the only place not covered by soot.

"No, no, you will get sooty." She reddened, her eyes a pair of black stars.

I persisted, and finally she too bowed from the waist. Our lips met and clung until we nearly lost balance. She withdrew, laughing happily. Come to think of it, through the passage of time it seems as if she always either laughed or cried, with no intermediate moods.

"Do you men always want women?" she asked breathlessly, shaking the hair out of her eyes. "I am happy to be what you want. . . . "

This time I took a firm footing and forgot about the soot. Gently but firmly she shoved me away.

"Turn around," she ordered. "I must wash."

I made a faint attempt. She threw off the upper part of her overall and silently permitted me to unbuckle the straps of the overall and pull it down to her waist. Her white shoulders shimmered in the darkness. Her arms were round and strong . . . She started to wash from a bucket.

"I would like to go to the creek and wash all the way down," she turned her shining face to me, "if you would be so kind as to wash the coal dust from my back."

I could not talk. Blindly I reached out for her and once more we stood clinging to each other in the darkness of the cab, lit only by a glimmer of red from the fire door. Her powerful fingers felt along my arms and shoulders and I felt salty tears running down her face.

I came to. "Why the tears, my love?" I was strangely moved myself, holding her face between my hands.

"Pay no attention, please! I always weep when I am happy or when I am tired."

Relieved, I laughed. "Probably you are very tired now."

"No, no," she protested, "only happy and a little hungry."

I cursed within. The army at war seemed inadequate for the situation. However, there were the iron rations in my saddlebag. "Could you eat corned beef and drink rum?"

"That would be elegant! I'd like that." She listened. From the distance came the rumble of several wagons. "Those are the carts of the shock battalion. We have several tons of hand grenades for them in the caboose."

Swiftly she pulled up her overall straps and put on a coat.

"I must be in my bunk before they arrive. That old captain of the field gendarmes is with them. He will inspect—I must be in bed—so that I will not corrupt his men. He is a mad old goat and can make it plenty unpleasant for me."

I was worried. Then how and where could we meet?

She exploded in a laugh and put her hand upon her mouth as if to subdue her exuberance.

"Don't be impatient! They will load in less than half an hour and leave. Then you wait for me at the creek bottom by the willows. I will sneak out through the window of the caboose." She slipped out of my groping arms and vanished in the darkness.

I stumbled to find my horse, tethered at a camp stake. He was unsaddled and resting. In the darkness I noticed the light of a cigarette. Sergeant Kerekes came slowly nearer. I was somewhat embarrassed by the all-observing old soldier.

"We shall travel in the morning then, sir, before the morning star fades out," he opined, "and nobody will be the wiser. I will cover your retreat. There is a nice game of blackjack going on in the tent of the field gendarmes. I think I will sit in on it, and keep them from cruising about in the night."

I reached over a few leaves of folding money and my field flask. "Invest this for the company fund, sarge. If you strip them entirely, we will split the winnings."

The sergeant gratefully pocketed the money. He was a thrifty family man.

A thought came to me; there was no use hiding anything from him. "The steam must be kept up in that goddam locomotive. . . . "

"Yes, I heard that old goat talking. One of the horse skinners has that detail in hand. He says he knows how. Hope the bloody thing doesn't explode. I promised to skin him alive if it does. The stuff you want is bundled in a towel in the left saddlebag. Bread, canned horse, cigarettes, biscuits and—a little rum. Good luck, Chief." He faded away.

I removed my spurs and skirmished back toward the tracks, where I could see the kerosene lamps burning in the window. I heard that low lunk of a gendarmerie captain threatening the engineer and the brakeman.

"Keep the bitch in the caboose, you old Bible-pushing fool!"

Through my rising wrath I heard the engineer's reply, fearless and dignified: "You can't talk like that to me, captain. I am a civilian . . . The girl does her work, and her father died in the line of duty. Maybe I can make a little report to the road superintendent about your pestering us. I would, too, but it is not worthwhile for these remaining days of our miserable punishment of a life. You will answer soon enough to Other Authorities above." He cackled with glee. "And They will separate the sheep from the goats."

The captain smashed the door to, and rode off with his orderly.

I heard the sash moving quietly up at the end of the caboose. Trembling, I reached up and lowered her gently to the ground. She wore a clean, pressed overall and a pair of boy's boots. The night was warm, with the moon playing hide and seek between the clouds.

We moved noiselessly toward the willows, arms around each other, with our legs and thighs touching as we walked, our breaths coming fast.

I spread my greatcoat on the grass and laid out the meager feast. Half consciously looking toward the line, I noticed that the flares and beacons in front of the neighboring brigade were much more frequent than normally. I turned my head back from it to the girl. She stood naked in the water, shivering slightly, looking very white and beautiful in her sinuous suppleness . . .

Soon she sat down on my greatcoat and ate ravenously. Although I had not eaten since noon, I was not hungry. She reached for the flask and offered it to me.

"Do not drink too much, Lieutenant, just enough to feel that glow behind your eyeballs. I love just so much. It makes you feel strong and limber, all the ache goes out of your shoulders and arms." She stretched her legs out and folded her arms under her

Continued on page 102

LINE DRAWING BY WILLIAM PACHNER

Nantucket Sleigh Ride

Plainly every Portuguese on the fishing schooner, especially the skipper, hated wild-eyed Bananas

by JEREMIAH DIGGES

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I CAN imagine how I must have looked, lying there in my bunk on board the Gloucester fishing schooner *Magellan*, still fighting down what remained to me of my breakfast, still unhappily feeling my rolled oats, and turning a more interesting shade with each new nod and curtsey of our over-polite little craft. In rough water, I discovered, a Gloucester schooner has more novel movements than a Hawaiian dancer with grass-ants; and to anyone in my condition, every little movement had a cleaning all its own.

While I was at my worst, Cook blew the dinner whistle. And down the forecastle companionway stamped the "first-table gang"—seven hungry Portuguese fishermen, to take their places at the reeling, slopping board.

Now the Portuguese, and especially the Azores "Portygees" of the New England fishery, are the most well-meaning people it has been my misfortune to meet. Their hearts are on their sleeves and their sleeves are on their undershirts. Those dark, weather worn fellows you will find shuffling along the streets of any Yankee fishing village would give you their last cent if they didn't already owe it to somebody else. And they are also polite. To a guest their politeness knows no limit, and there is quite a trick to not being a guest. They have an old saying in the Azores: No man knows his guest until they have eaten up a barrel of flour together.

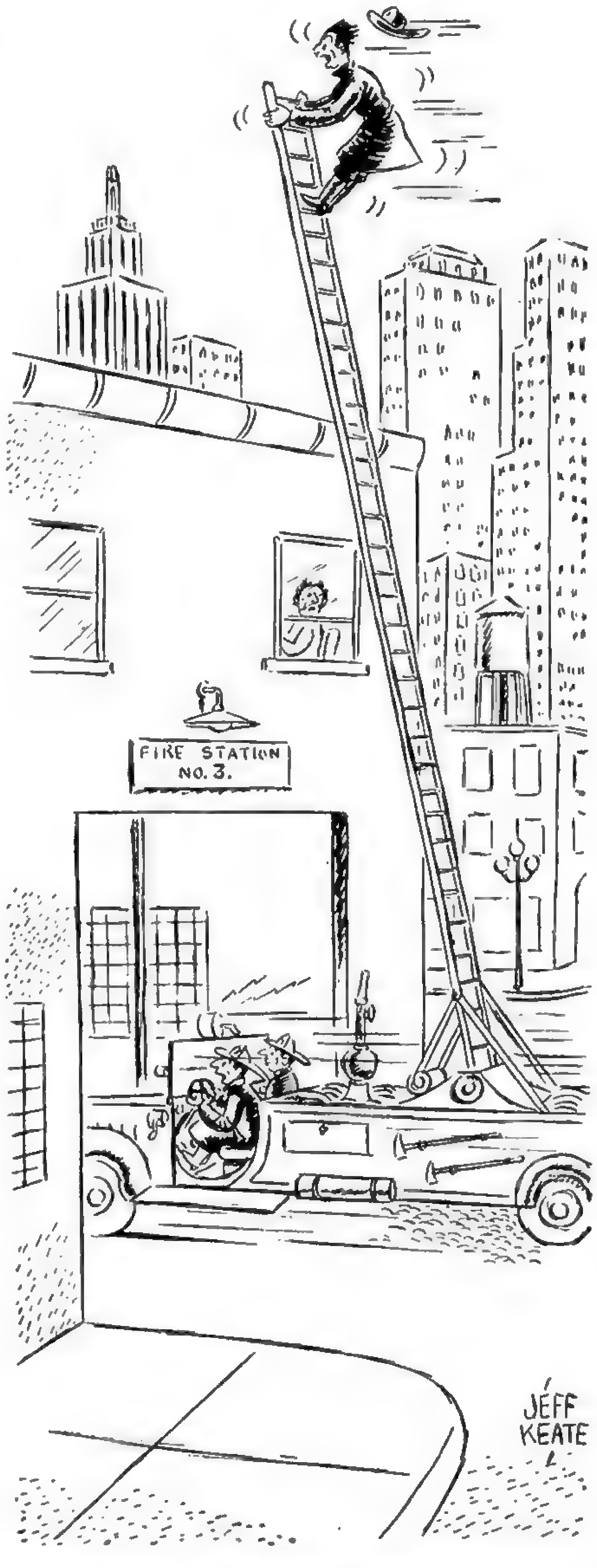
But at this point—after two days of gale on that vicious stretch of the Atlantic known as Georges Bank—I could not have eaten up a birdseed with the best of them. I was just fresh out of appetite. I had heard that swordfishing was the most exciting business of all present-day seafaring; and I had come out here, as on other, milder trips I had taken on vessels of the Yankee fishing fleet, to make friends of these men and to gather material for writing about them. But if in order to make friends it was necessary to eat with them, then all I could do was to postpone operations and hope for gentler breezes, more reasonable waves.

And so, when they came below for dinner, they were still being polite to me. And when they started gossiping about me they spoke in Portuguese—having no idea, of course, that I could understand that language. I could, but only Cook knew it. Cook and I had broken the ice; for in spite of my confession that I was a writer, he had taken kindly to me as soon as he discovered what a complete landlubber I was, and how much of his advice I would need if I were to survive this four-week trip.

Old 'Bastiao, a huge Azorian, was sitting at table, directly 'thwartships from the bunk where I lay suffering. He was six feet three, weighed 265 pounds, and, so Cook had told me, "could part a wet buoyline with his bare hands the way you and me would snap package twine." But like all these Portygees, 'Bastiao was kindly—every yard a gentleman.

Eagerly now he loaded his plate with the powerful long-tasting Portuguese sausage known as *linguiça*, and with potatoes, cabbage, and a great pile of other stuff—all he could build up without losing cargo on that careening table. Then he looked over at me. Slowly he wagged his great head and said, in Portuguese:

"Ai, poor fellow! The good God did not give him much of a stomach!"



"Ever get that feelin' when you've left some place that you've forgotten something, Carter?"

"'Bastiao," Cook advised, again in Portuguese, "any time you can trade that big stomach of yours for that fellow's brains, you do it! He *writes books!*" There was a studied note of awe in his tone, intended to impress 'Bastiao. And to a degree it did. But again the big fellow looked at me in my misery. And then down at his plate. And once more at me. Then, flourishing his fork and thrusting it into a three-ounce hunk of the sausage, he fervently exclaimed:

"No, Senhor! I keep my stomach!"

Meanwhile José, the engineer, was looking me over carefully, and with no great show of favor. And still in the Portuguese, he spoke up.

"You say he writes books? One would not think it to look at him."

"What makes you say that?" demanded Cook.

José shrugged. "Only that he does not look very smart."

"Well, you had better be careful what you say, José. He understands Portuguese."

Immediately José was stricken.

"Ai, ai, ai!"—and in a very loud tone—"I did not say he was not smart! I only said he did not *look* it!"

Cook confided in me afterwards. "It's a good thing the skipper wasn't down here when José talked about you that way!"

"Why should the skipper care?" I asked magnanimously. "José didn't mean anything by it."

"You are the guest of the skipper," he solemnly reminded me. "It would be very bad for anyone to say you do not look smart—right to the skipper's face!"

I thought this over and decided to let it rest.

Cook went on to tell me what a terrible temper the skipper had. One day they were haddocking in the *Magellan*, he said, when one of the crew, a fellow they called John Bananas, fell overboard.

"The skipper has no use for John Bananas anyway," Cook went on. "I guess you see that already this trip, eh? So when Bananas falls overboard the skipper tries to snag a gaffhook in the seat of his pants. He don't try too careful, and instead of the pants he snags it in Bananas. Bananas hollers like he is murdered. And the crew they all laugh like hell.

"But while we are cleaning fish a breeze of wind comes up and the water gets rough. The deck is all slick with fish gurry, and the skipper steps on a set of guts and capsizes. Just then the vessel rolls and catches him out of trim, and over the rail he goes.

"Bananas comes rushing up, and he won't let nobody go near that rail. Now it's his turn to fish the skipper on board. So he gaffs

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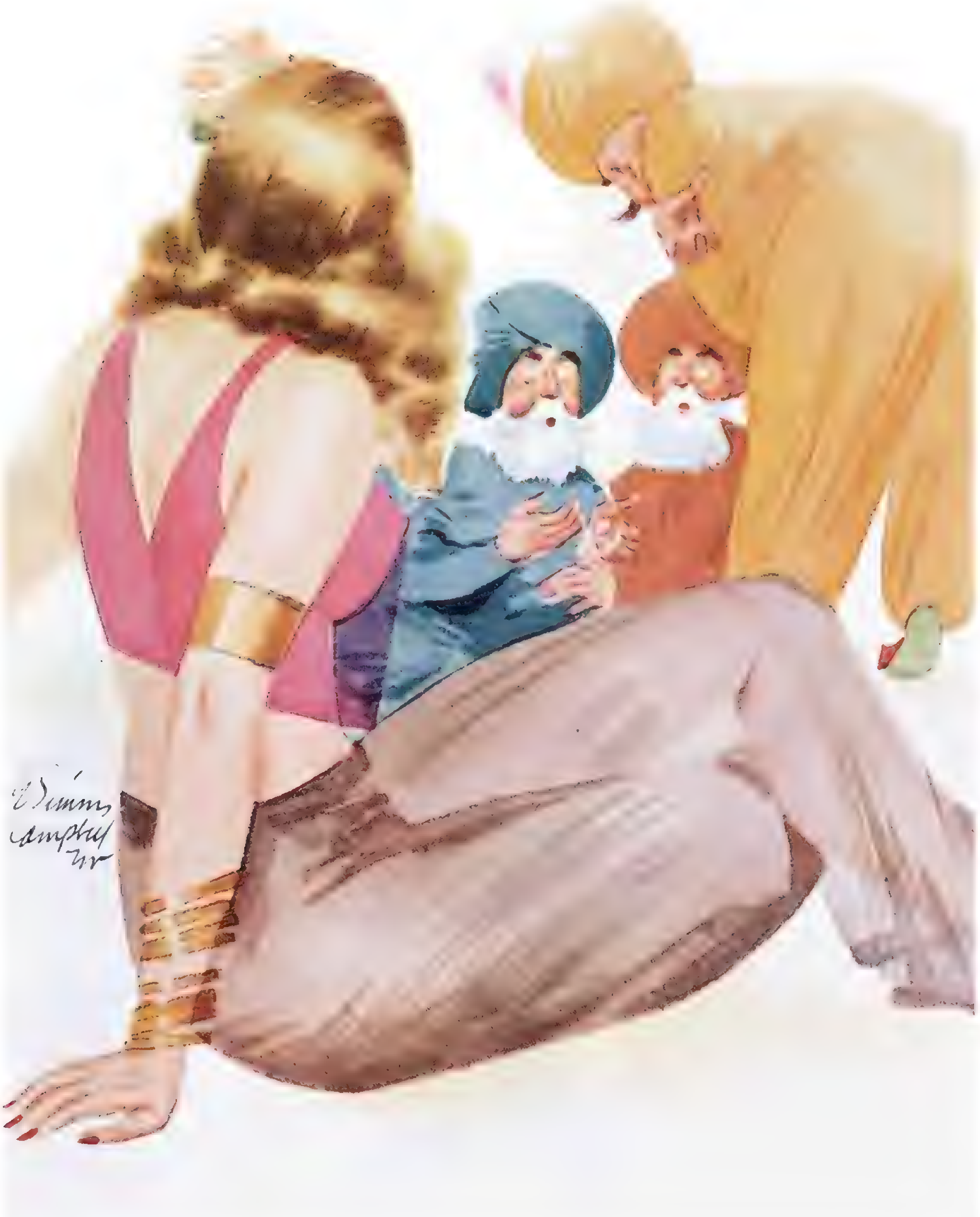
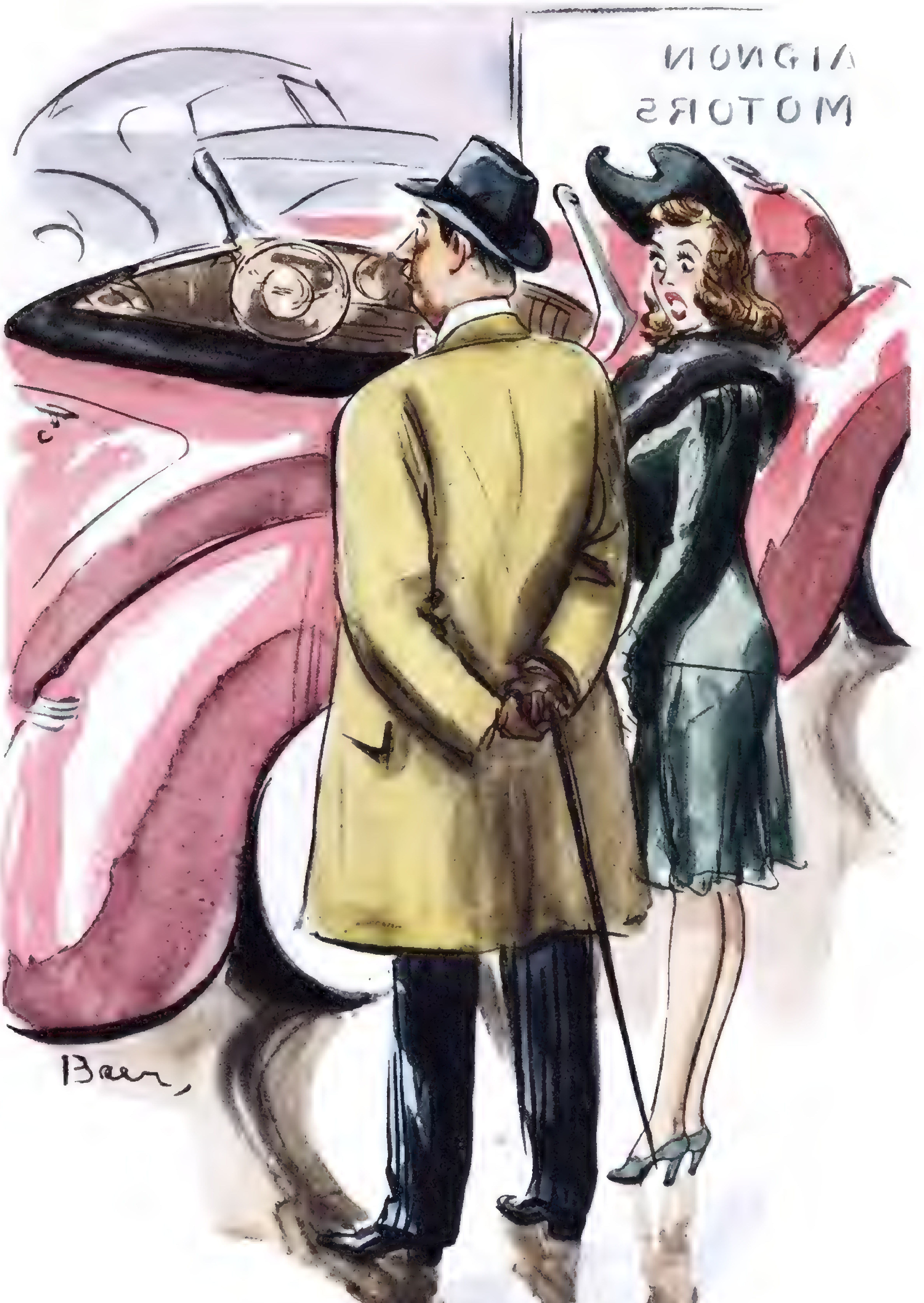


"Please don't haggle over the price right in front of her—do you want to give her an inferiority complex?"


AIGNON
MOTORS
Baer

"I could say it was a birthday present, but I think Mamma knows it isn't my birthday!"

The End of a Long Journey

The youth said he had been reckless, plundered and gambled and robbed, and had wasted his days and nights

by MANUEL KOMROFF

FICTION

After a long and weary day He came to the brow of a hill overlooking a rich green valley. Here in the shade of three tall palm trees He rested. The hot sun was going down in the heavens. Soon the refreshing cool of the evening would fill the air.

From time to time He glanced to the right and the left as though He were expecting someone. He could see no one. But on the ground, not far from where He rested, He noticed a strange object which resembled a pile of rags. It seemed most curious that this thing, whatever it was, should be on the ground. He was certain that three days before when He stood on this very spot and bade farewell to His disciples, no such thing was lying on the ground.

He went forward a step or two to examine carefully what He saw. Rags of different colors and materials had once been sewn together, but many holes and rips now made the entire mass unrecognizable. Yet here there was a pocket and there part of a sleeve.

"Ho!" cried a coarse voice. "What do you want with my coat?"

Not more than ten paces from the pile of rags He saw a youth who had been sleeping on the ground. His disheveled appearance was frightening. There was a wild restless glance in his eyes.

"You!" he cried again. "What do you want with my coat?"

His lips parted slightly but He did not reply.

"Go away!" cried the wild youth. He rose from the ground and went forward with a threatening manner. "You have no business here!"

"No. It is true, as you say. I have no business here, or very little, anyway."

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I was resting. The journey has been long."

"Long!" shouted the youth. "Ha, ha!" A forced and mocking laugh came from his throat. "Little would you know how long a journey can be. Little would you know what weariness really is. Little would you know of anguish and pain and . . ." Suddenly pointing to the pile of rags: "That is my coat!" he cried. "What do you want with it?"

"Nothing, my son. I was merely looking at it."

"I suppose you have never seen a coat in shreds before!"

"I have, my son. But there are strange things about this coat which caused me to ponder."

"What is so strange about it?"

"Not the age and not the color of the garment. But the patches. They have been sewn by many hands and by many kinds of threads and in many lands."

"How can you tell that?"

"Here is a patch of heavy cloth that is like the stuff woven for the soldiers of Persia and here is a piece with a design that is only woven in Arabia. And so it must have been a long journey for this coat. And one thing more; the coat was not here when I rested in the shade of these palms three days ago."

"Three days ago!" said the youth in anger. "Why do you come here? Does this place belong to you? Is it your land? Go! Be off!"

"No, my son," He replied in a gentle voice. "Neither the coat nor the land belong to me. Not even the shade under these trees is mine. Nothing in this world belongs to me. And so if you would have this place for your very own, I will depart at once, even though I had arranged to meet friends here. My friends are also returning from their various journeys—little journeys," He added quickly. "They should be here soon; but I will go."

"How many are you in number?"

"Twelve are to come here this evening. In all we will be thirteen."

"And you are ready to depart?"

"Yes."

"Wait! Stay! Do I look so desperate, so depraved that thirteen men could not hold up against me?"

He did not reply but merely gazed into the face of the wild youth.

"Speak!" demanded the youth. "You seem to look into my face without fear and yet you would depart. Tell me, what do you read in my face!"

"I read nothing but tenderness and love."

"No!" shouted the wild youth. "That is not true!"

"It is true, my son, very true. And more also is true."

"What more?"

"Your heart aches. And you are ashamed!"

"Of what?"

"Of yourself."

"Why should I be ashamed of myself?"

"Because of what you have done."

"Has it been bad?"

"Ask yourself. I am not your judge."

"Yes, it has been bad," admitted the youth. "I have been reckless and I have plundered and gambled and robbed; I have wasted my days and my nights, caroused with harlots; everything, everything I have done at least once. I have sinned against heaven and also against myself. All this you can read in my face!"

"No. I see nothing there of all you say. I see only tenderness and love. And also, what I said before, that you are ashamed."

"Wait! Do not leave me. Sit down. What you say is true. I was ready to drive you off because I wanted this place for myself. I have been here two days and two nights. I have had no food in all this time. I have sat here and looked off into the distance," he pointed with his arm, "over there where you see the clump of Lebanon trees and the long grape

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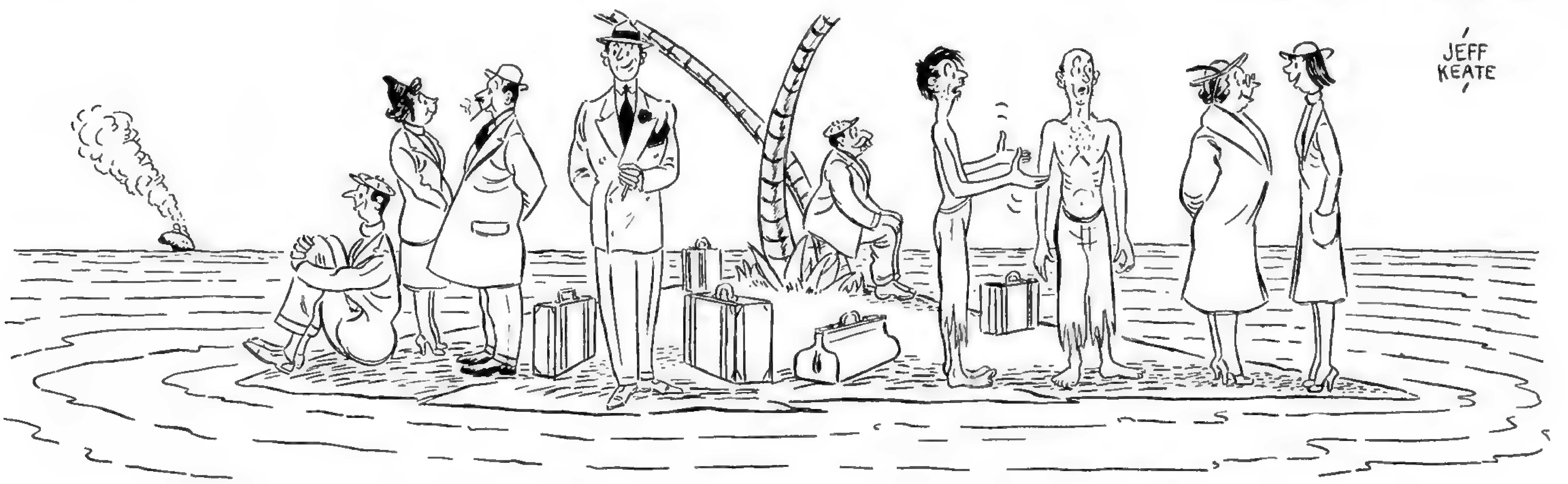

"I thought they were coming to rescue us but these passengers just got off and said. 'Safe at last!'"

The Yellow Man's Adolf

The dictator's kimona ill-fits that tall, slight and chinless hypochondriac, Prince Konoye

by IRVING WALLACE

• ARTICLE •

℞

IN A country where a lusty belch is a compliment but nose-blowing is an insult, where mixed nude bathing is permitted but kissing is criminal, where hats are worn in the living room but shoes are left on the porch—in a country such as this it's not at all surprising to find a modern streamlined strong man who sprays himself with eau de cologne, sterilizes his apples in alcohol and his fish in boiling water, consumes six different types of sleeping potions, arises at noon, prefers golf to politics, is utterly lacking in confidence, is shy and reserved.

This, friends, would be Prince Fumimaro Konoye, of Japan—the speciman unique, the only one in captivity—the Dictator who doesn't dictate.

When, in the Summer of 1940, Japan's army men, mired somewhere in the vastness of China's four hundred million, decided to go totalitarian, they glanced through their album of ex-Premiers and concluded that Prince Konoye would be the best portrait of a man to exhibit. So they framed him.

The army—which runs the Empire, and make no mistake about that—decided to go totalitarian because the folks back home in modern Yedo were losing interest in the Chiang-hunt and beginning to think about their bellies, and the best way to divert them was with action, internal and external. The army couldn't figure out anything new on its own, but there was that fellow in Europe, Adolf, who had regimented his country 100 per cent and was now knocking democracies over like ten-pins. And so Japan, eternal imitator, became a carbon copy of a Fascist State—even down to the Dictator.

And now there would be no problems. Japan's seventy million, munching *sufu* rice on their narrow little island, would have plenty of action. They would have other things to think about besides their bellies. More earth-shaking things, like the New Structure, a move to regiment the country 100 per cent internally, and the Mutual Alliance Pact with Germany and Italy, which would give the people confidence when the farm youngsters in their funny-fitting khaki uniforms moved South to Indo-China and the Indies.

But putting over a totalitarian state, or a reasonable facsimile thereof, isn't a simple thing. You just don't make an announcement—and presto! there it be. You need a personality, someone for seventy million people to believe in. Of course, there was "Charlie," as the American newspapermen affectionately and secretly call Emperor Hirohito. But he was old stuff. For, despite what appeared in the press, he belonged to the Japan of painted porcelain and wood prints and Sendai chests. You had to give the people something dynamic and new, something they could see and believe in—you know, like those Diesel-propelled elevated trains that ripped through Tokyo a mile a minute.

So that's how come the four or five big boys, the Kwantung army boys, put their close-cropped, thick skulls together, muttered the matter over in peasant accents and came up with—Prince Fumimaro Konoye.

The choice was perfect. Forty-nine year old Prince Konoye was loved by every son of a Samurai who owned a pair of geta. From Nagasaki to Kobe to Aomori, they, the intangible masses, worshipped him. But equally important, he understood the army's language, i.e., he knew who held the strings.

At this writing, Japan has had a dictator, and an orientalized version of Fascism, for almost six months. So far, the injection has taken. The people have been so busy listening to Konoye's edicts, reading about new consolidations, arguing spectacular appointments, humming military tunes, seeing movies about the Navy's plans in the South Seas and meeting stentorian-voiced Nazis from Berlin—that they haven't had time to think of their bellies.

How long this can go on is questionable. Perhaps indefinitely, if the army and the Premier can keep up the excitement. To date, since Konoye took over the Premiership, it's been a three-ring circus. Japanese can be sure that, when they arise from their *tatamis* in the morning, if there isn't much of a breakfast, well, the devil, there's sure to be something as good in the newspapers or on the radio.

Premier Konoye began his hysteric reign in July, and he began by upholstering his cabinet. The line-up—the contrasts and shadings—looked like something by Dali in a moment of acute indigestion. Into the cabinet went a Foreign Minister who used to be a busboy in a Seattle hotel, a War Minister who two years ago was saying Japan must fight both China and Russia at the same time, and a Finance Minister whose experience was limited to running steamships.

Thus fortified, Konoye now began to give Japan an internal cleansing. Faithful to the Nazi pattern, he decided to eliminate any visible semblances of democracy. There was, for instance, the matter of party politics. Now Germany had only one party, and look what they were doing. And here was Japan with maybe a dozen parties.

And so they were forced to close shop, the delightful long-winded political parties of Japan. One by one, reluctantly, they gave their disbanding dinners in geisha waiting houses. The most powerful groups quit first—the Minseito (or "Democratic Party"), liberal, backed by men of commerce, backing top-heavy army budgets that gobbled up a third of the national income and led by a seventy-seven year old ex-banker and Samurai named Machida; and the Seiyukai (or "Friends of Government"), conservative, supported by Mitsui yen, and led by a gent named Nakijama, who was the first Japanese ever to get an American pilot's license.

Other, smaller, louder, political parties also quickly disbanded. The Tohokai (or "Society of the East"), founded by Nakano, a young newspaperman who interviewed Hitler and Mussolini in Europe and then returned to create this Fascist gang, finally quit. Kokumin Domei (or "People's League"), whose members wore black jackets and whose leader was a seventy-six year old Rasputin called Adachi, who'd once helped murder the Queen of Korea and was elected to the Diet thirteen times in a row, turned in its chips. The Shakai Taishuto (or "Social Mass Party"), representing farmers and laborers, desiring peace and non-aggression pacts, folded without a murmur.

No more political parties. Only the State. No more wasting of time. Japan was becoming a good imitation of Germany. It was acquiring hair on its national chest, a virility inspired by totalitarianism.

But the inner purge was only beginning. For complete unity, Konoye, if he wished to play dictator, needed a common scapegoat. Hitler had done well with the Jews. But there were no Jews in Tokyo (though there was the Old Testament, which the Germans suggested was "Jewish propaganda," and which the Japanese promptly banned). And the Chinese were frayed at the edges. Yes, what Japan needed, even if for a few weeks, was a brand-new, shiny scapegoat.

Well, you know, the Japanese aren't very good or very clever at this sort of thing. But, all during this past autumn, and I was there to see it, they took pot-shots at a variety of scapegoats.

Everyone had his pet scapegoat. Admiral Nomura told me, "England and her British methods of imperialism have become intolerable." Mitsuru Toyama, and his Black Dragon members, got on platforms and screamed, "The Christian Church, smuggling in foreign ideas, must go!" Admiral Suetsugu warned, "We need not worry about spies, but about Propaganda, that foreign fifth column of the mind!" Foreign Minister Matsuoka, in a special interview, said to me, "Prince Konoye and I are battling hard against imported Western doctrines in Japan, which have influenced a majority, and which preach exploitation, greed and oppression!" And so on, ad nauseam.

Premier Konoye sicked them on the British first. In Tokyo, there were tremendous mass meetings in Hibya Park, where England was taken over the rollers. The proletariat shouted at the proper times and created much agitation (though it was disillusioning to learn that many participants of this spontaneous demonstration were paid one yen apiece to attend). A British newspaperman, Cox, from Reuters, "committed suicide" from a fourth story window, after being visited by the Tokyo police. In Kobe, a Britisher named Peters was sentenced to eight years for "espionage." An Osaka hotel put up the sign, "No dogs or Englishmen admitted." A move was successfully instigated to take all English printed directions down from railroad stations.

But this all became a little tiresome. So, briefly, they took an uppercut at religion. In the totalitarian way, Konoye's aides announced that all the Christian churches in Japan, meaning Baptist, Episcopal, Methodist, *all*, must immediately break ties with America and Europe, and combine under one Universal Japanese Christian Church to be conducted solely by Japanese.

On the heels of this—the army wanted action, didn't it?—was a spy-scare on a scale that made the fifth column business in the United States seem like a polite parlor fright. Movies were released. Quickies. "How To Tell a Foreign Spy." And, "Methods Used By Enemy Agents." Six students from India were jailed because they knew too many girls, who might be giving away military secrets. Telephones in the Imperial Hotel were tapped. I was personally grilled by the secret police because it had gotten around that I was interviewing navy men and asking too many questions about the Imperial Japanese Navy! Influential and educated Japanese men I knew avoided me, because, as one whispered, "It would get us in trouble with authorities to be too friendly with a foreigner."

Simultaneous with the espionage heebies, Premier Prince F. Konoye inaugurated what I fondly regard as the greatest modern atrocity committed on the human intelligence. It was the New Structure, a final internal laxative.

Konoye gave it a send-off by speaking thus and so to the befuddled subjects of Nippon:

"The aim of the new National Structure is to unite the total energies of the State and of the people, to make one living whole of our hundred million fellow countrymen . . ."

Toward this end, a National Spiritual Mobilization League (the Japanese are great on names) was formed. Its first duty was to plaster red and white posters on every street corner reading, "Japanese! Luxury is your enemy!" The idea was—and is today—to impress people that these are somber, dire times, and that the most minor economy will help Japan on her Divine Mission, and above all, to prepare the national mind for a possible first-class war.

Thus, in the last months, a series of decrees have been issued that resemble something plagiarized from Gilbert and Sullivan.

It was immediately decided that concubines could no longer have telephones ("Man, I'd like to send a clipping of *that* one to our State Department," Ambassador Grew told me), girdles must be made in only one size, tea rooms and bars could not sell drinks before five in the afternoon, Tokyo's one hundred excursion buses must go out of business, and women should no longer wear loud or gaudy kimonos. Catching on to the general idea, the film actresses of the Toho Studios,

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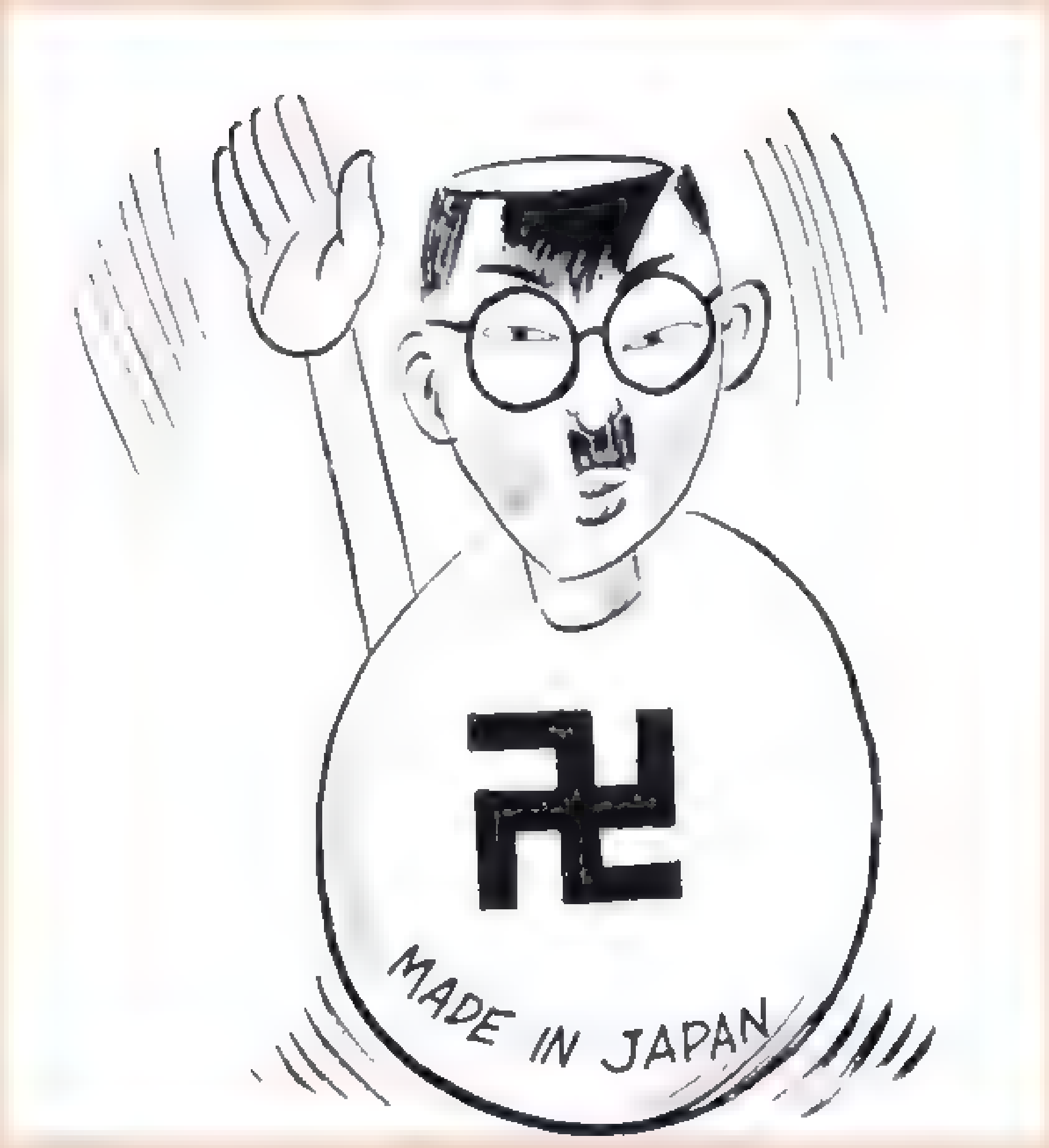
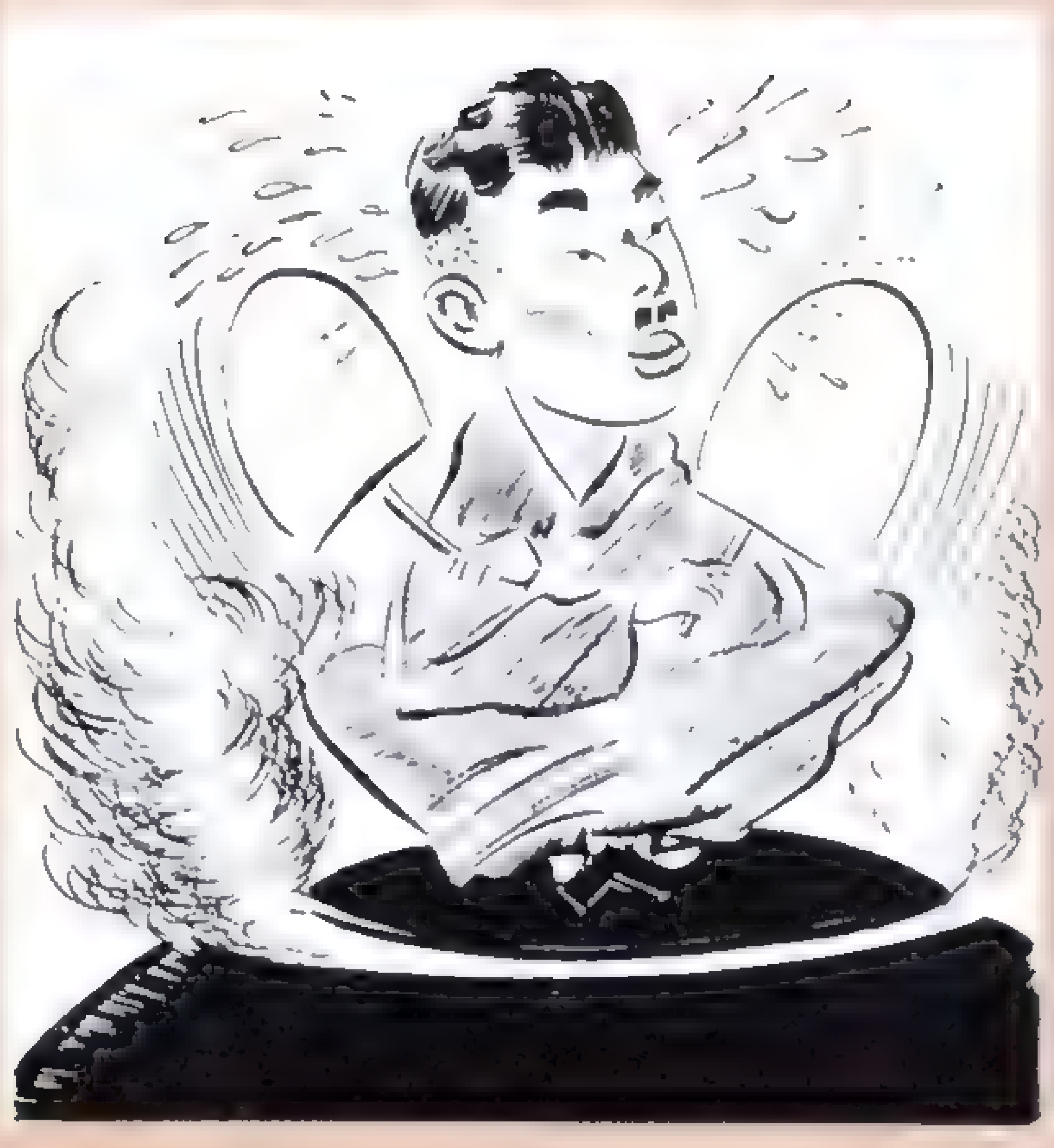
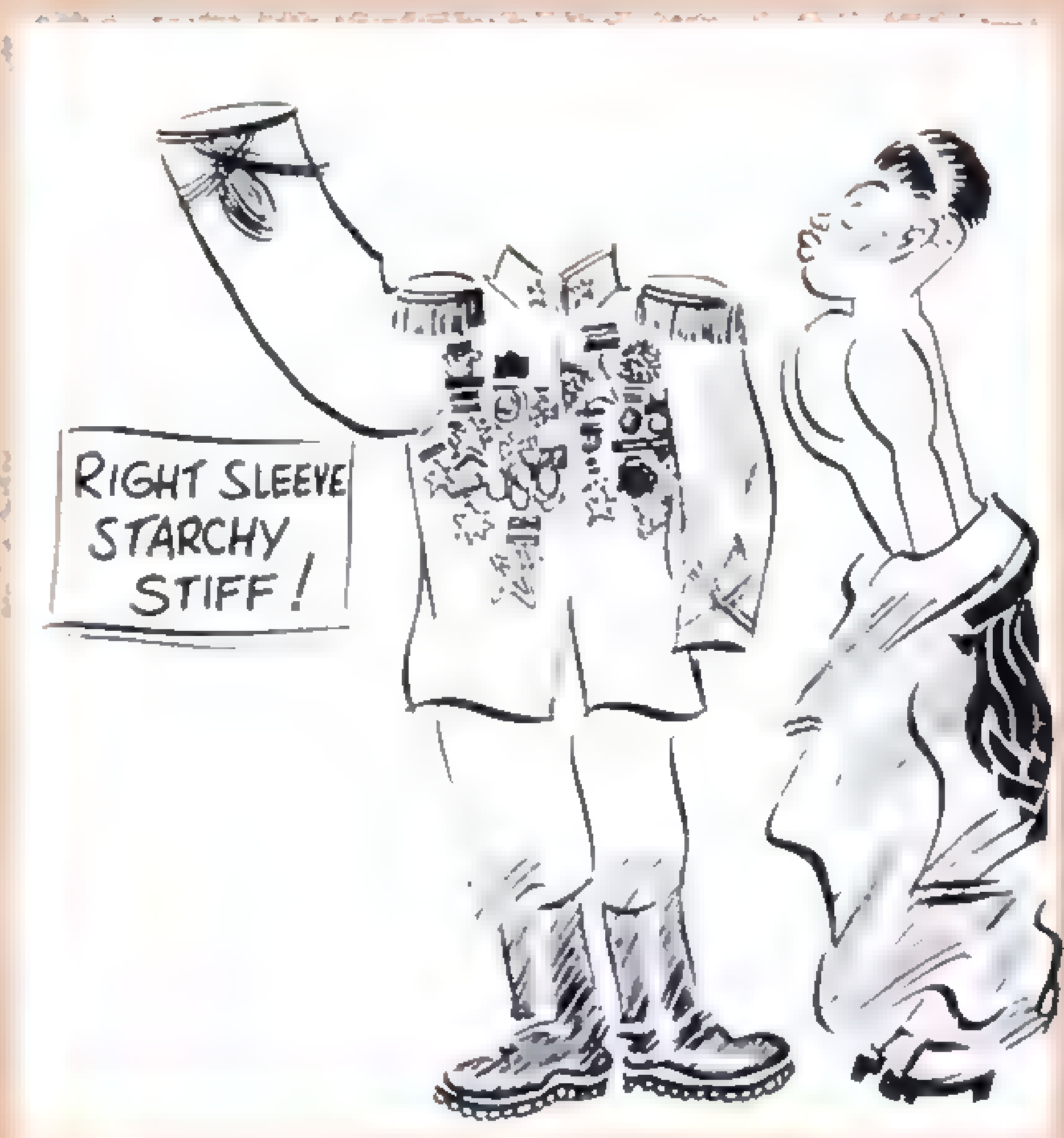


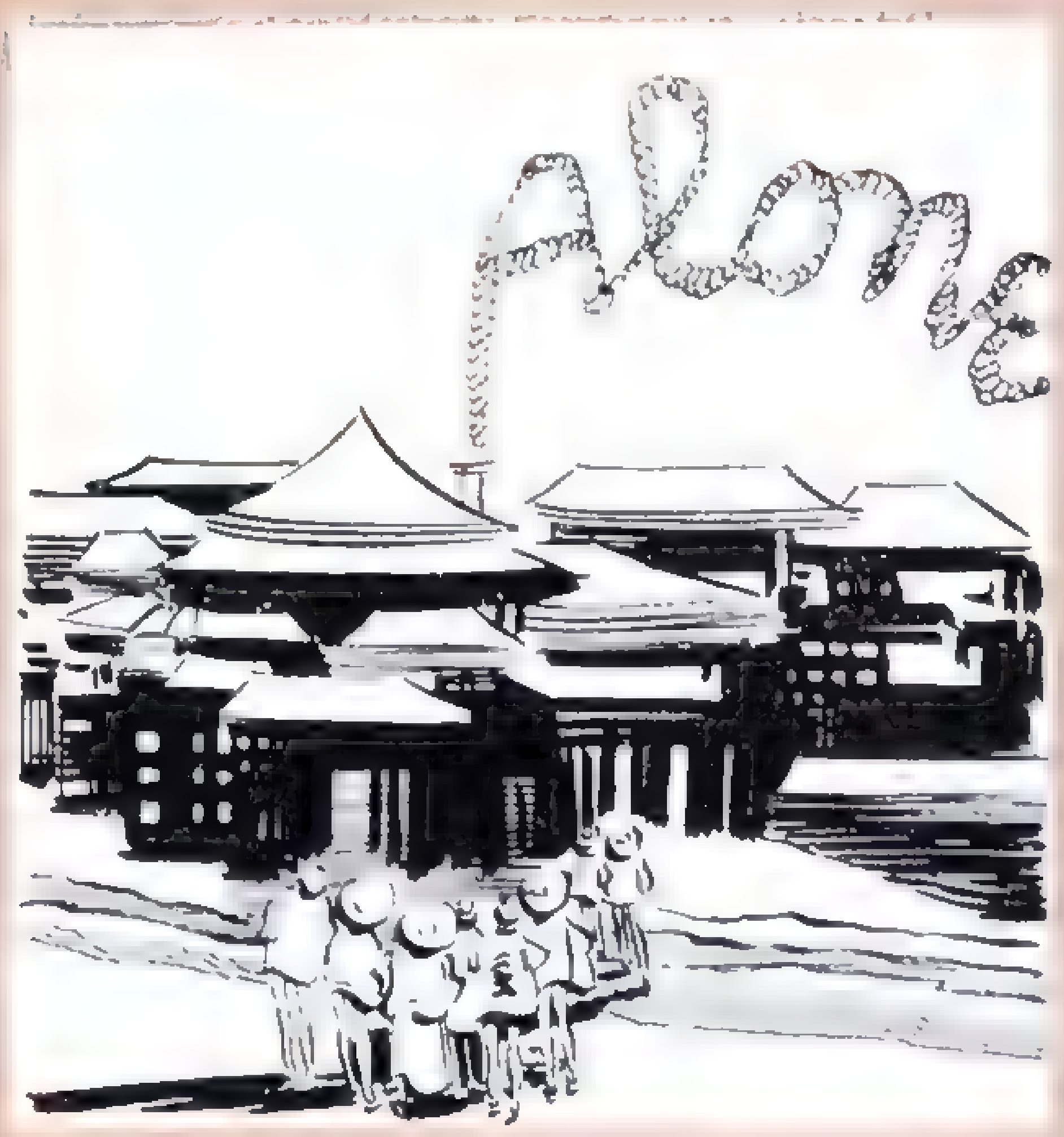
*1—Japan is not so hotsy-totsy
Since they've aped that Nutsy Nazi . . .*



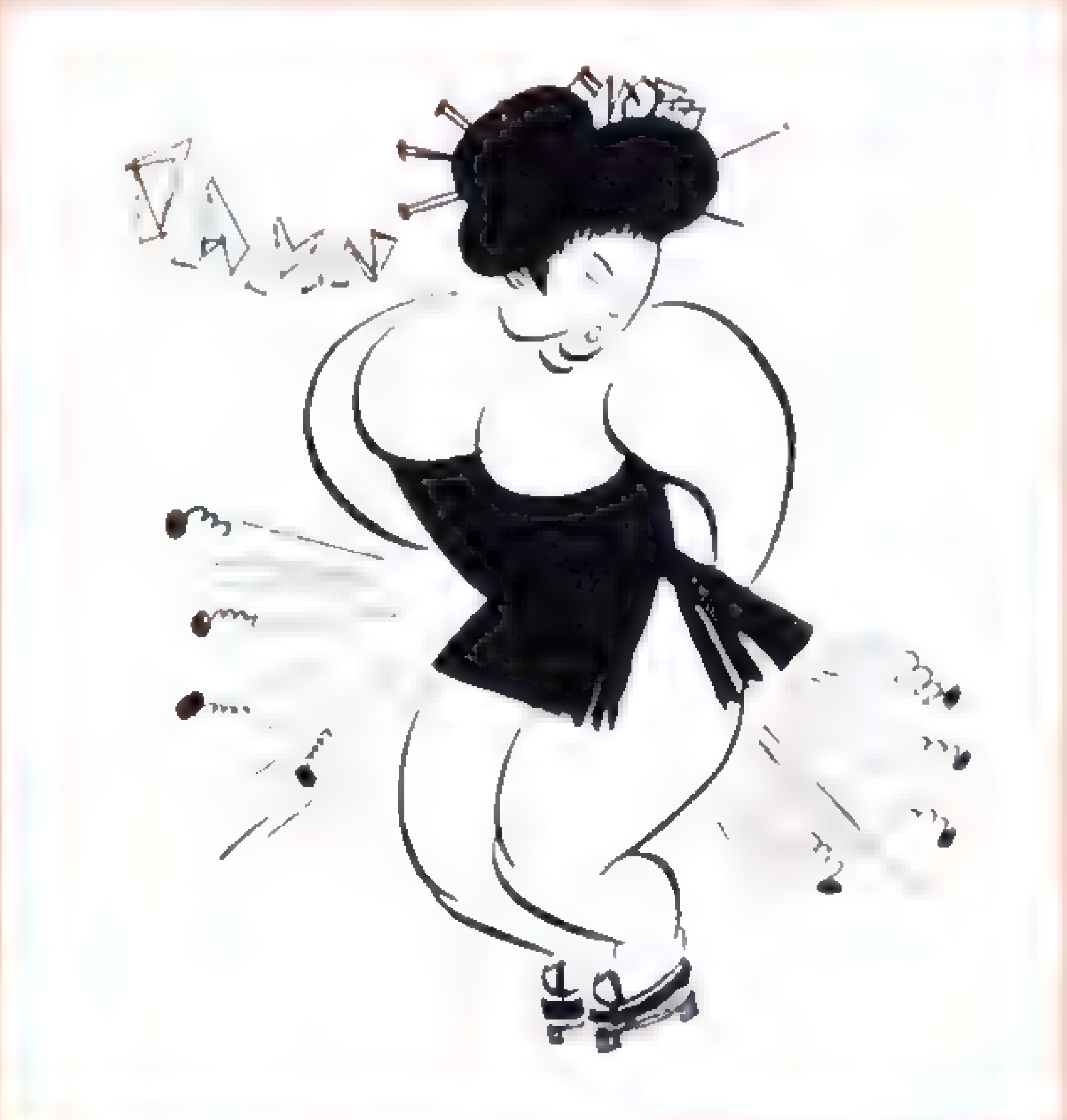
*2—Prince Konoye, as dictator,
Sits upon a seething crater . . .*



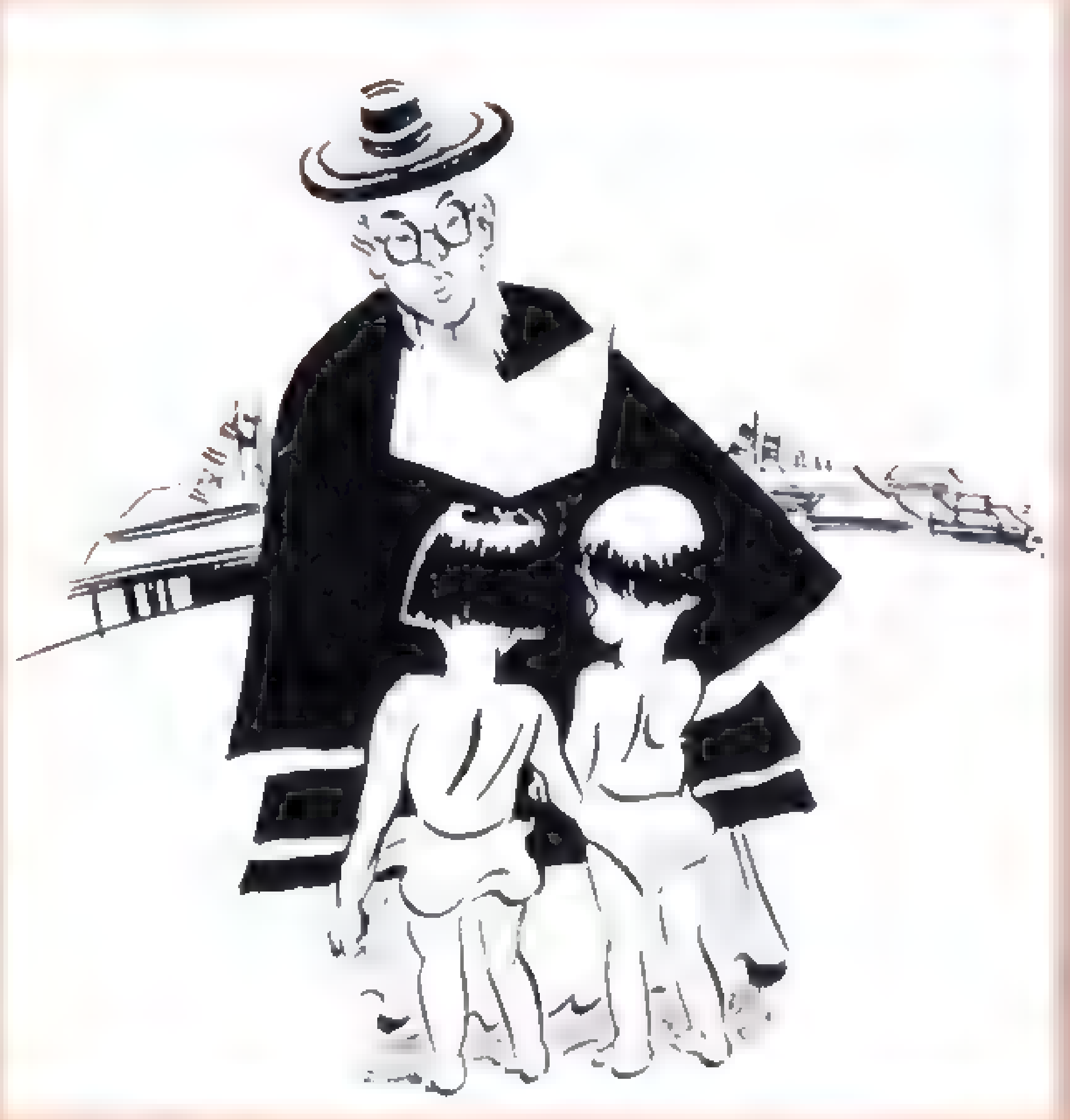
*3—Weird decrees appear in Nippon
As the Fascist garb they slip on:*



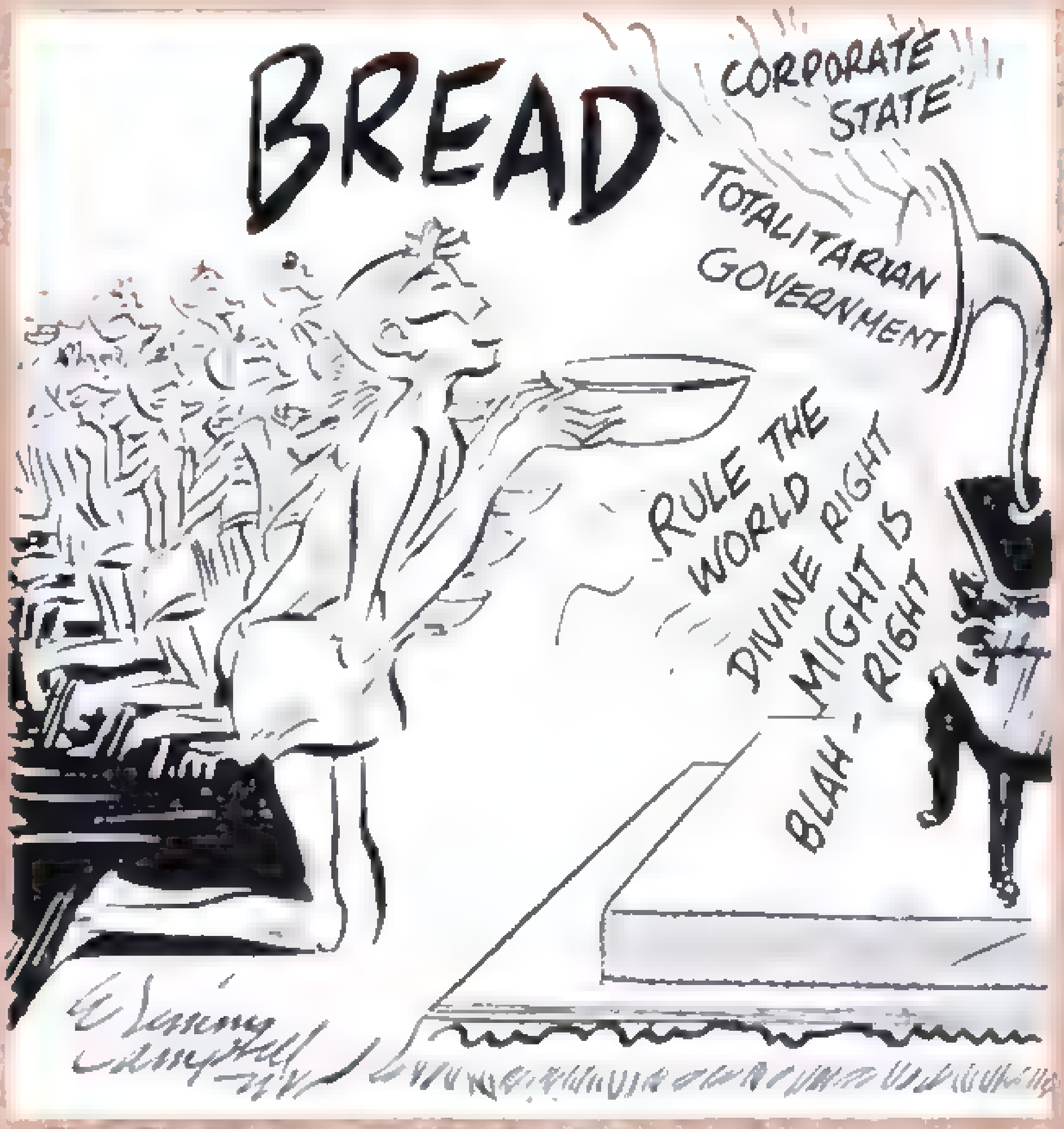
*4—Concubines can't have a phone
To announce they're all alone . . .*



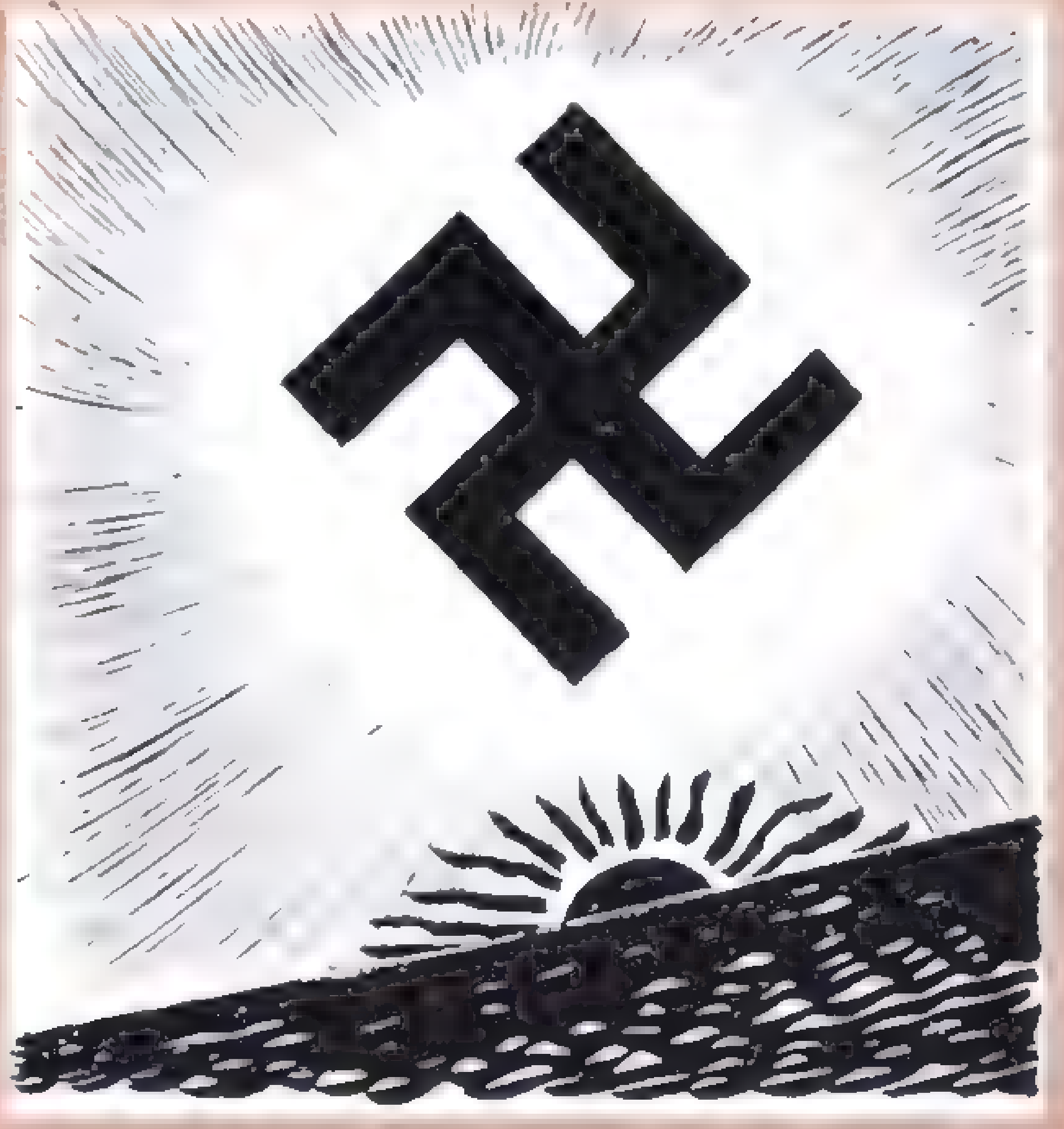
*5—One-size girdles for each Filly . . .
Gee, the fat ones must look silly . . .*



*6—Sweethearts now must marry younger—
(Love's the antidote for hunger!)*



*7—Prince, you'll find it's not a snap
To feed the Jap this brand of pap . . .*



*8—And as stomachs keep on shrinking . . .
Rising Son, you'll start in sinking!*

—Phil Stack

Mightier Than the Sword

As Pat Hobby told the director, you're up, you're down, you're in, you're out, that's pictures

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

• FICTION •

℞

THE swarthy man, with eyes that snapped back and forward on a rubber band from the rear of his head, answered to the alias of Dick Dale. The tall, spectacled man who was put together like a camel without a hump—and you missed the hump—answered to the name E. Brunswick Hudson. The scene was a shoeshine stand, insignificant unit of the great studio. We perceive it through the red-rimmed eyes of Pat Hobby who sat in the chair beside Director Dale.

The stand was out of doors, opposite the commissary. The voice of E. Brunswick Hudson quivered with passion but it was pitched low so as not to reach passers-by.

"I don't know what a writer like me is doing out here anyhow," he said, with vibrations.

Pat Hobby, who was an old-timer, could have supplied the answer, but he had not the acquaintance of the other two.

"It's a funny business," said Dick Dale, and to the shoeshine boy, "Use that saddle soap."

"Funny!" thundered E., "It's *sus*pect! Here against my better judgment I write just what you tell me—and the office tells me to get out because we can't seem to agree."

"That's polite," explained Dick Dale. "What do you want me to do—knock you down?"

E. Brunswick Hudson removed his glasses.

"Try it!" he suggested. "I weigh a hundred and sixty-two and I haven't got an ounce of flesh on me." He hesitated and redeemed himself from this extremity. "I mean *fat* on me."

"Oh, to hell with that!" said Dick Dale contemptuously, "I can't mix it up with you. I got to figure this picture. You go back East and write one of your books and forget it." Momentarily he looked at Pat Hobby, smiling as if *he* would understand, as if anyone would understand except E. Brunswick Hudson, "I can't tell you all about pictures in three weeks."

Hudson replaced his spectacles.

"When I *do* write a book," he said, "I'll make you the laughing stock of the nation."

He withdrew, ineffectual, baffled, defeated. After a minute Pat spoke.

"Those guys can never get the idea," he commented, "I've never seen one get the idea and I been in this business, publicity and script, for twenty years."

"You on the lot?" Dale asked.

Pat hesitated.

"Just finished a job," he said.

That was five months before.

"What screen credits you got?" Dale asked.

"I got credits going all the way back to 1920."

"Come up to my office," Dick Dale said, "I got something I'd like to talk over—now that bastard is gone back to his New England farm. Why do they have to get a New England farm—with the whole West not settled?"

Pat gave his second-to-last dime to the bootblack and climbed down from the stand.

II

We are in the midst of technicalities.

"The trouble is this composer Reginald de Koven didn't have any color," said Dick Dale, "He wasn't deaf like Beethoven or a singing waiter or get put in jail or anything. All he did was write music and all we got for an angle is that song *O Promise Me.* We got to weave something around that—a dame promises him something and in the end he collects."

"I want time to think it over in my mind," said Pat, "If Jack Berners will put me on the picture—"

"He'll put you on," said Dick Dale, "From now on I'm picking my own writers. What do you get—fifteen hundred?" He looked at Pat's shoes, "Seven-fifty?"

Pat stared at him blankly for a moment; then out of thin air, produced his best piece of imaginative fiction in a decade.

"I was mixed up with a producer's wife," he said, "And they ganged up on me. I only get three-fifty now."

In some ways it was the easiest job he had ever had. Director Dick Dale was a type that, fifty years ago, could be found in any American town. Generally he was the local photographer, usually he was the originator of small mechanical contrivances and a leader in bizarre local movements, almost always he contributed verse to the local press. All the most energetic embodiments of this "Sensation Type" had migrated to Hollywood between 1910 and 1930, and there they had achieved a psychological fulfillment inconceivable in any other time or place. At last, and on a large scale, they were able to have their way. In the weeks that Pat Hobby and Mabel Hatman, Mr. Dale's script girl, sat beside him and worked on the script, not a movement, not a word went into it that was not Dick Dale's coinage. Pat would venture a suggestion, something that was "Always good."

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" Dick Dale was on his feet, his hands outspread, "I seem to see a dog." They would wait, tense and breathless, while he saw a dog.

"Two dogs."

A second dog took its place beside the first in their obedient visions.

"We open on a dog on a leash—pull the camera back to show another dog—now they're snapping at each other. We pull back further—the leashes are attached to tables—the tables tip over. See it?"

Or else, out of a clear sky.

"I seem to see De Koven as a plasterer's apprentice."

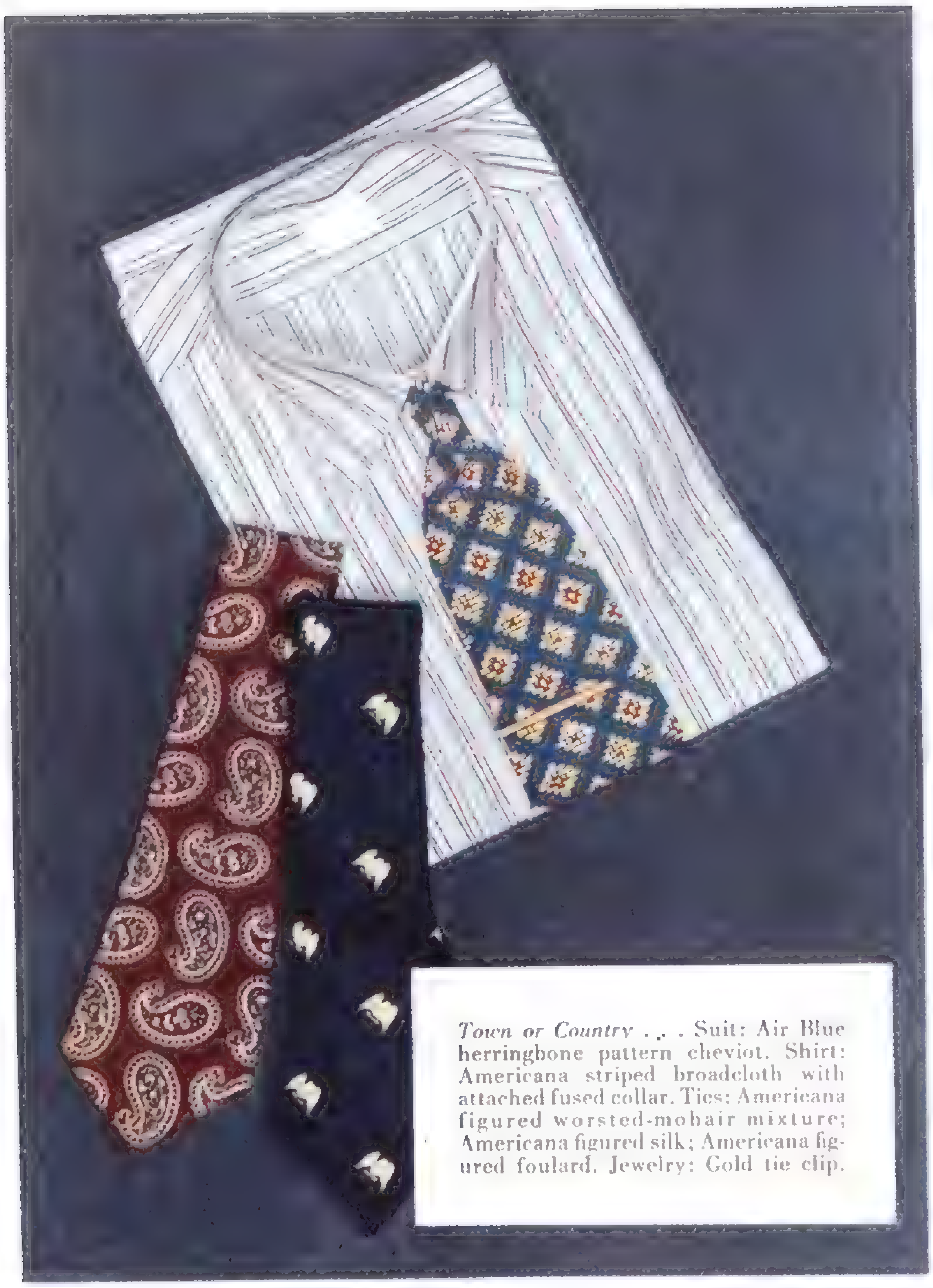
"Yes." This hopefully.

"He goes to Santa Anita and plasters the walls, singing at his work. Take that down,

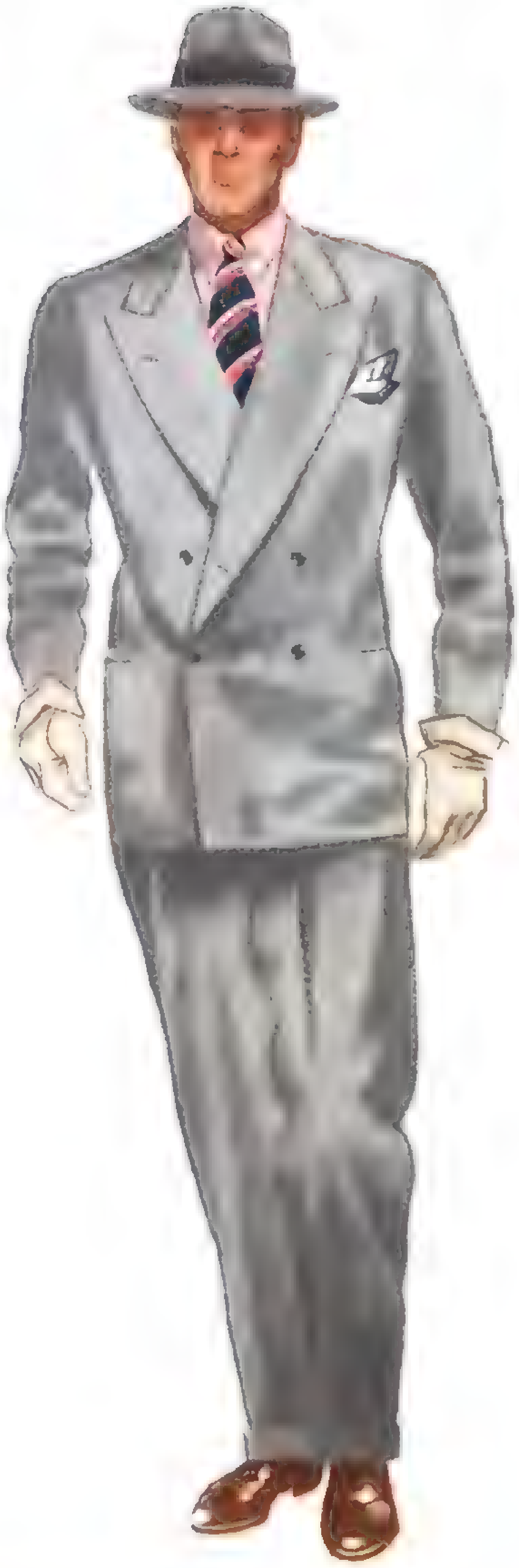
Continued on page 183

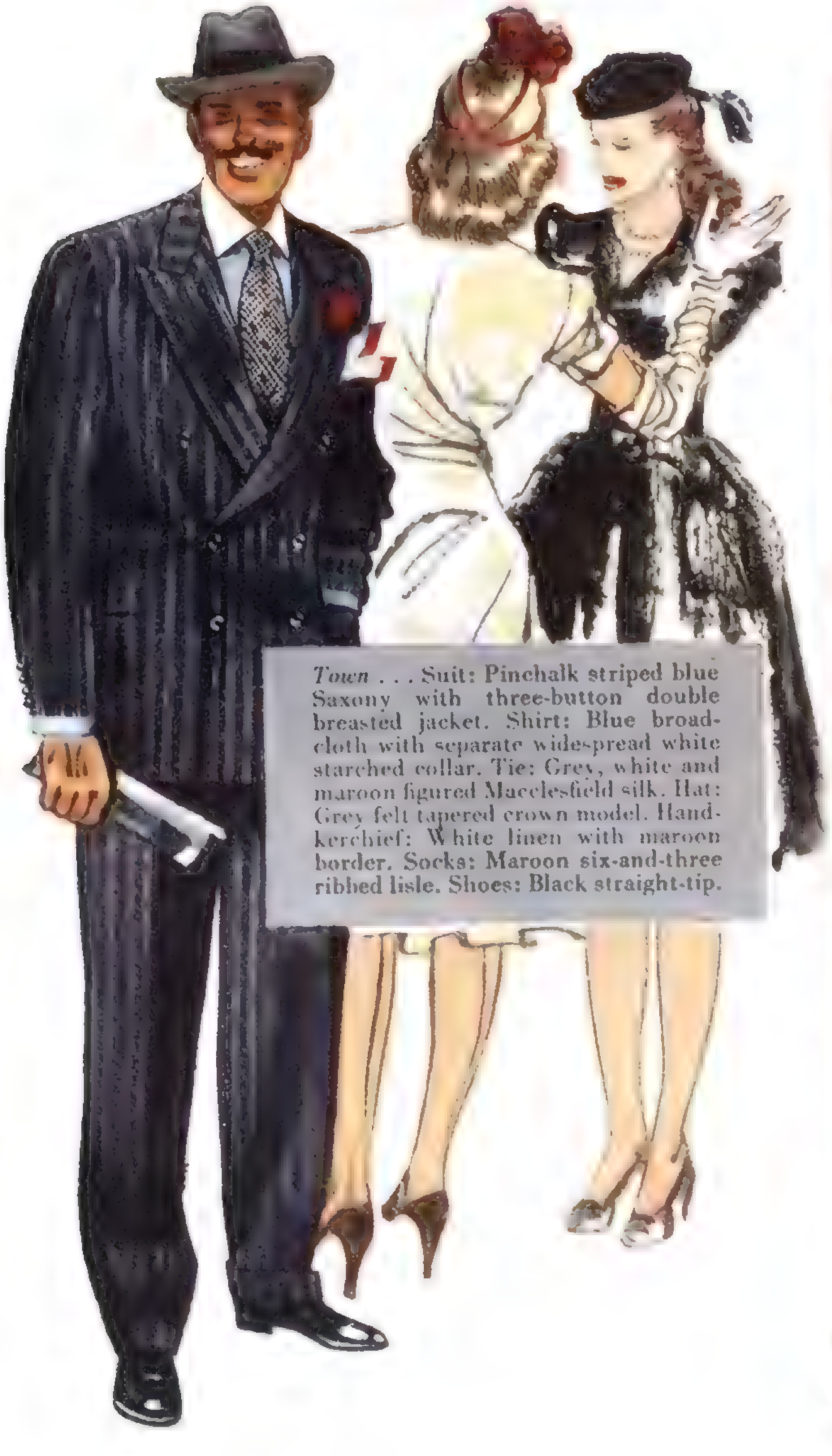
15922
82
John M. Price

"Why, Mugsy! Didn't you pay your income tax either?"

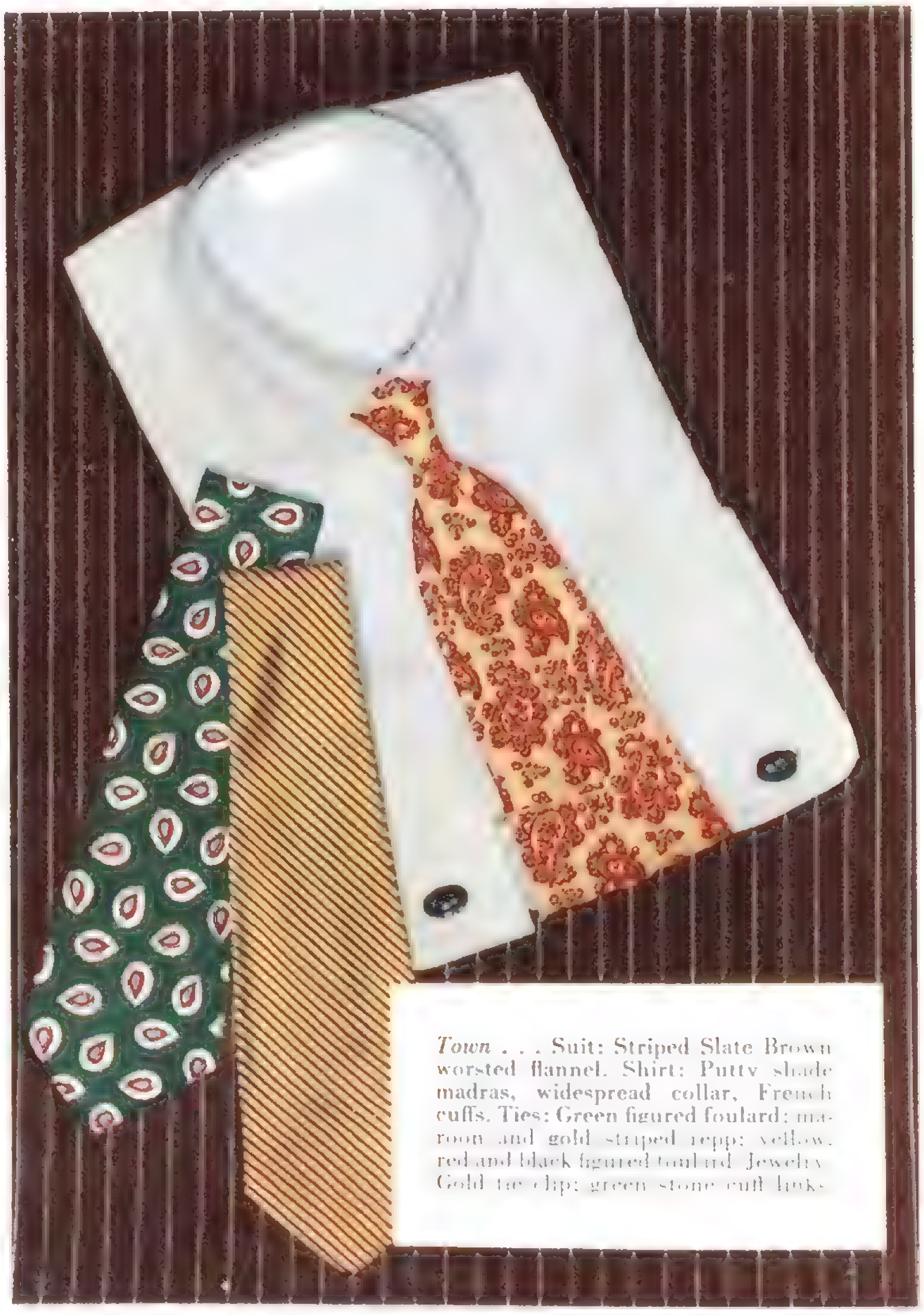


Town or Country . . . Suit: Air Blue herringbone pattern cheviot. Shirt: Americana striped broadcloth with attached fused collar. Ties: Americana figured worsted-mohair mixture; Americana figured silk; Americana figured foulard. Jewelry: Gold tie clip.





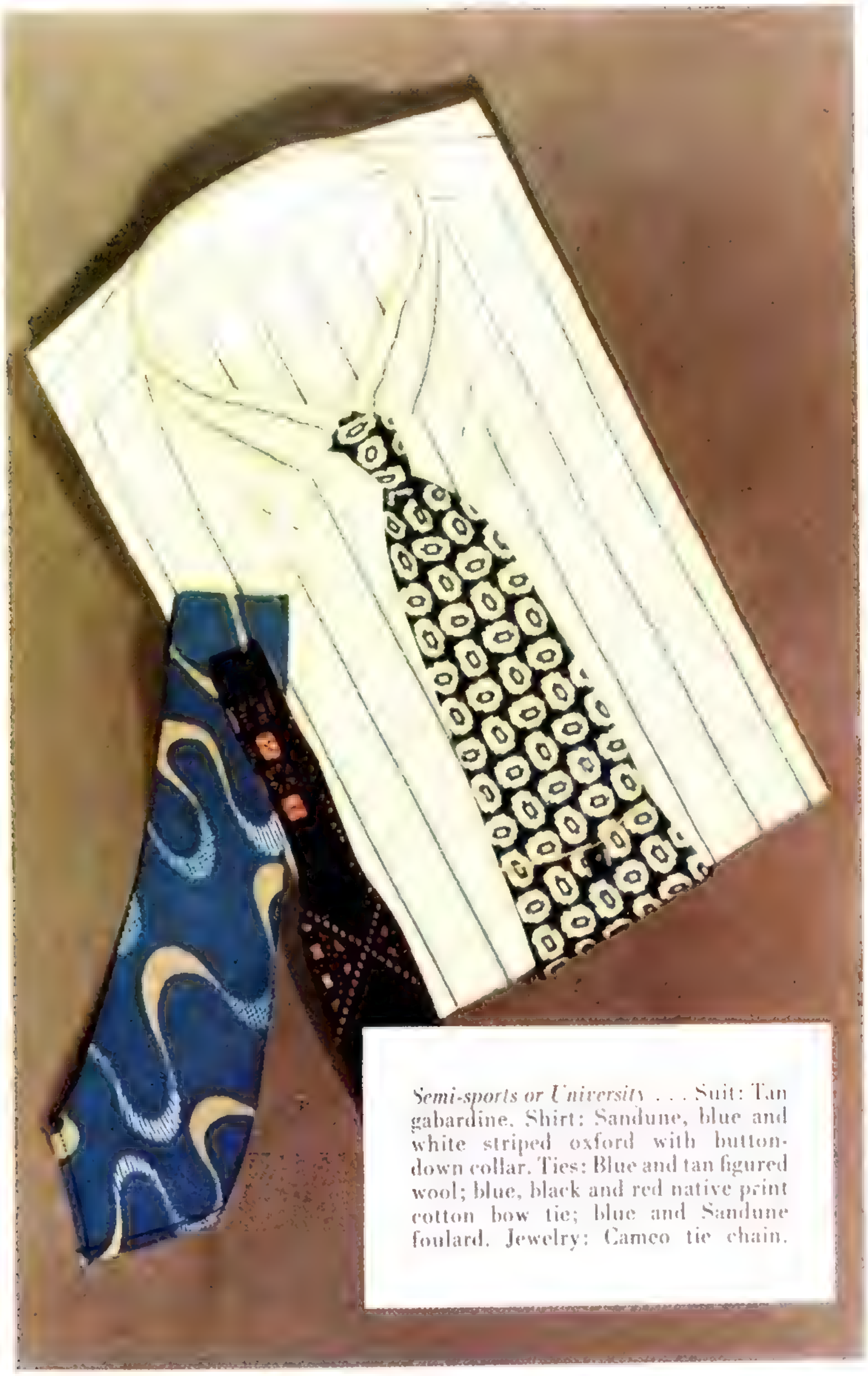
Town . . . Suit: Pinchalk striped blue Saxony with three-button double breasted jacket. Shirt: Blue broadcloth with separate widespread white starched collar. Tie: Grey, white and maroon figured Macclesfield silk. Hat: Grey felt tapered crown model. Handkerchief: White linen with maroon border. Socks: Maroon six-and-three ribbed lisle. Shoes: Black straight-tip.



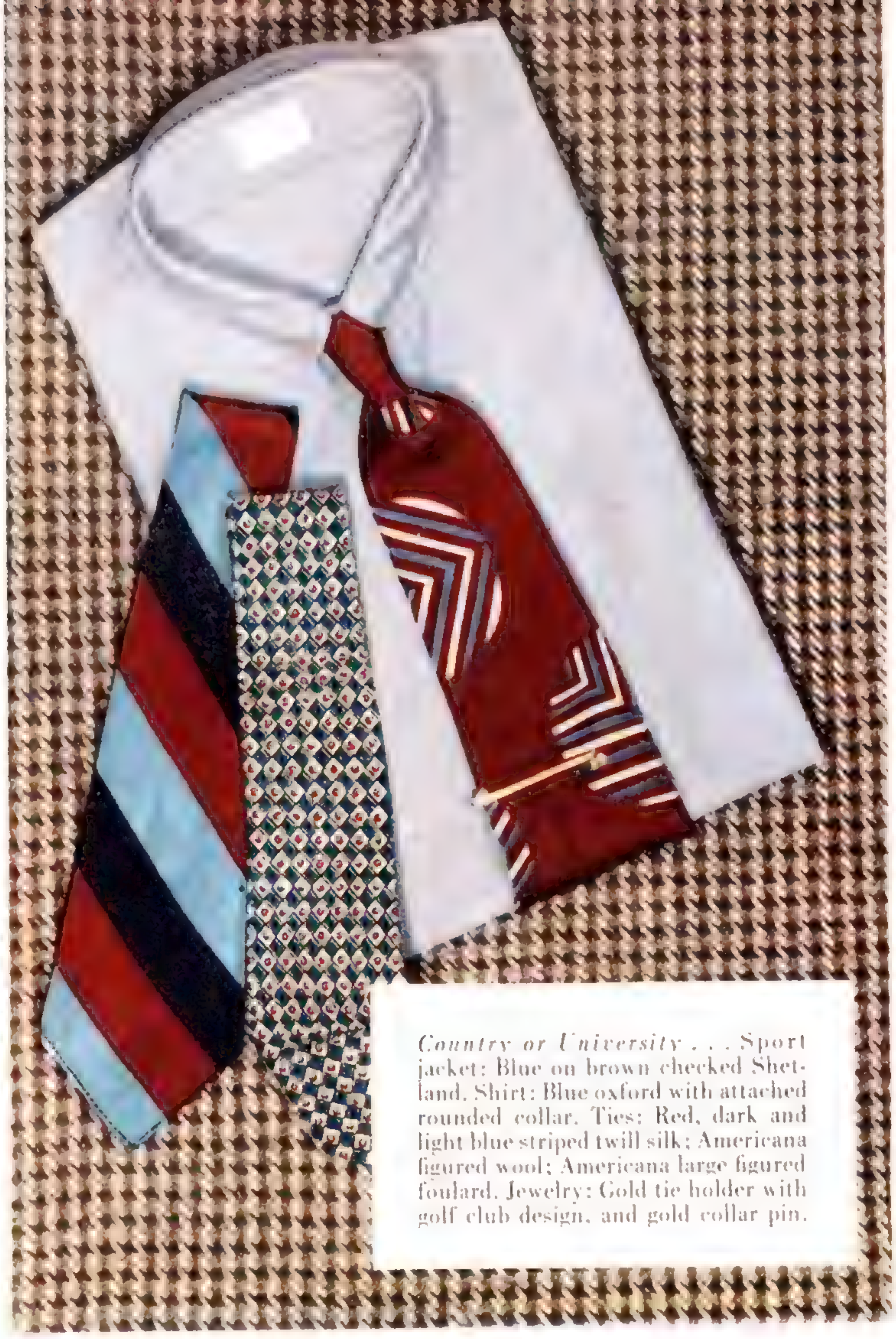
Town . . . Suit: Striped Slate Brown worsted flannel. Shirt: Putty shade madras, widespread collar, French cuffs. Ties: Green figured foulard; maroon and gold striped repp; yellow, red and black figured foulard. Jewelry: Gold tie clip; green stone cuff links.

Semi-sports . . . Suit: Grey flannel with two-button double breasted jacket. Shirt: Grey and garnet iridescent broadcloth with pinned collar. Tie: Americana striped repp silk. Hat: Greyish blue snapbrim. Handkerchief: White linen with blue border stripes. Gloves: Chamois. Socks: Blue clocked lisle. Shoes: Brown straight-tip.

Plans for a colorful spring



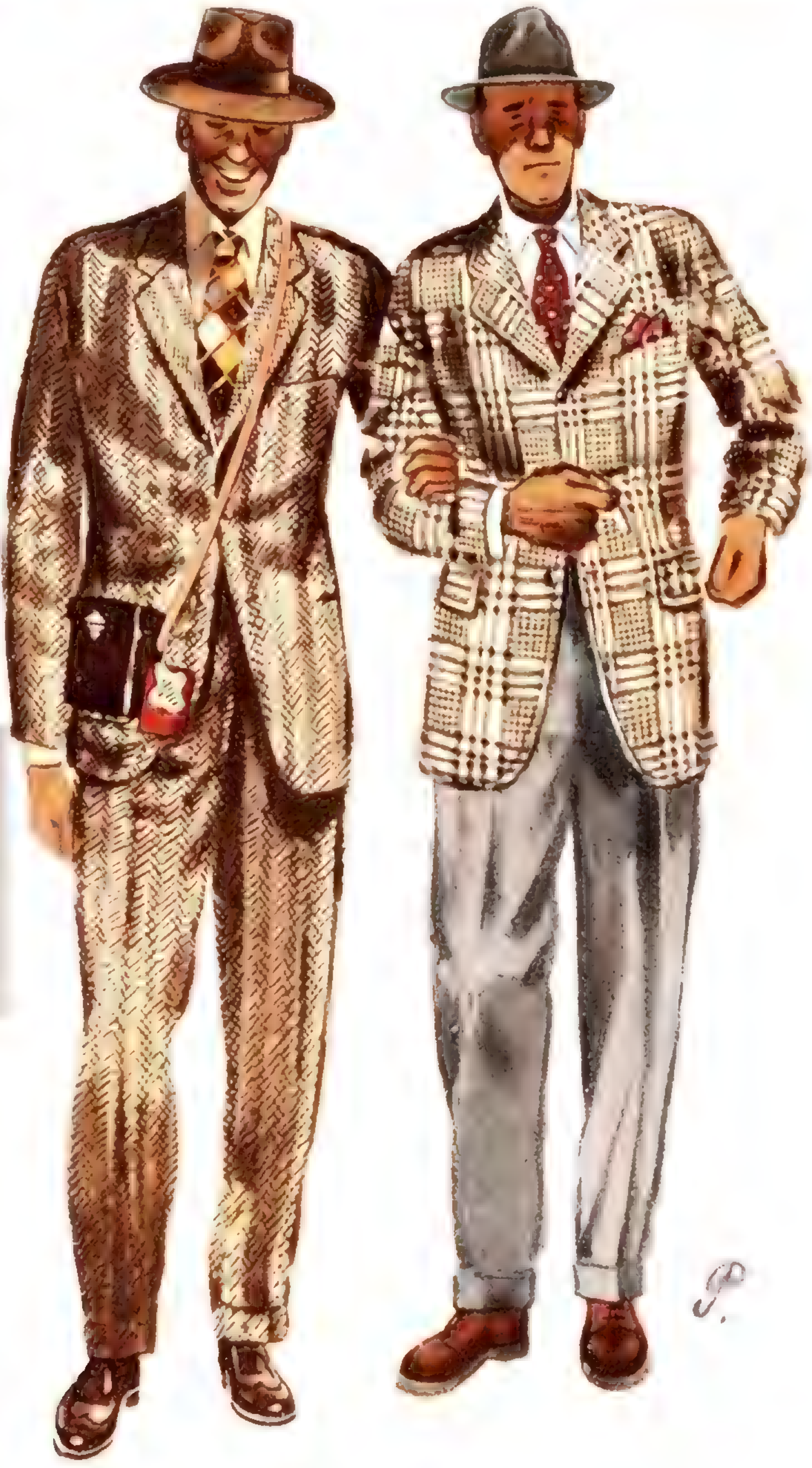
Semi-sports or University . . . Suit: Tan gabardine. Shirt: Sandune, blue and white striped oxford with button-down collar. Ties: Blue and tan figured wool; blue, black and red native print cotton bow tie; blue and Sandune foulard. Jewelry: Cameo tie chain.



Country or University . . . Sport jacket: Blue on brown checked Shetland. Shirt: Blue oxford with attached rounded collar. Ties: Red, dark and light blue striped twill silk; Americana figured wool; Americana large figured foulard. Jewelry: Gold tie holder with golf club design, and gold collar pin.

Semi-sports . . . Suit: Rusticolor broken herringbone tweed with three-button single breasted jacket. Shirt: Sandune oxford with button-down collar. Tie: Brown, yellow and orange plaid poplin. Hat: Brown felt snapbrim. Socks: Brown, tan and orange Argyle plaid wool. Shoes: Brown calf wing-tip.

Country (extreme right) . . . Jacket: Three-button single breasted plaid Shetland. Slacks: Grey flannel. Shirt: White oxford, widespread collar. Tie: Reddish brown foulard with blue figures. Hat: Greenish mixture felt snapbrim with darker felt band. Handkerchief: Red and blue foulard. Socks: Brown and tan cable striped wool. Shoes: Reverse calf bluchers



"I'm the one with the part in the back"

Soldier of Occupation

He no longer understood why he must jump in with a parachute, killing people he'd never seen

by ALFREDO SEGRE

• FICTION •

Now they had stopped shooting. The soldier leaned against the door, his gun pointed toward the dark end of the street. From time to time his vision became foggy, pierced by phosphorescent flashes just as, shortly before, the darkness of the street had been pierced by the red and violet lightning of the gunfire. "If there is somebody behind the door, he'll shoot me right in the back," he thought, "and I won't even have a chance to see him." With one eye he glanced at the door and with the other he tried to penetrate the darkness. But he became dizzy, and the gun nearly fell from his hands. "Let them shoot me, I don't give a damn. In the last four days I might have been killed ten times over . . ."

Though night was approaching, not a lamp was lit, and the windows looked as though they were made of grey silk, those at the end, with their panes still unbroken. Maybe the houses at the end were full of people and they didn't dare turn on the lights, afraid of again hearing shells pouring down out of the sky. A bomber had flown over the alley, so low that the shadow of its wings had cut across the walls, but probably it had not found any worthwhile target, for it had fired a single volley of machine gun bullets which had hit a cigarette poster, blinding the girl in the red dress and riddling her breast. Now the people in the houses would have their dinner, maybe on the floor, crawling around the room on all fours. The captain had said, "Your patrol is to drive out all the inhabitants of this alley. From here they could fire at the troops as they land—you must silence them."

In the scant light of sunset, the alley appeared no more than half a mile long. Absolutely no one had realized that troops were landing, because, before entering the alley, the soldiers had seen a waiter in a white apron hurriedly sweeping off the sidewalk in front of a café and then dashing inside to get out of the cold. But, a few minutes later, when hell had broken loose over the port as the bombers started to fight, the windows in the alley had been thrown open quickly amidst a tumult of voices calling and screaming. Then the patrol had run forward in single file and the windows had been abruptly closed. When they had covered twenty yards, the sergeant had ordered them to stop. They were in front of a little bakery. Kurz had cast a glance inside and fumbled hastily in his grenade container. He could see a man in shirt sleeves, bent toward the fire, with one hand resting on a very long shovel. The sergeant had caught Kurz's arm, and Kurz had let the grenade slide back into place.

"That would spoil everything!" the sergeant had muttered.

Surely the man had not heard the turmoil in the alley, for he continued to stir up the fire. A good smell of bread hovered in the air. Then the sergeant had aimed through the window, and the glass had not crumbled. A splash of white cracks remained around the hole, like fading fireworks. So they had gone inside to eat the bread; it was white and looked as if it had been soaked in milk. The baker had fallen, clutching in his hand a dry branch of crackling pine.

"If you had thrown the grenade," the sergeant had remarked, "we would find splinters in the rolls, you idiot!"

All seven had sat on the counter and eaten, tearing out each mouthful with both hands. The baker moved his legs feebly.

"It's been years and years since I had a piece of bread like this!" one of the recruits had exclaimed.

Then the pine branch had set fire to the baker's shirt, and at once the smell of burnt hair had spread through the shop. Not until that moment had they really noticed the man squatting between the counter and the wall. And since he was groaning horribly and rolling his eyes, Kurz had produced a bottle of brandy from his haversack, while Karl and Heinrich looked around for something to extinguish the low flames that were just reaching his rolled up sleeves. But the brandy had trickled out of the baker's mouth, kindling other yellowish flames which began to crackle through his shirt. Meanwhile, Heinrich had discovered a cup of milk in a sideboard:

"Don't waste it, you damn fool!" the sergeant had shouted, grabbing the cup. "Leave this, I'll take care of it myself."

So the baker had had to suffer for some minutes more. Then the short flames had died out, leaving only a few twisting embers, worm-like, on the sleeves. Again it was Sergeant Coblenz who decided how to put out the fire, just as he had thought of shooting; and, as he accomplished this tremendous task, he grinned over the body of the man, who was almost dead.

Rudolph could not forget the scene. He had no admiration for Coblenz, but he understood that the sergeant's courage compelled the others not to be cowards. Before jumping from the plane, Sergeant Coblenz had turned to the second pilot and, showing him his rifle, had said, "As I dive, I'll fire at those guys down there!"; and in the twinkling of an eye he had thrown himself out of the airplane. The others had followed him unhesitatingly, even Heinrich, who shortly before had been feeling sick. Some hundred yards over the warehouses on the quay his umbrella had begun to jolt. A coastal battery had started to fire blindly, aroused by the droning of the aircraft, and its men must have seen the whiteness floating down from the sky. Well, Coblenz, perfectly calm, had fired back until his six loaders were empty. Then the planes had hurried to their aid, flying low

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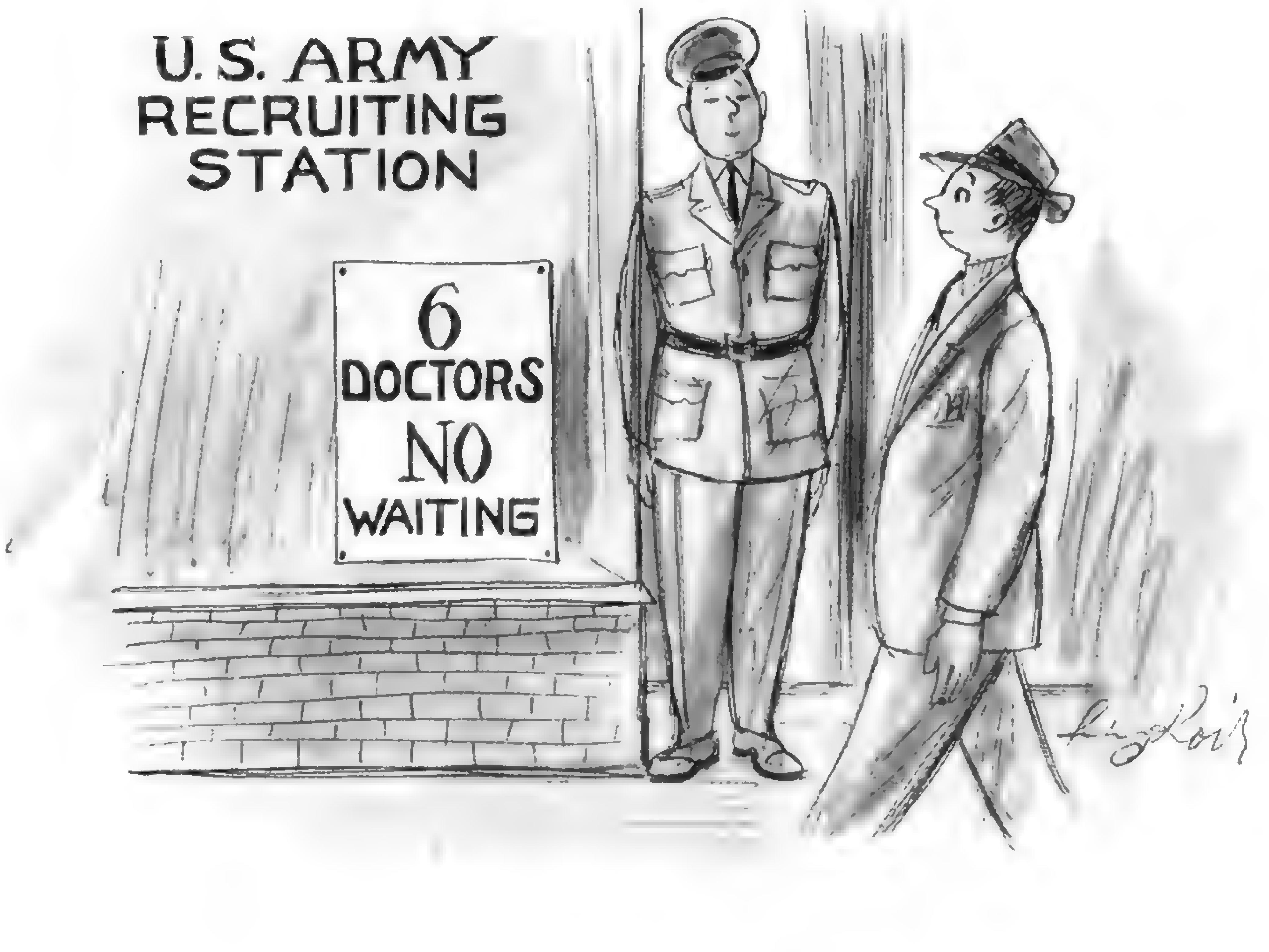


The Taming of Valenti

Their home was a cozy volcano illustrating the old saw that love and hate are close akin

by JOHN FANTE

• SATIRE •

I WAS in bed when Valenti telephoned.

"Come over. Hurry."

"What's up?"

"You come over."

It was almost two in the morning. I called Leon at the desk and told him to get me a cab. Valenti and Linda lived in a single apartment in the Wilshire district. Fifteen minutes after his call I was walking down the hall toward their apartment. Before I had a chance to knock, he said, "Come in, Jim." I could see him in the kitchen, sitting at the table, clutching his black hair with both hands. Every light in the place was turned on. Valenti was crying, sobbing quietly. As I crossed the living room I heard throaty sounds from the bathroom. That was Linda: she was crying too.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"That trull," he said. "That low wench."

"Who—Linda?"

"That two-timer. That piece."

Valenti and I were old friends. A lot of things made Valenti cry. He cried the night he came to my hotel and told me Linda would marry him. Three weeks ago we had driven to Las Vegas. I was his best man. Valenti was so moved by the ceremony that the old preacher had to stop while Valenti sobbed on my shoulder.

"She's been unfaithful again," Valenti said.

"Again?"

He held up three fingers.

"Three times in three weeks."

"Liar!"

That was Linda. She rushed out of the bathroom, a blue negligee fluttering after her, a long-necked, round-bellied perfume bottle in her hand. Before I could react, she let it fly across the kitchen. Valenti ducked, but he ducked right into it, and the bottle bounced with a thud off his chest and fell to the floor. He coughed, jumped to his feet, and charged for her.

"You lousy trull!"

"You evil-minded devil!"

I got between them. Over my shoulder Valenti grabbed Linda's blonde hair and pulled. She put an arm under mine and reached for his face. Her long nails came away, leaving three red marks down his cheek. Finally I quieted them. They stood like fighting cocks, poised, ready to start again. Then Linda stamped her foot and wailed.

"My nice perfume. It was a present from my sister. Just look at it now."

The bottle still rocked dismally back and forth, its contents spread over the blue linoleum. The kitchen smelled of *Vol de Nuit*. With a cry of agony Linda stomped back to the bathroom. Valenti touched his face and stared at his blood-tipped fingers. His lips trembled, his tears dripped like wax from a candle.

"And now she attacks me. My own wife."

"Forget it."

He laughed dramatically, whirling around as though staggered by a blow, both hands appealing to the ceiling. "Forget it. How can I forget it? What have I done to deserve this? Me—Alfredo Valenti?"

"Forget it."

"Stop telling me to forget it. Who asked for your advice?"

"You phoned me. You got me out of bed at two in the morning."

"I shoulda' known better."

I went to the bathroom door and knocked.

"It's me, Linda."

"Don't come near me," she said. "You'll be accused too."

I went back to the kitchen and almost fell when my heel hit the spilled perfume. Valenti had his head under the faucet, letting cold water wash his scratched face.

"Valenti," I said. "You're just jealous."

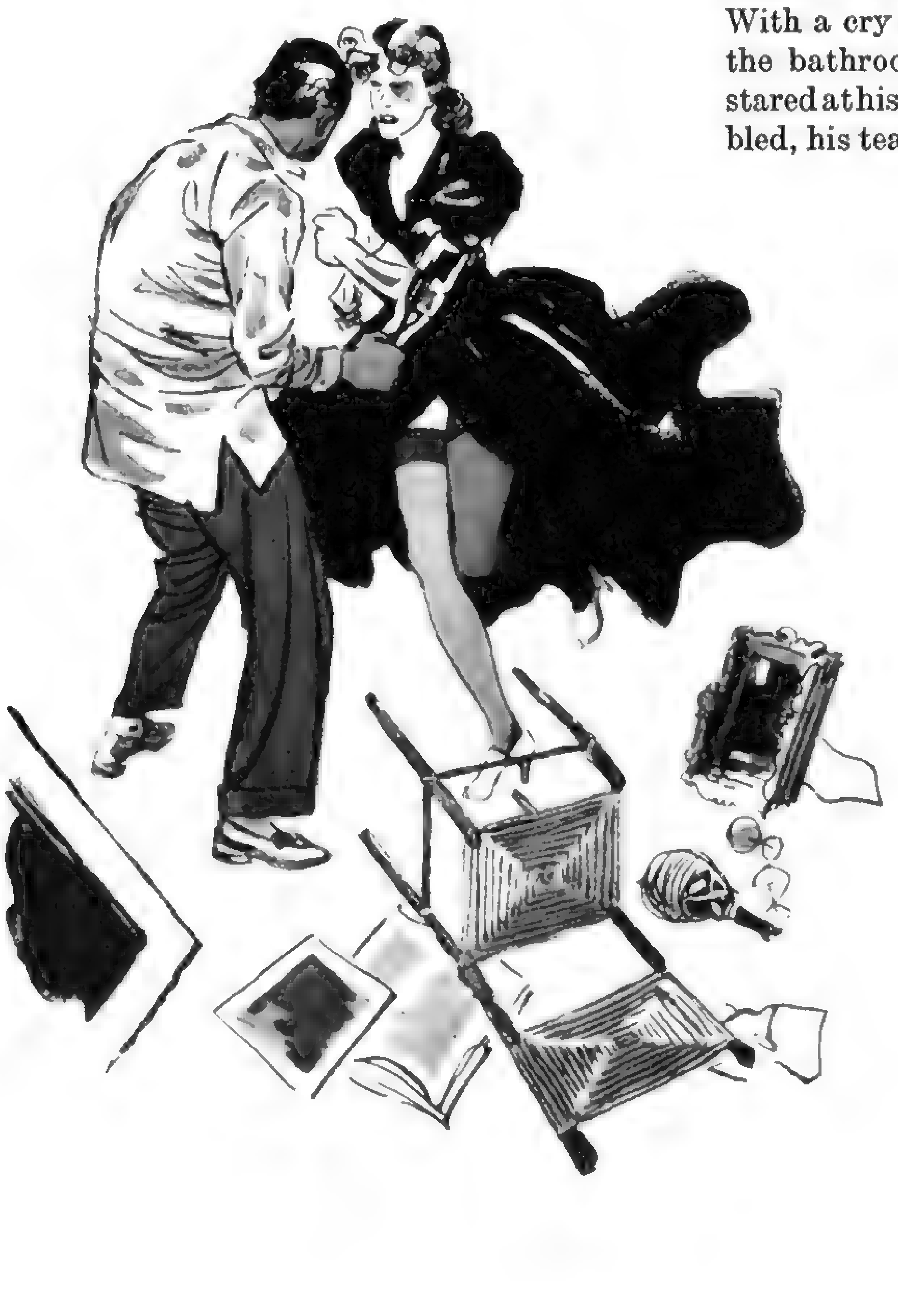
He stood erect, water dripping down his shirt front. "Me—jealous?" His thumb jerked toward the bathroom. "Of *that?*" He laughed viciously. "Don't make me laugh." And he laughed again.

"Linda's straight. She loves you."

Valenti made his tongue and lips flap. "Love—plplplplp! This afternoon I come home, and who do I find sitting in this kitchen like he owned the place? My own brother Mike."

"And so?"

"You don't know that guy, Mike. You don't know what a low-down, two-timing



gigolo he is. Every girl I had, he took her from me. Now he's after Linda."

"Nonsense. You're married now."

"That suits Mike just fine. It makes it all the easier. Him sitting in my kitchen with his coat off!"

"It's been hot. I had my coat off too."

"You should see those silk shirts of his, those red fireman's suspenders! I know why he took off his coat. How do I know what else he did?"

"Forget it."

"Stop saying that!"

"You're crazy."

"And yesterday. Here I am, working like a dog to make her happy, and when I come home, where do I find her?"

I didn't say anything.

"Standing downstairs. Talking to that no-good Walters, a lousy shoe salesman."

"So?"

"I wouldn't trust a salesman from here to that stove. You know how they are."

"You're very unreasonable. She's got to talk to somebody."

"You don't know her. The way she walks. The way she wiggles that tail of hers. It's a come-on. Why does she wear her skirts so short, and so tight? If I fell for her, why shouldn't somebody else?"

"Forget it, Valenti."

He pounded the table slowly with his fist. "If she'd only *admit* it! I got to know where I stand."

"Admit what?"

"Those others."

"You're crazy. You're insane, mad."

"I got to know. I can't stand it."

"You said three times. What about the other time?"

"Ah," he said. "That slimy little rat!"

"Who?"

"The grocery kid. He's always hanging around. One of those high school kids with a lot of pimples. Always hanging around, chewing his finger nails."

"Hanging around?"

"Yeah. He brings groceries and stuff. He's always hanging around, looking at her legs. I've seen the little sneak."

"I don't blame him. Her legs are beautiful."

I shouldn't have said that. He bit his lower lip and stared at me, his hands opening and shutting. Then he pulled himself together and spoke with a great deal of dignity. "Jim, you're my friend. But please remember that this is my house, and we're discussing the woman I married."

I apologized, slapped him on the shoulder. The gesture brought tears to his eyes. He dried them with a knuckle. I had never seen him so upset.

"This grocery kid," I said. "I'm sure he means no harm. I wouldn't worry about him just because he stares at Linda's legs."

"But what's going on in that dirty little mind of his? *That's* what I'd like to know! And how do I know what happens when I'm downtown, slaving my life away?"

I crossed to the bathroom and knocked. "Come out, Linda," I said. "Let's get this straightened out."

She opened the door and stood there, impishly lovely, her lips pouted. Valenti walked past her to the medicine cabinet. She lowered her face and studied his cheek from under her brows.

Tilting his head, he poured iodine over the cuts. The brown disinfectant floated down his cheek and splashed his shirt front. He winced and murmured with pain. Then he turned to her.

"Help me!" he said. "Don't just stand there acting cute."

She found a wash towel, dipped it under cold water, and patted his face gently. She was the same height as Valenti. She was one of those women who could wear anything and look well in it, and she knew it. Her body had a way of exhibiting its easy acceptance of perfection.

"Poor darling," she said.

He gritted his teeth, and you could see him make a strong effort to control his eyes, but the tears came anyway, big, pellucid tears that got mixed up with the iodine.

"And I pulled your hair," he sniffed. "Your beautiful, wonderful, golden hair."

That made Linda cry too, and I stood there sleepy and annoyed, but happy that Valenti had come out of it so sensibly. They were holding hands on the divan when I left. It was almost three o'clock. As I closed the door I could hear Valenti begging for forgiveness for being such a fool, and Linda was saying that perhaps, after all, there was some justification for his behavior.

A week later Leon telephoned to say somebody was in the lobby and wanted to come up, but he didn't think she was any friend of mine. "She looks terrible," he said.

"Send her up," I said.

It was Linda. She stood in the doorway, her right eye puffed, her nose and cheek purpled. She limped painfully, and I helped her to the couch. Then I went into my kitchen and poured her a drink. She drank it up, with a lot of her tears.

"That bum!" she said. "That fiend!"

I tried to console her. She threw herself face down on the couch and shook with misery. After awhile I got the story. That morning the milkman had stopped to collect. Valenti was still in bed at the time. Linda had stood in the kitchen, talking to the milkman. She liked the milkman. He was a nice fellow, she said. He had three little girls, and he was very proud of them. He told her all about them, and she was delighted. But she couldn't let the poor man stand in the doorway all morning. And besides, he wanted to tell her his wife's recipe for banana-upside-down cake. So she had asked him to sit down and have a cup of coffee. And all the time, Valenti had been listening. With a leer, and a "Hah! So that's how it is!" he had burst into the kitchen in his pajamas, thrown the milkman down the stairs, punched Linda half a dozen times, and then dressed and gone to work.

"I'm through," she said. "I'm going to get a divorce."

I thought that was a good idea, and I told her so. Then I remembered my old friend Alfredo Valenti, and school days together, and I remembered the lean days of '32 and '33, slim days for a writer, when Valenti had stuck by me both morally and financially,

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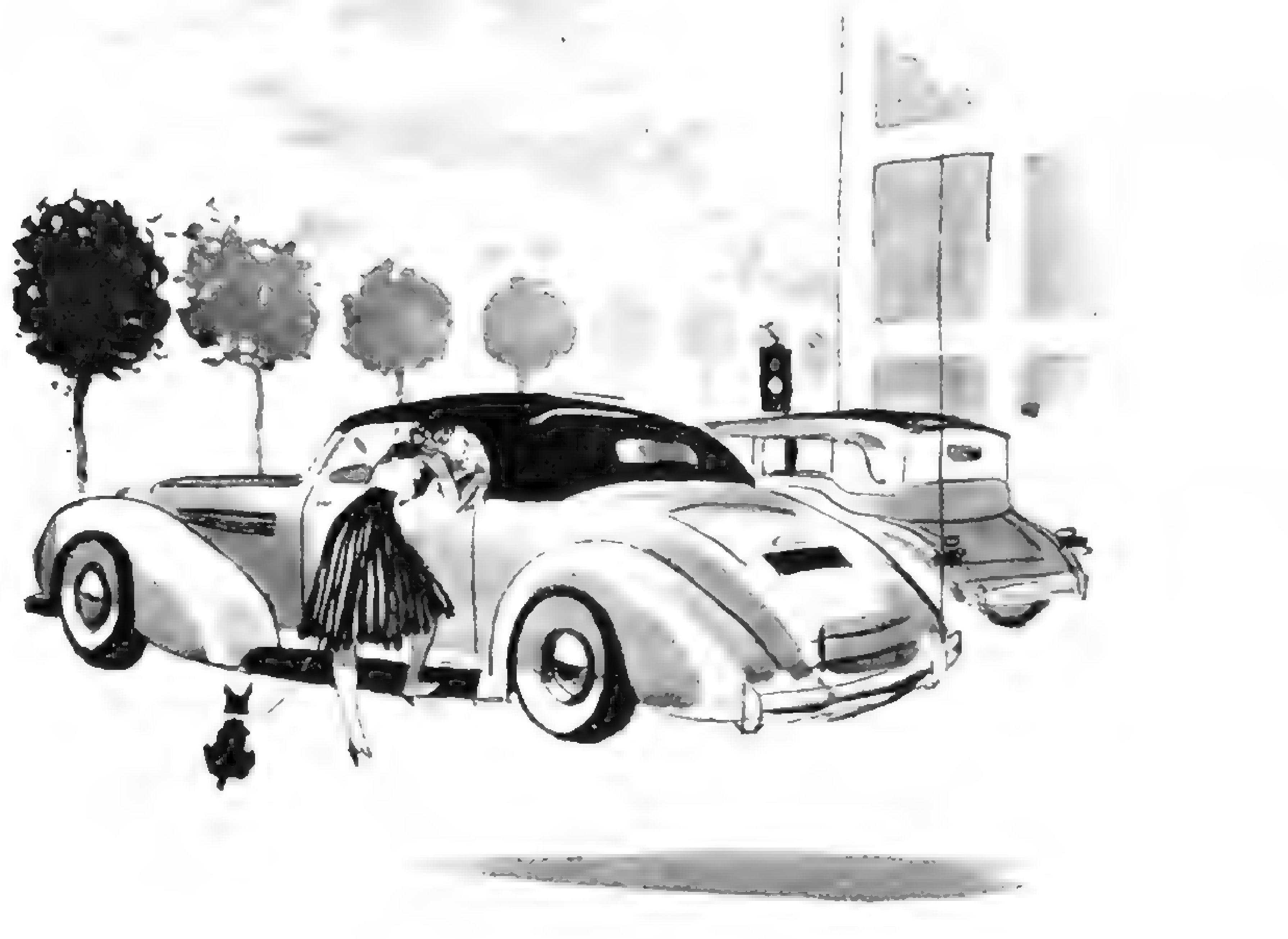

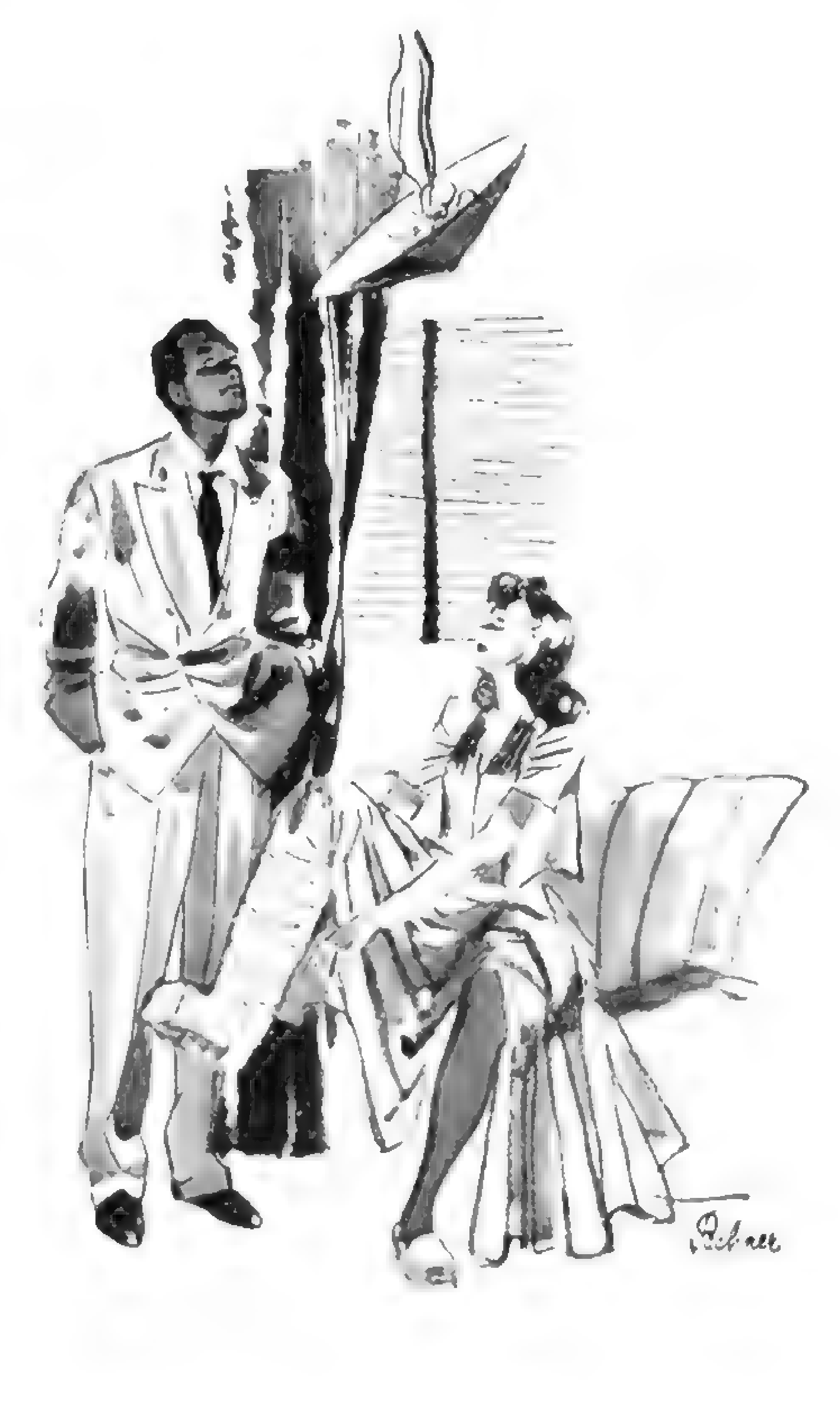

The Deadly Mrs. Pat

One of the great actresses of her day, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be best remembered for her barbed wit

by SIDNEY CARROLL

▪ ARTICLE ▪

R

When her great days were behind her, when she was old and fat and no longer the lady they once called "astonishingly beautiful," when she had lost her money by throwing or giving it away, she went to Hollywood. It seemed like a good idea. In California there might be somebody who had seen the greatest English actress of her time, whose ears might perk up at the mention of the name of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. This antiquarian, whoever he might be, might give her a job.

She did find some work—some very good work—in the movies. But everybody who knew her in those days agrees that it was through no fault of her own. When she arrived in California, broke and work-hungry, she found the Hollywood moguls ready to listen to her, so she immediately began to insult everybody in sight.

She was introduced to Mary Pickford. "How do you do," she cooed in her Tanqueray manner, "are you in the movies too?" She was introduced to an actor on the set one day. "I didn't quite catch your name," she said, leaning over him. "Joseph Schildkraut," he said. "Oh, that's all right," said Mrs. Pat. "You can change it!" She gushed over a blonde young thing in the studio one day. "Of course," she said, I remember you! Aren't you Mr. Hearst's little girl?"

It was the most brazen, and in some ways the most foolishly defiant episode in the life of Stella Tanner Campbell. Although she had come, like Mohammed, to Hollywood, she could not forget that there had been a time when her vehicles had been tailored to her special dimensions by such playwrights as George Bernard Shaw, Arthur Pinero, and James Barrie. Mrs. Campbell had been a chapter in the history of the English-speaking stage. For her to plod her way to Hollywood to seek work in the abhorred cinema must have been bitter tea for the old lady. But she had no humility in her. She saved her self-esteem by letting her insults fall like options. It was as if the California sun had a peppery effect on the famous tongue of Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Even her old friends suffered from her stings.

Someone asked her what she thought of a performance by Blanche Yurka. "Oh," said the great lady, "she yurked, and yurked, and yurked!" She was being tested for a movie part at the same time Laurette Taylor was being tested. The two legendary ladies of the theatre were being made up together. Mrs. Pat turned to the actress who had once been Peg O' My Heart and said, "My dear, doesn't it make you sad to realize how time has changed our appearance?" Miss Taylor said she didn't really care. "Ah no," said Mrs. Pat, "I was forgetting. You never were a beauty, were you?"

After a while the movie people gladly gave up the honor of shaking the hand of Mrs. Patrick Campbell because they never knew what barbed *mot* might fall from the once lovely lips and be repeated, immediately, all over Hollywood. There never was an insulter like Mrs. Pat. And so, after a little while, she did not get any more jobs in Hollywood. She gave her last theatrical performance in America in a summer theatre in Milford, Connecticut, playing in *The Thirteenth Chair*. She died in Pau, France, in April of last year.

* * *

Stella Campbell has left two legacies to any biographers who might care to consider her case. The first is the story of her stage career, and not even the fantastic saga of her friend and co-star, Sarah Bernhardt, surpasses the story of the stage career of Stella Campbell. The second legacy is the store of witticisms she left in her wake. Perhaps one day when no more living witnesses to her performances can describe what a great actress she was this wit will be her abiding claim to fame. You can take her contemporary critics' word for it that she was a superb artist. You can take Bernard Shaw's word for it. But Shaw and all the other critics of her time were—after all—critics. You don't have to believe all you read in the papers, or in Shaw's love letters to her. It is easy to see in the few films she made in Hollywood that she was great in her old age, but she was in her old age. There remains nothing as tangible as film to prove how good she was in her heydey, except in the memories of a few still surviving and scattered eye-witnesses. To a generation which did not see her function when she was the toast of her time, these witnesses and such articulate idolators as Mr. Shaw, will have to do for authority.

But when it comes to the second part of the collected legend—her gift for invective—that is another story. Succeeding generations will need no Shaw to prove that she was a *femme fatale* in more ways than one.

She spent several of the declining years here in America. The old guard, of course, adored her. Alexander Woollcott had her in for tea just before she started in the Hollywood adventure and then he wrote about the great event. (She was the type whose charms always made Woollcott sigh for the past. Stella Campbell was always one of his great ladies.) When she came to his apartment she brought Moonbeam, a sniffling little Pekingese who was the last of the famous Campbell pets. Moonbeam was always parked on his mistress' lap or on that vast plain where her lavaliere might have been. Woollcott noticed that she carried a chicken bone in her handbag. This, she told him, was to be Moonbeam's meal for the day. Woollcott, himself a dog lover of no mean weight, wrapped some slices of cold meat in a piece of paper and

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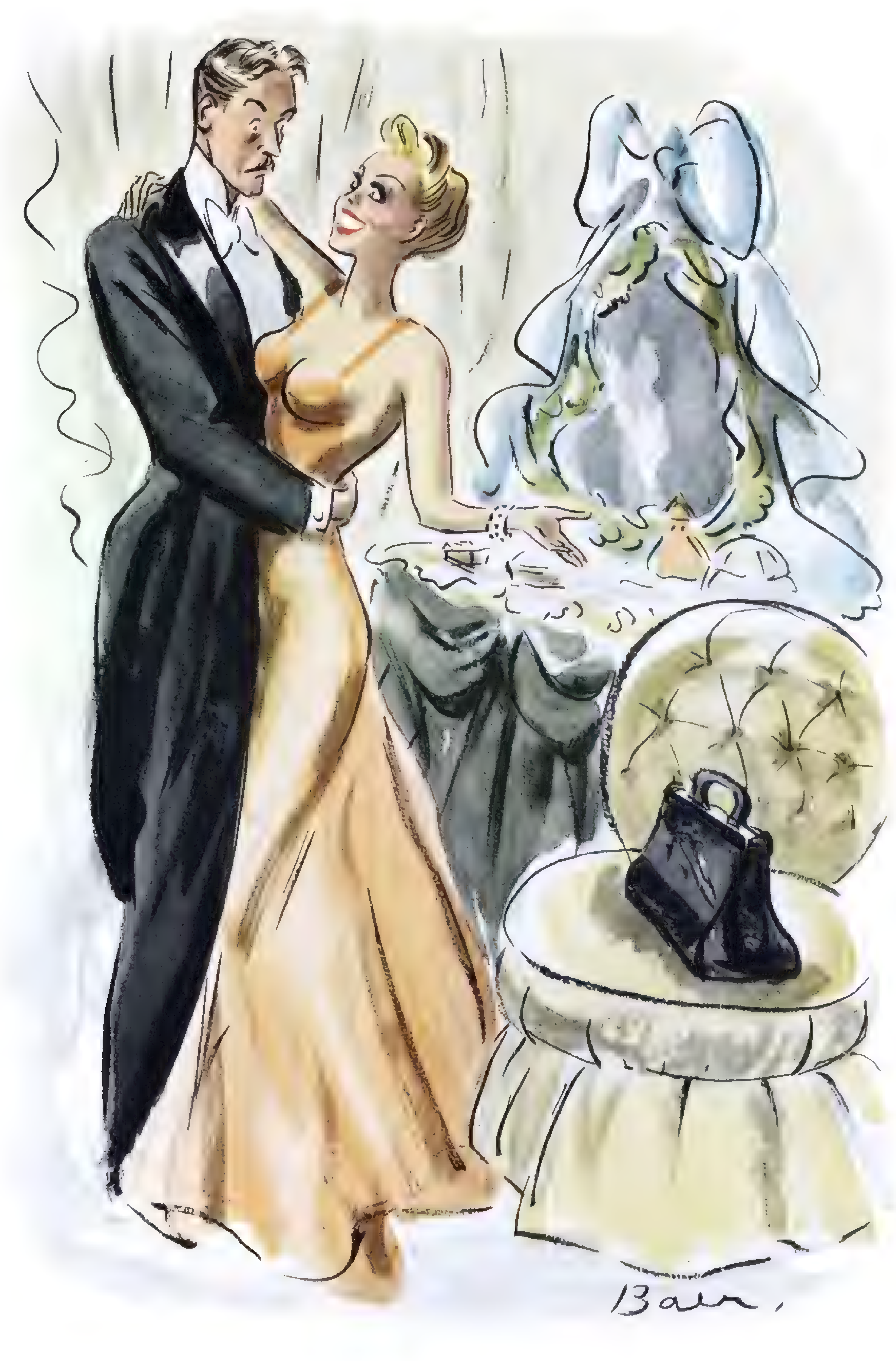
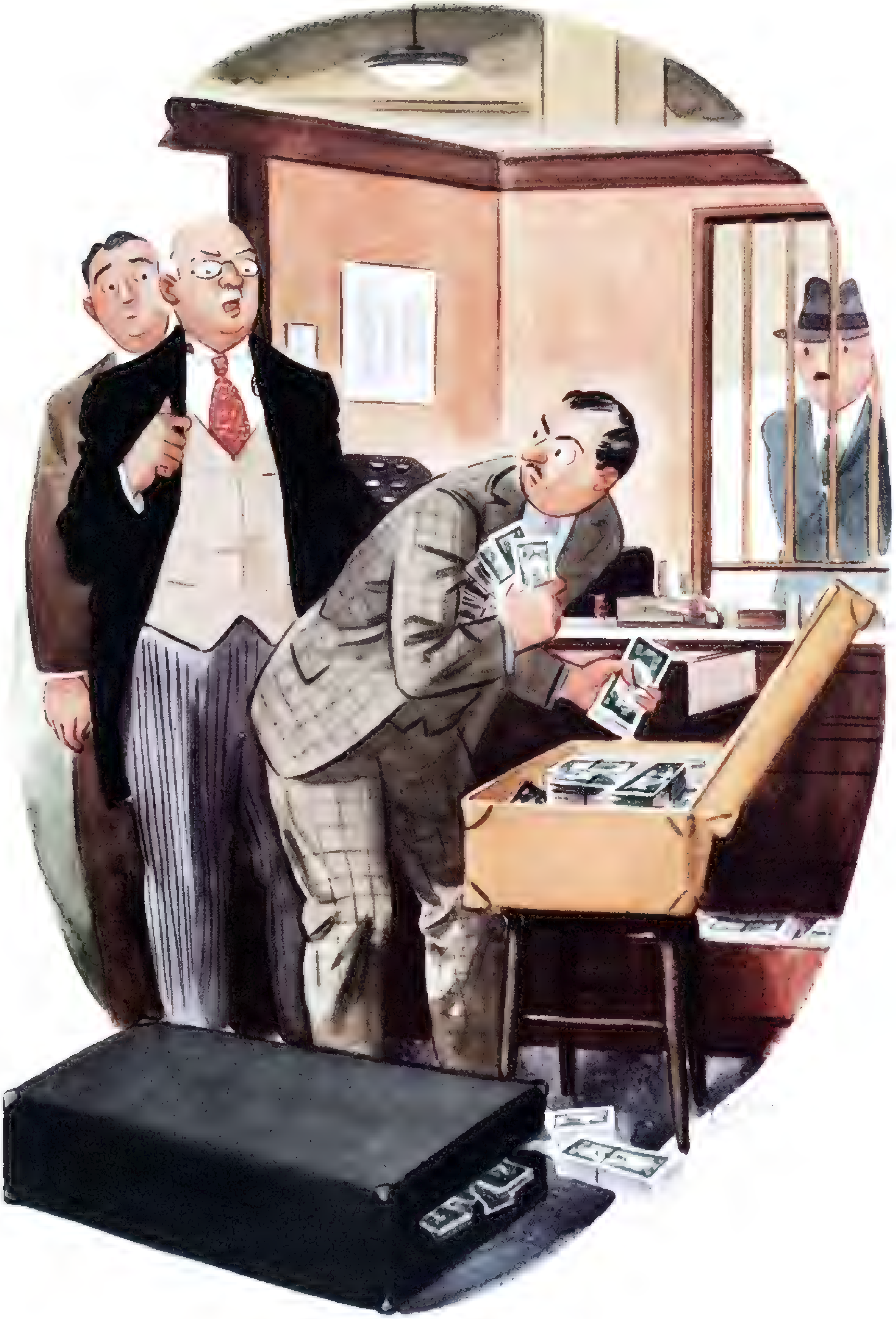
AJAX
ARMS
APTS.
Bill O'Malley

"Oh, we just stepped out of our apartment for a while to warm up, Mr. Hanson!"



"If my husband should come in, darling, take this bag of tools and start fixing the plumbing!"



"I hope you enjoy your vacation, Stevenson!"

The Calling Cards of Mr. Engle

One of those perfect crimes so carefully planned and executed, so easily solved by the police

by LOUIS PAUL

• FICTION •

Report of Detective Sergeant William Sullivan to Inspector Elliot concerning disposition of the case of Ogden Clark, alias William S. Engle, embezzler: Traced former bank cashier over period of weeks, finally apprehending him in New Brunswick, N. J. After completion of extradition formalities, returned him to New York State for trial. Portion of embezzled funds recovered.

* * *

Office of District Attorney, N. Y. County. Deposition: My name is Ogden Clark, alias William S. Engle. The following confession is made of my own free will, dictated by me without intimidation, with the knowledge that whatever I say here may be used in evidence against me.

For six years I worked steadily and conscientiously for the ——— Bank, Manhattan, until finally I was rewarded by promotion to the position of Assistant Cashier. During this entire time my thoughts were constantly concerned with integrating two related factors of a single problem: the certainty of my ability to embezzle $150,000 in cash, and the mathematical chances of getting away with it. For six years this single idea had dominated all my actions.

In support of my intention I had experimented with dyes and acids in a shack I erected on the marshlands of Jamaica Bay. I had installed new motors in a launch and a rattletrap flivver, rehearsed characteristics of a different personality, checked schedules, timed movements, meanwhile mapping out in my mind three separate campaigns or action, awaiting the exact psychological moment.

On July third the bank's cash reserve would be greater than at any time in several years. So that no single bill would be traceable I carefully transferred day by day packages of circulation notes to the reserve. At the time of the bank examiners' July accounting I would have completed my plans. Close to closing time on the afternoon before the fourth I intended to stow the bills in the numerous pockets I had sewn in my clothing for the purpose. According to my calculation I should have precisely forty-one hours to obliterate Ogden Clark and disappear.

I started Kindell, Miller, Silverman, and Wagnalls on their balances. Then I asked Mr. Krakauer, cashier of the bank and my superior, to open the inner vault again in order to straighten up the disorder which often accompanies official auditing of the books. I returned in twenty minutes, the $150,000 concealed on my person, and Mr. Krahauer, re-entering the vault to set the time lock, looked about to see if the vault were clear. He turned the polished wheel, and I remember that he picked a piece of lint from my shoulder. "Have a nice time over the Fourth, Ogden," he said.

The tellers had completed their balances on the first trial. I shaped my hat carefully, passed some conventional remark, then made my exit through the heavy grilled door. I walked quite slowly for two blocks, then waved for a cab and drove to Grand Central Station. Picking up a bag which I had previously checked at the parcel room, I hurried to Window No. 3 and, with deliberate nervousness, purchased a one-way trip to Chicago. Seeming greatly perturbed, I inquired of the ticket seller anxiously several times the track number of the Red Diamond Flyer and the time of departure, though I knew these better than he knew his own name. The conductor of the train smiled at my nervousness, no doubt assuming I was unused to travel, murmuring, "Washroom's down the other way. The porter'll fix you up."

About noon of the following day—that would be the Fourth of July—I engaged a room at the Empire, having previously stopped in a barber shop to get a close haircut. There was a new suit and linen in my bag, a makeup kit, a variety of cosmetics, eye glasses, and other implements. I stripped, redressed in my other shirt and trousers, put all the things I'd taken off into the bag. I rang for the bellboy and instructed him to have my bag taken to the depot. An hour later I called at the desk. The clerk handed me my baggage check and inquired if I were staying on. I said I was not sure, but would he be good enough, if I did not, to send a waiter to my room at six.

Returning to my room, I went swiftly to work, every move having been rehearsed mentally a thousand times. I brushed acid into my temples, the skin and hair turning grey instantly. I replaced a bridge of teeth with another cheap poorly-made one. I washed my eyes in a specially prepared solution, then proceeded to shave my mustache and the back of my hands. I then placed two small plates in the cavities of my nostrils which I had fashioned for the purpose of widening the contour of my nose. The glasses I put on were rimless octagonal ones with steel springs that drew my ears into a somewhat different shape.

I now effaced all traces of my makeup in the bathroom, and donned my coat, first having fixed a thin felt pad across the shoulder of my loose jacket, then hanging a leather thong around my neck which secured a bag designed to lend to my slenderness the slight heaviness of the sedentary business man. This pad was fattened with paper wadding: $150,000 worth. Completing my unusual toilet, I surveyed my appearance in the mirror with the satisfaction of a man whose unique theories have been justified. Indeed, to myself I was no longer Ogden Clark. A package of calling cards which I took from

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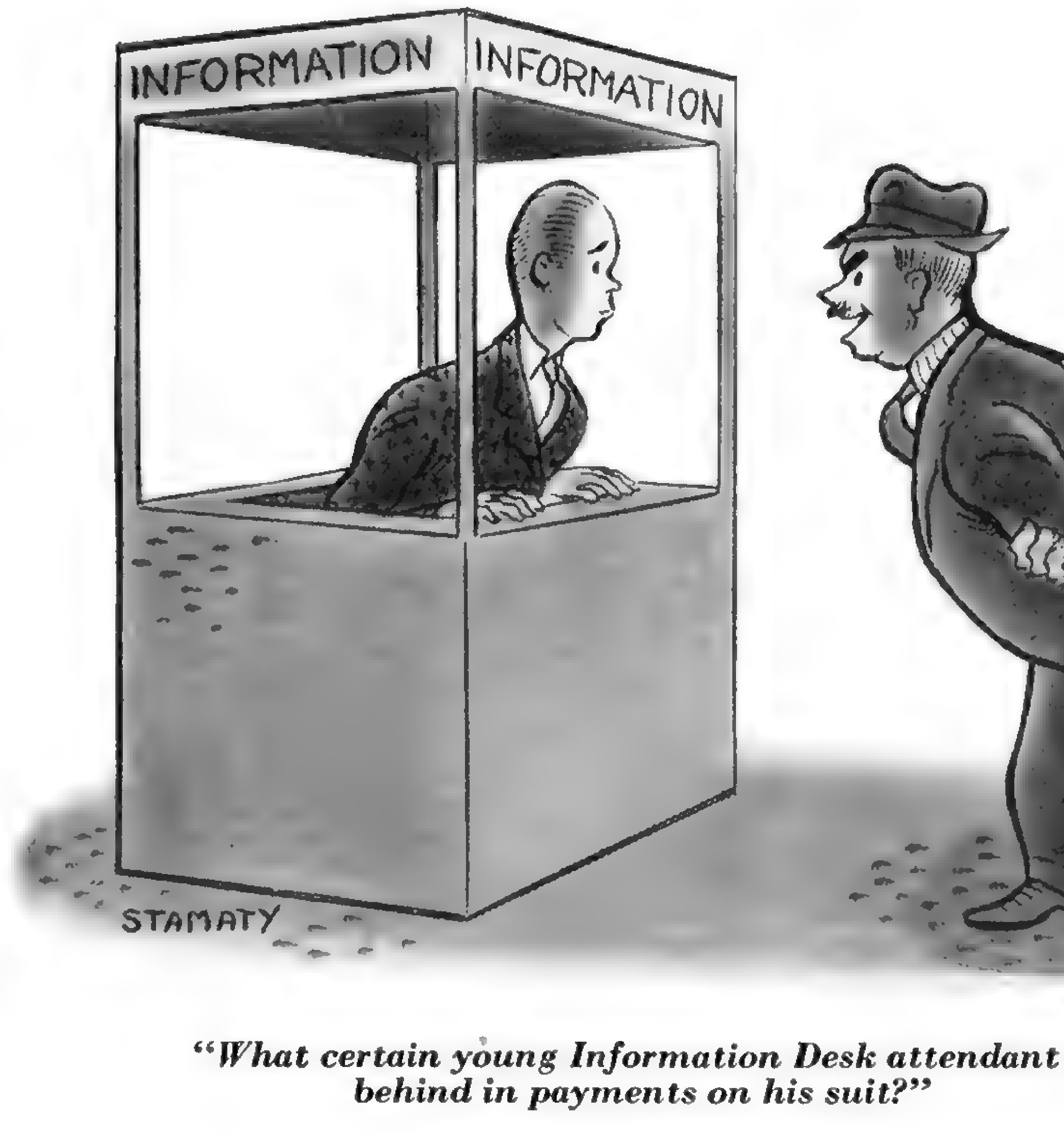


"What certain young Information Desk attendant is behind in payments on his suit?"

Spring Training for What?

Questioning the logic of smart baseball men who risk their most valuable stars each year in the exhibition-game tours

by LEO FISCHER

• SPORTS •

Baseball's most expensive, most useless and most dangerous feature?

It's the spring training camp!

Heralded for years as the conditioner for the strenuous pace of a pennant drive, the so-called "training camp" has ruined more pitching arms, wrecked more valuable stars and retarded more promising youngsters than any other phase of our national game.

Hard to believe, isn't it?

Yet watch newspaper reports as the sixteen major league clubs finish their annual wrecking parties in various sunny climes. "Yankee Star Sprains Ankle," "Cub Ace Reports Sore Arm," "Tiger Rookie Breaks Leg," "Line Drive Injures Giant Youngster"—you'll see headlines like these blossom forth on the sports pages. The names of the clubs, perhaps, may be different, but the tune will be the same.

Theoretically, the pre-season training is designed to remove off-season kinks from unused muscles and tune up batting eyes for the important task of finishing at the top of the National or American League—or somewhere adjacent to it.

So what?

So several hundred baseball players of proved ability, plus several hundred more who show promise of becoming major leaguers, are carted off to Florida, Texas, California and similar pleasant climes. They spend from ten days to two weeks toiling under a hot sun (if they're fortunate) and then—ready or not—they're tossed into the most amazing paradox in modern sports: the exhibition-game tour!

You try to figure it out. Here are baseball stars worth collectively millions of dollars at current quotations, preparing for pennant races which will bring additional millions into the coffers of major league teams, sent on a tour of one-night stands that will include from thirty to fifty games against minor and major league opponents.

During the actual season, teams play only 154 games—all of them on finely-manicured diamonds and in fields designed to provide the ultimate in protection against injury to their valuable chattels. Nothing is too good to keep the ball players in fine spirits and in good shape. Yet even the smartest of baseball men will send these same athletes on a tour which involves their playing in many instances under the most miserable of conditions—risking hundred-thousand-dollar players on five-and-ten-cent diamonds.

Why do they do it? Certainly not to get the players in shape. Any athlete will tell you that training trips are three times longer than necessary.

"I could get my arm ready to pitch in about two weeks," Bob Feller told the writer this past winter.

That's about right. Ask any trainer. "If a man can't get in shape in two weeks, he won't be in condition in two months," he'll tell you. Football is a lot tougher than baseball, yet many college teams swing into action within two weeks after practice begins.

No major league club should need more than two weeks of intensive training to iron out muscular kinks and harden winter-softened muscles. And so far as practice games are concerned, no capable manager should require more than half a dozen to give his men the "feel" of competition and help him sort the wheat from the chaff. That should be the extent of spring "training."

After all, professional athletes of today (except wrestlers) are the streamlined type. They keep in condition, because they know their livelihood depends on it. So far as requiring weeks of practice and thirty or forty games to determine their value—that gives any baseball man a laugh nowadays.

There was a time, perhaps, when a major league club would take thirty or forty youngsters to camp and would need some time to look them over. Now it is exceptional for a team to try out more than a dozen newcomers. And all of them are hand-picked products of farm systems and the intensive combing of minor leagues for talent.

Their ability is pretty well known before they report. What they do in training camp and training games means little. Baseball writers have paraphrased Gilbert and Sullivan's little ditty to read:

"The rookies who bloom in the spring, tra la
Have nothing to do with the race!"

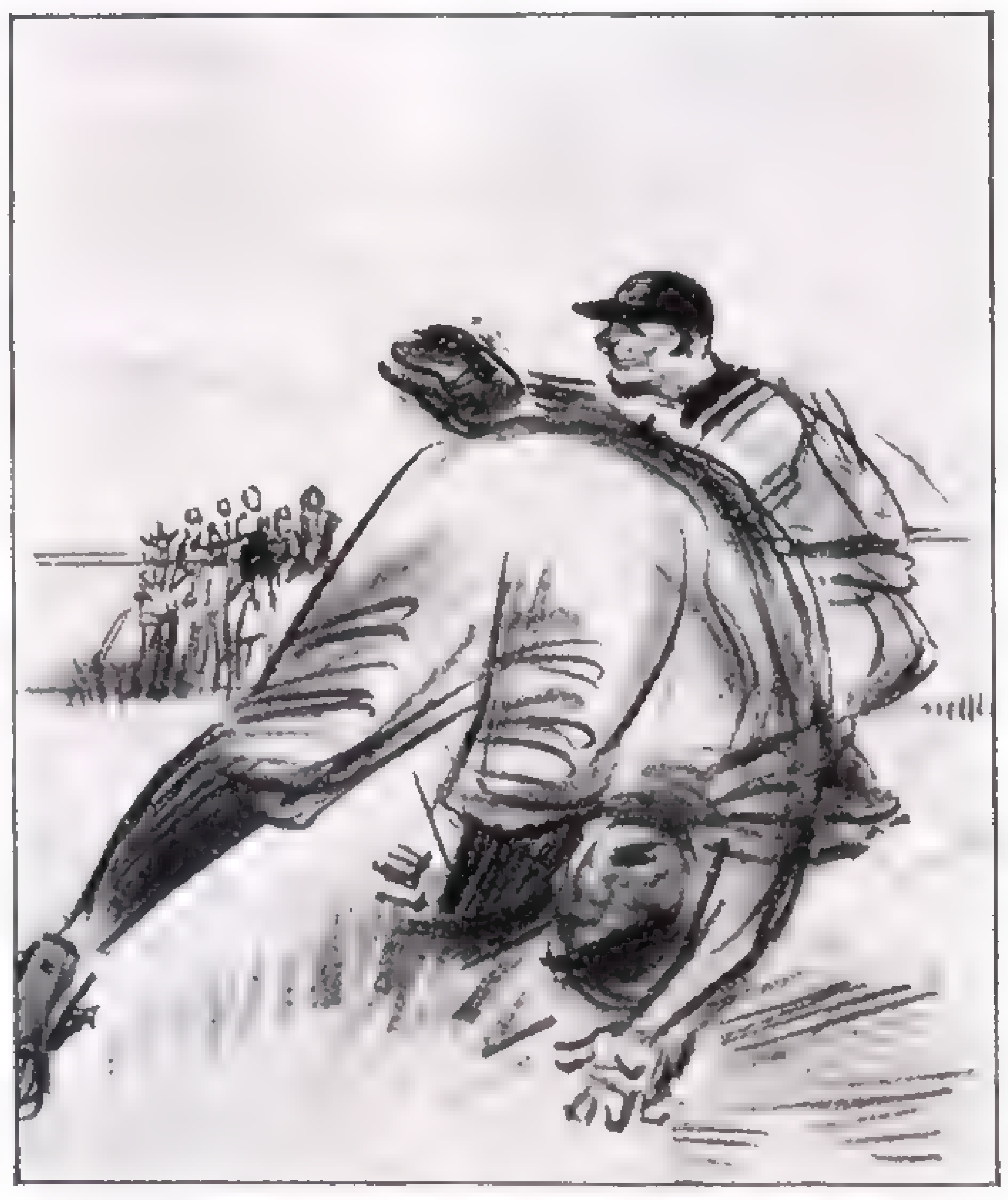
It's what the newcomers do when the chips are up—when the games really count—that determines their value. Home runs and brilliant fielding on the grapefruit circuit never won a major league game.

The most logical answer is that the training trip is primarily a publicity gag. It's the prelude to the favorite tune of all baseball men—the clicking of the turnstile. They tell you that the training period costs from $25,000 to $50,000, which would be cheap to pay for the advertising received by major league baseball while the athletes go through their paces.

Owners of the better teams get most of it back. Players aren't paid until the actual season begins. They are housed, fed and transported. Gate receipts knock off a huge chunk of the outlay for the clubs who have gate attractions. Those who don't draw dur-

No wonder Vets turn jaundiced lamps
Upon those Southern Training Camps . . .

It's tough to chase a three-base hit
And find a goat has swallowed it . . .



Or with a stolen sack your goal
To wind up in a gopher hole . . .

ing the season have a difficult time dragging the blasé country folk through the gate and wind up with red ink even before they play a league game.

No matter how well financially they may do in these spring games, however, it still rates as baseball's most risky investment in the light of cold logic.

How much, do you suppose, the presence of Joe Di Maggio in the lineup is worth to the Yankees during a pennant race? Or Luke Appling in the White Sox lineup? Or "Kiki" Cuyler during his prime in the Cubs' lineup?

Yet they, along with scores of other outstanding players, have been training camp casualties. In Di Maggio's case, his brilliant career almost came to an end last April when he injured his knee sliding into a base in an exhibition game with Brooklyn. Fortunately it was a muscle strain which benched him for only about a week, but it might easily have been the worst enemy of all athletes—a cartilage injury. It would have been a costly payment for the privilege of winning a game which didn't mean a thing except some gate receipts.

It was Joe's second experience with pre-season mishaps. Trying to ease a sore muscle as a result of too strenuous work in the Yankee training camp during his first season, 1936, he burned his foot with a heat lamp so badly that he was out for the first three weeks of the season.

Luke Appling, one of the greatest shortstops of modern baseball, fractured a leg sliding into base during an exhibition with the Cubs two years ago. On the same afternoon, Monte Stratton, victim a year later of a hunting accident which cost him a leg, pulled a shoulder muscle so badly he couldn't pitch for two months. The loss of these two stars until almost midseason kept the White Sox from being a serious threat in the pennant race.

Cuyler's broken leg was sustained in an exhibition with the Pirates in 1932. Among other repercussions of that accident was the firing of Rogers Hornsby as Cub manager. Minus the batting and base-running of this brilliant outfielder, the Cubs floundered around until late in the season, when Grimm was given the managerial post, and pulled the team through to a pennant.

Training camp injuries, although serious enough, aren't all quite as bad as these. There's that historic mishap which befell "Fat Freddy" Fitzsimmons when he was a young pitcher with the New York Giants. He was lazily rocking himself in an old-fashioned rocker on the veranda of the hotel at Sarasota, Florida, where the Giants were training that year. Suddenly he let out a yell which could have been heard from there to the Bronx. Somehow or other he had rocked on his own fingers!

Spring training, as we know it, is a comparatively modern innovation. Baseball historians credit Ned Hanlon and his Baltimore Orioles with originating the idea in 1896, but Hanlon merely was the first to take a team south. The first time a group of ball players was taken elsewhere than its own park for conditioning was in 1886. Cap Anson, one of baseball's greatest showmen, was the pioneer and his reason was a good one. He had to move his Chicago White Stockings to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to boil the players back into condition after an off-season of beer drinking and carousing to celebrate their success in the pennant race of 1885.

The trip was highly beneficial, for the team again won the National League flag. Other clubs prepared to follow suit, but the idea received a setback in 1887 when Detroit, which did all its "training" in the vicinity of Woodward Avenue in that city, beat the Anson team for the pennant.

Despite Hanlon's first southern trip to Macon, Georgia, in 1896, other clubs didn't pay much attention to the idea until about 1901, when Connie Mack took his Athletics to Jacksonville, Florida. Then the Brooklyn Dodgers moved into St. Augustine—and the rush was on.

John McGraw, however, was the first to bring spring training to its present peak. Before his advent as the Giants' manager, the team had trained somewhere in the vicinity of the ball park. One year, President Andy Freedman, a bigwig in Tammany circles, took the squad to Lakewood, New Jersey, a gathering place of politicians, so that he could combine business and pleasure. It mattered not to him that snow was on the ground and chilly ocean breezes blew. And apparently it didn't make much difference to the players, either.

McGraw, who had a flair for the spectacular, saw the advertising value of the pre-season trip. In 1907 he startled the baseball world by going to Los Angeles with his team. It happened to be one of those "unusual" springs in California and the Giants finally were forced to move to San Antonio, Texas, but other major league clubs began to look upon spring training as something to be turned to their advantage, rather than as a necessary evil.

Baseball of today is a serious business, but in those early days the training camp was second-cousin to a riot. Modern rookies are for the most part college graduates who know what it's all about, but the recruits from the bushes in that era didn't have the enlightening influence of radio, movies and automobiles. They were green—and the veterans took full advantage of it.

No manager nowadays would stand for having his most promising young pitcher taken twenty miles out into the country and left standing under a tree in the dark waiting for a snipe to fall into a sack and then walk all the way back home in the rainy dawn. Nor do managers relish seeing a star outfielder dumped unceremoniously into a tub of ice water because the slats and everything else have been removed from his bed. But it was different then. McGraw loved his little jokes and was the first to talk the unsuspecting rookies into an imaginary snipe hunt or its variant, the "badger" hunt, in which the quarry is a vessel commonly found under beds in country hotels.

The spirit of play extended even to the newspapermen with the clubs. One season Marshall Hunt, then writing for the *New York News*, discovered that Bill Brandt, then on the *New York Times* and now publicity man for the National League, had brought along a rubber stamp to save time in writing postcards. On it was the old bromide, "Having good time, wish you were here." Hunt swiped the stamp and laboriously went through the bathrooms of an entire floor of guests not connected with the ball club, stamping miles and miles of tissue with Brandt's greeting and signature. It created a sensation in that swanky hostelry, and a rift between Messrs. Hunt and Brandt.

Returning to rookies, there was the time that Joe Sewell joined the Cleveland Indians in 1920. Stanley Coveleskie was the star pitcher for the club, and as the team stopped in Hubbard, Texas, he invited Joe to go rowing with him. A quarter of a mile from shore, Covvy asked his companion if he knew how to swim. Sewell said he didn't.

"Well, you're going to learn now," Covel-

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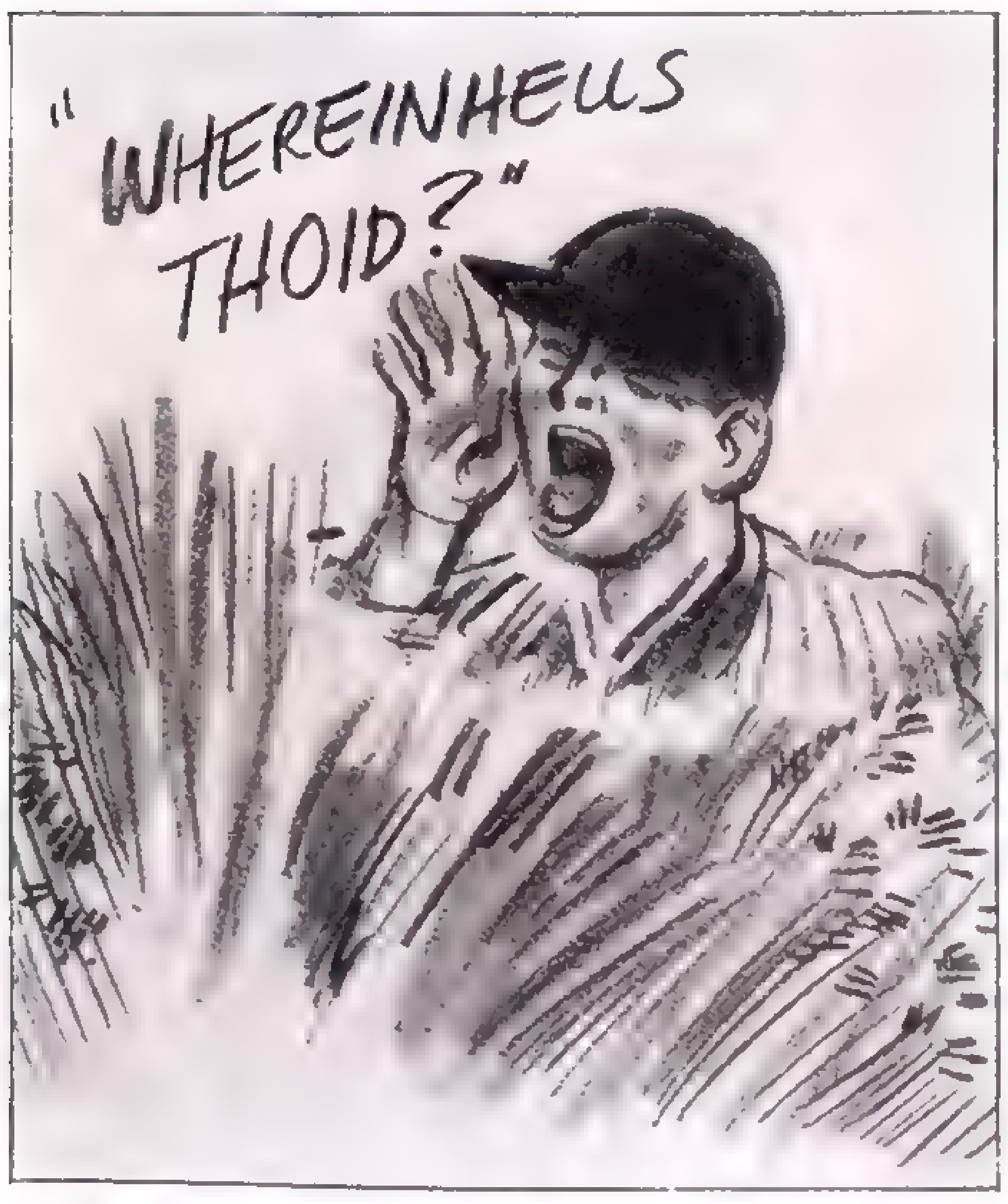
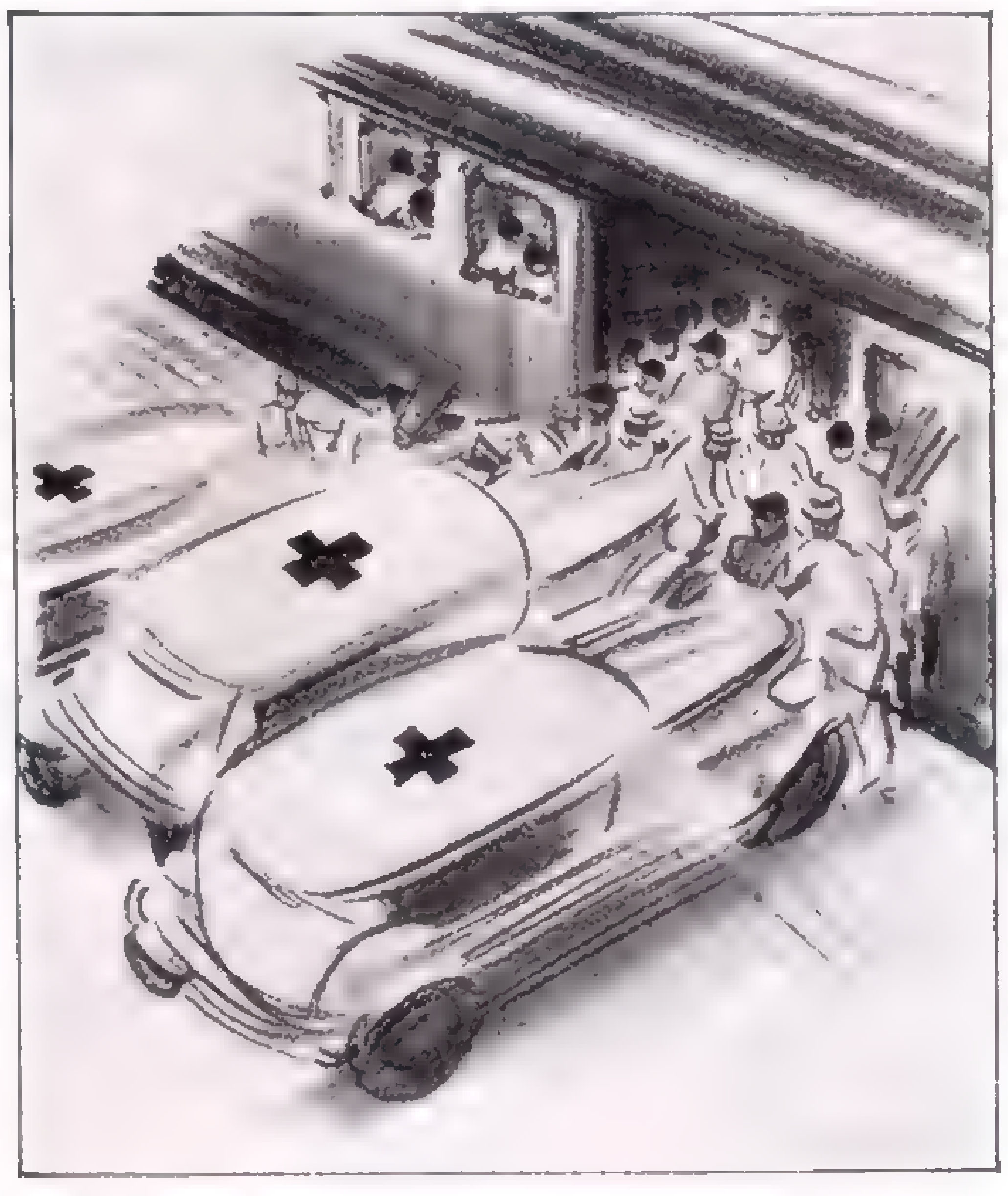

"WHEREINHELLS THOID?"

Each spring these players do their stuff
On sundry "diamonds in the rough" . . .



And then, a Symphony in Sprains,
The victims board their north-bound trains . .

"WE'LL OUTTHINK 'EM"
NY
NY
NY

Each man in perfect shape to play
A "banged-up" game on opening day!
—Phil Stack

The General Woke at Dawn

War is war and all that, but there are certain practices which simply aren't cricket

by CONRAD PHILLIPS

SATIRE

“What the devil does he want?” the general cried, sitting up in bed and rubbing his sleepy eyes.

He was an old warrior, with bolting blue eyes and a moustache that reminded you of the horns of a buffalo.

“It's about the execution, sir,” the orderly said. “It seems, sir, that the prisoner insists on seeing you.”

“What about, dammit? What about?”

“The orderly officer never said, sir.”

“Where is the fool?”

“The prisoner, sir?”

“No, the orderly officer.”

“Outside, sir.”

“Then ask him to come in, you fool.”

“Yes, sir.”

Through the French window, the general watched the dawn breaking. Outside, in the farmyard, a cock crowed. The air smelt raw, and while he waited for the orderly officer, the general slipped on a dressing gown. Then he went over to a mirror and brushed his hair.

“The orderly officer, sir,” the orderly announced.

A shy young man came in, reaching his head it seemed over his buck teeth.

“Well?” proclaimed the general.

The officer clicked his heels, vainly attempted to show a chest that wasn't there, and then cleared his throat.

“An unusual situation has arisen, sir.”

“Well,” proclaimed the general, impatiently.

“It's the prisoner, sir. He—he affirms that this environment is not correct for his execution.

“What,” the general blurted. “What the devil do you mean?”

“He maintains, sir, that he is entitled to a wall.”

“Wall—what wall?”

“That's just it, sir. There isn't one.”

“Look here,” the general cried, completely losing his patience. “I don't know whether it's my own stupidity or yours, but I declare that I haven't the faintest idea what the devil you're talking about.”

He moved nearer to the officer in a manner that suggested he was stalking a deer.

“There is no wall against which to put the prisoner in order to shoot him,” the officer said. “I suggested that the barn would do.”

“Are you mad,” the general exploded. “Haven't you any sense of honor?”

“I don't know what you mean, sir.”

“Are you suggesting that we shoot a prisoner of war against a barn?” the general said, incredulously. “Really, that *is* the limit.”

“What's the difference, sir?” the officer asked.

“Difference,” the general said, contemptuously. “It's not cricket for one thing and it's against every code of war for another. There must be a wall for an execution. To prop a fellow up against a barn and shoot him simply isn't done,” the general maintained.

“But there isn't a wall anywhere, sir.”

“What, no wall!”

“No, sir.”

“But there must be a wall. No wall, no execution.”

“There was a wall, but an enemy bomb blew it down.”

“Then in the name of heaven why don't you build one?” the general shouted.

“We haven't any bricklayers, sir.”

“Then find some. We must have a wall.”

“This is a battlefield, sir.”

“Battlefield or no battlefield,” the general cried. “There has to be a wall.”

“Speaking technically, sir,” the officer said. “I suggest that one side of a barn could be defined as a wall.”

“Don't be a fool. A wall is made of brick. The barn has sides, not walls.”

“But what is the difference, sir?”

“Difference,” said the general, blowing out his cheeks, “do you want me to break an army tradition that dates right back to the middle ages? Would you want me to stoop to such ignobility? Have you no sense of decency, young man? There have always been walls in executions such as these, and as long as I am in charge of this corps there always will be.

“Can you imagine the scandal, if it ever got out that I allowed a prisoner to be shot against a common barn? Imagine what they'd say back in the Lancer's Club. I can hear old Hillbilly holding forth over a scotch and soda: ‘And imagine it,’ he would say, ‘imagine old Wallaborough, the cad, sticking the poor devil against a barn’—why, I could never face them, never face them. So I say to you find, build or create a wall before you dare carry out the lawful execution.”

“Yes, sir,” the officer said, and with that he heeled around, looking like a man who had lived in hell.

* * *

Shots outside of the window an hour later brought the general to his slippers.

What the devil has happened, he thought, then remembering the execution, he returned to his bed satisfied that they had either built, found or created a wall.

A minute later, however, the orderly rushed into the room and said: “Excuse me, sir, but the prisoner has escaped.”

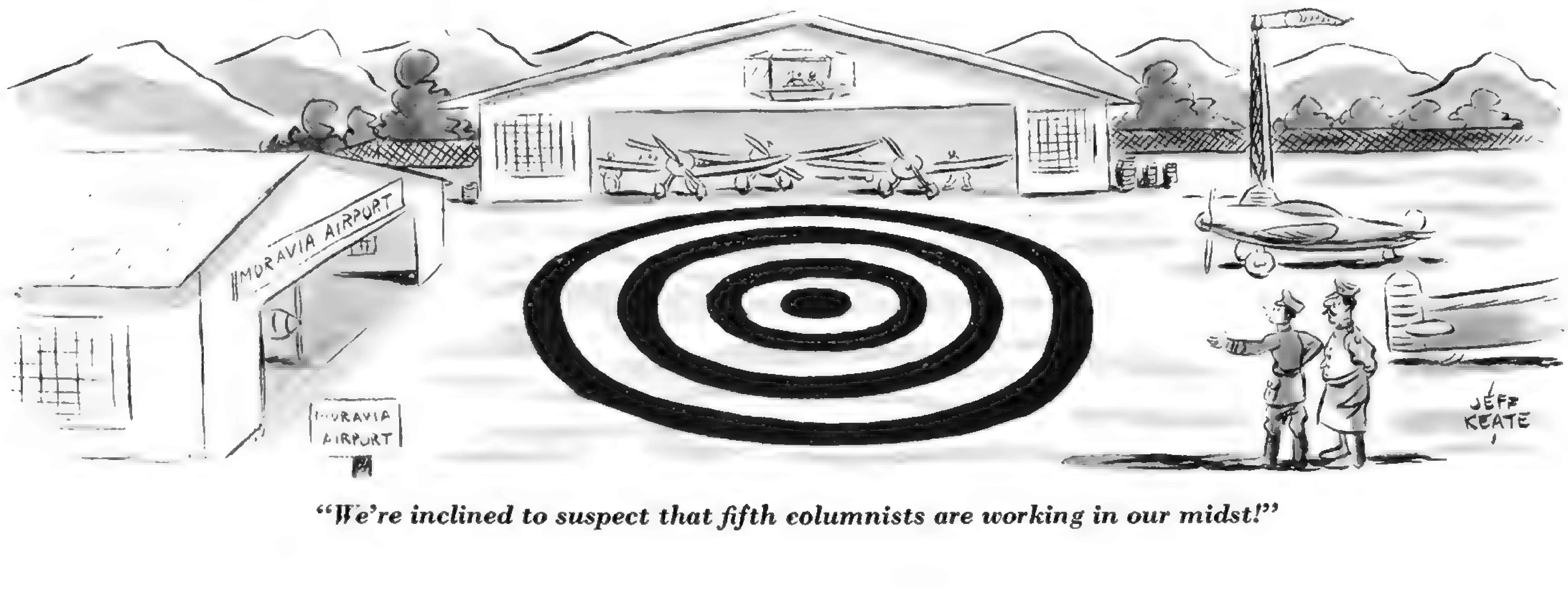
“Never mind that,” the general said, “did they produce a wall?”

“No, sir,” the orderly said.

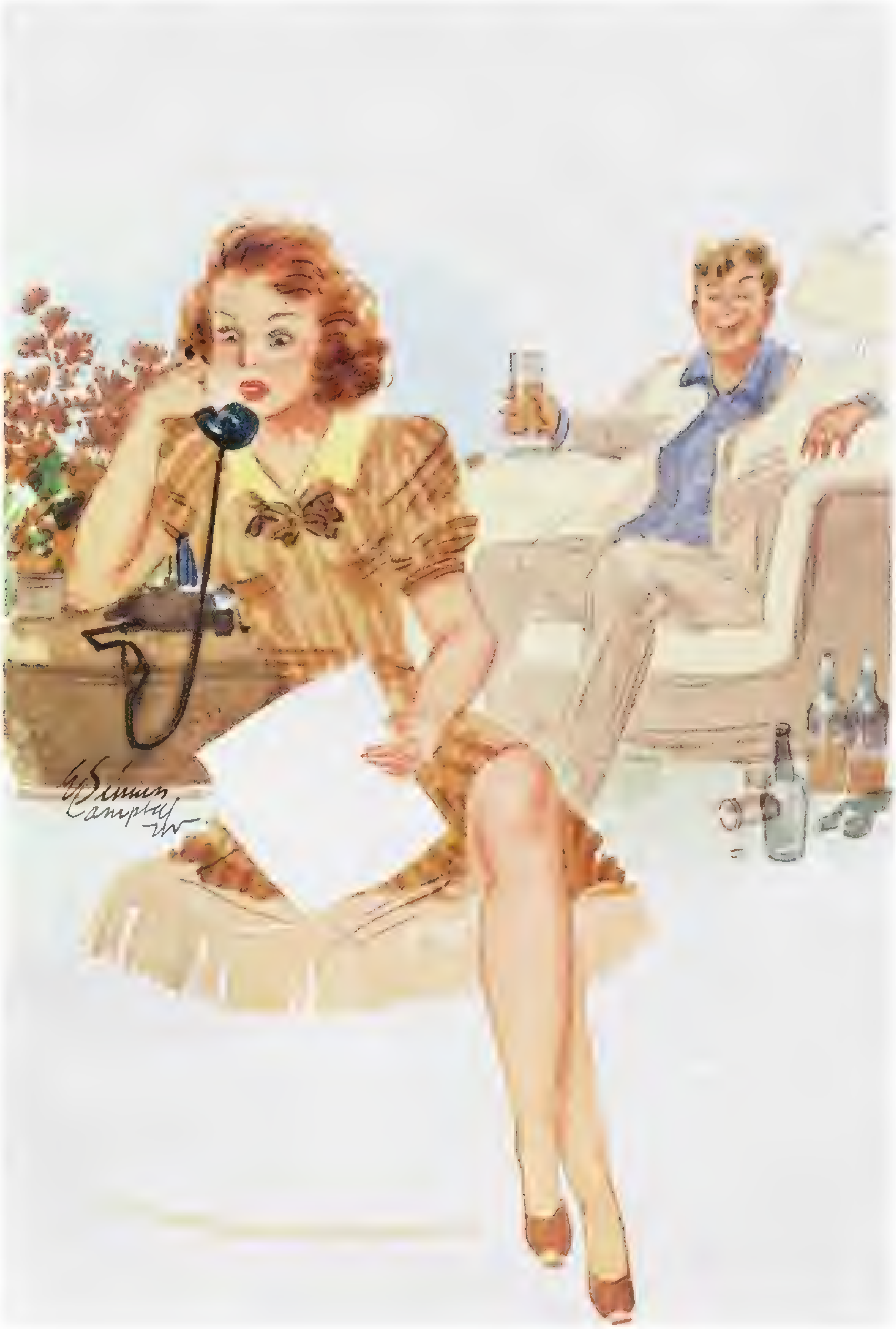
“Was there any hope of their ever finding one?”

“No, sir.”

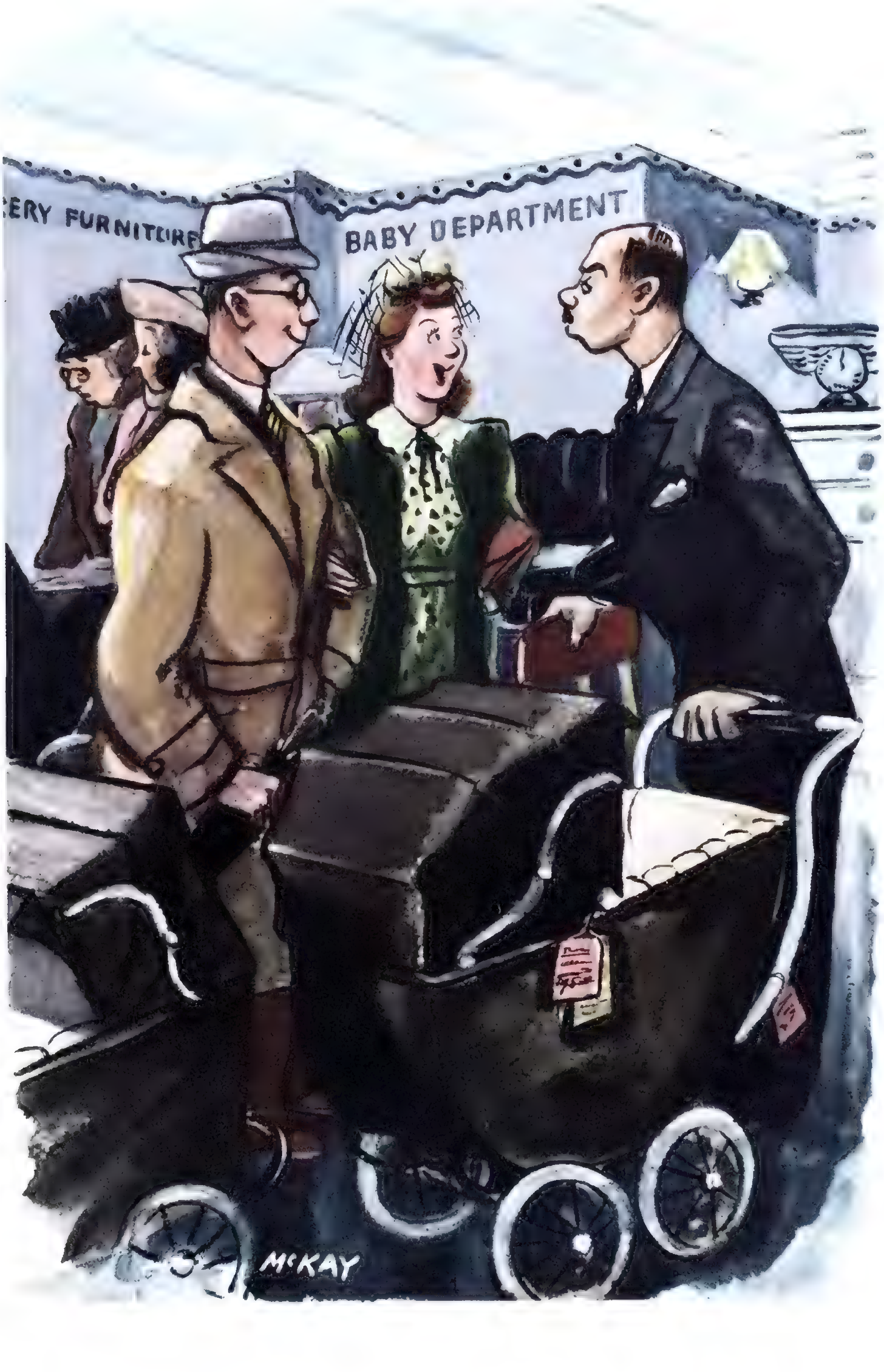
“Then let us thank God,” the general said, “that the prisoner has escaped,” and with that he crept back to bed and went right off to sleep. #



“We're inclined to suspect that fifth columnists are working in our midst!”


E Simms Campbell

"Hello, Mabel, how is your husband taking this conscription business?"



ERY FURNITURE
BABY DEPARTMENT
McKAY

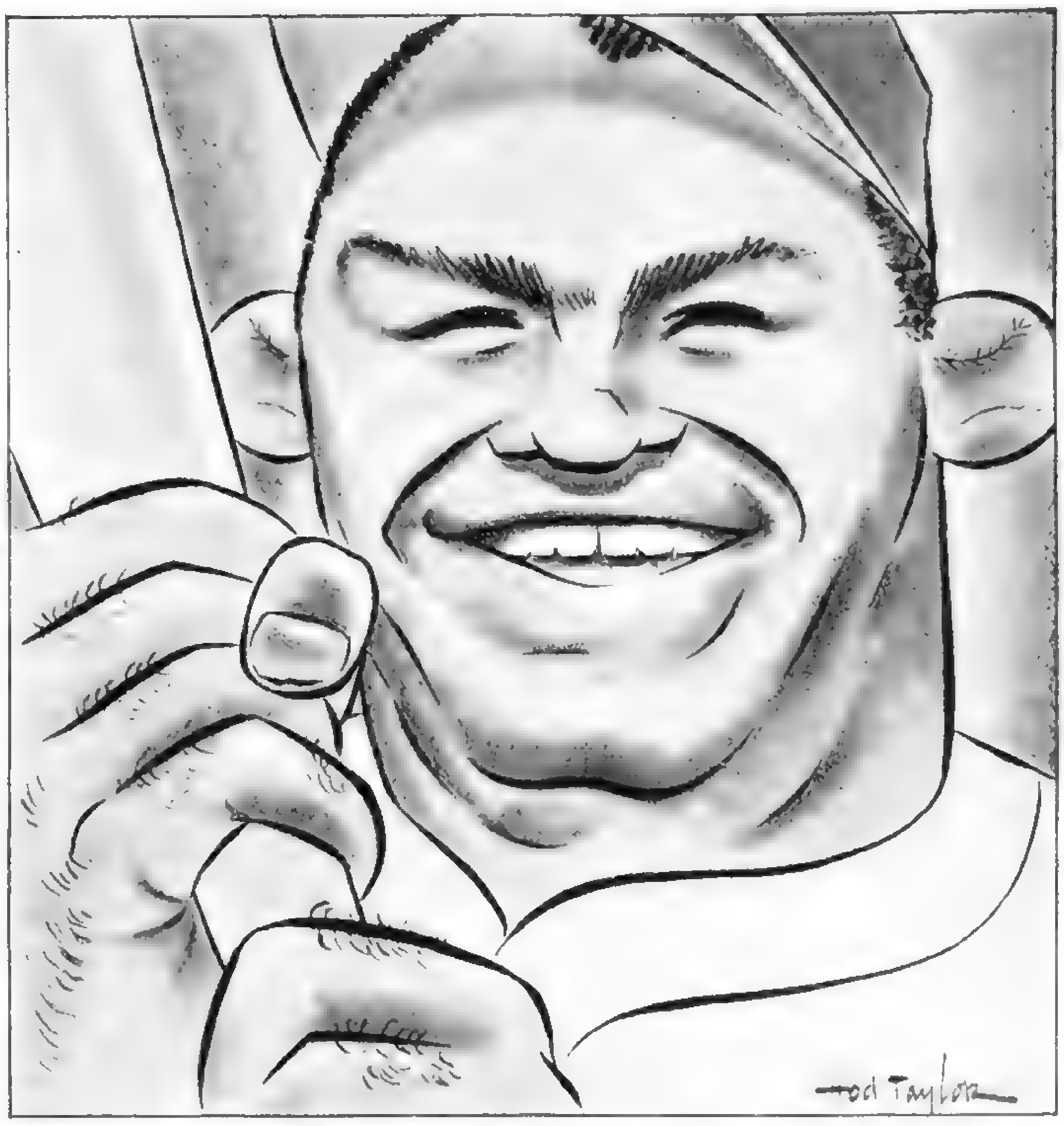
"We're thinking of getting engaged"

The Not So Mad Russian

The only color that Lou Novikoff boasts is bound up in his ability to bust a baseball a country mile

by SAM BALTER

• SPORTS •



CARICA-TRAIT BY HOD TAYLOR

For a long time it has been suggested by followers of baseball in Chicago that the Wrigleys have a corner on the lemon market. These impatient fans are referring to baseball lemons, a species particularly puckering, unusually wry, and requiring heavy doses of sugaring to be even partly palatable. And in these, the Wrigleys of Chicago have indeed enjoyed a monopoly. Many a fence-buster has found himself trimmed to a simple bust within the confines of Wrigley Field, Chicago—which is where the Mad Russian now steps into the picture.

The Mad Russian has also been known as the Tartar Terror, the Minsk Mauler, and the Bolshevik Bomber—this wide variety of appellations being a tribute to the versatility of sportswriters. Actually he is Louie Novikoff, a somewhat taciturn, moody young man, too stolid to be Mad and not quite stolid enough to be Russian. Novikoff himself is fond of quipping: "Dough it's true I'm of Russian descend, I ain't no Red. Dey sold me to Chicago, an' not Cincy." That will stand as a fair illustration that humor is not bound up too closely with baseball genius.

For it has been said of Louie Novikoff that he is a baseball genius of the horsehide-walloping species. As such, he was the central figure of baseball's biggest money transaction of last fall, wherein some $150,000 is said to have moved from Mr. P. K. Wrigley's left pocket to his right pocket, whereupon Novikoff and a companion named Stringer, likewise Louie, were to transfer their playground activities from Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, to Wrigley Field, Chicago. As such, he will be, about a month from now, when the annual spring trek to warmer climes of major league candidates begins, the most-closely watched, the most-highly publicized of all those young men aspiring to higher income-tax brackets by way of baseball. And from now on you may expect to find one of the seriously-disturbing problems of this nation that of whether Louie Novikoff becomes another Lemon on the Wrigley tree or an Apple of the Wrigley eye.

By all the laws of Burbank, Novikoff will be no lemon. I watched the young man perform with the Los Angeles Angels this past season, and I wish to affirm that never was there a man more bent on breaking the innocent horsehide. That my report is not a minority one is borne out by the fact that many competent observers have hailed Louie as the greatest natural right-handed slugger ever to tee off on a pitcher's delivery. It is this mayhem inclination of Louie's at what they call the Dish that has won for him the horrifying handles of Terror and Bomber.

You've heard of the slugger who hits 'em from town to town. It's a common baseball expression, but has usually been considered to be on the hyperbole side: that is, a clear case of literary exaggeration. But it's in the records that Novikoff hit two home runs in two different cities in the same afternoon, a literal "town-to-town" accomplishment. And that's just like the Mad Russian—no imagination at all.

It happened this winter, after the hullabaloo of the baseball season had subsided, a hullabaloo, incidentally, of which not the least in volume at all was the purchase of this Mad Russian—one Louie Novikoff—by the Chicago Cubs. Out in California, they play winter baseball. In fact, they play winter almost-anything. One day in November, Novikoff was scheduled to play for Joe Pirrone's All-Stars in Los Angeles against the Baltimore Elite Giants, crack Negro ballclub. The game was slated to start at one o'clock. Also the Mad Russian found himself billed to play for the Rosabell Plumbers against the Bank of America nine in nearby South Pasadena. This game started at 2:30. It looked like a case for a dual personality. Or maybe for your Uncle Wellington, who leads a double life.

But Novikoff has only one personality and as Bob Ray of the *Los Angeles Times* suggested, Louie has nothing to do with doubles, much preferring home runs. Novikoff took the occasion quite in stride. He showed up first at the Los Angeles ball game and played six innings for the All Stars, clouting a homer with one on and a double that drove in another run. This margin was enough to provide the All-Stars the victory. At the end of the sixth, Louie dashed out to his car, shoved it into high, changed baseball shirts while driving, and arrived at South Pasadena to get an open-armed welcome from Charley Pedrotti, manager of the Plumbers. Louie got there just in time to climax a ten-run rally in the seventh inning by a homer with the bases loaded. And at that, the Plumbers only defeated the Bankers by the score of 16-14. One for the book? It might even be the start of a NEW book.

They say his proficiency is especially remarkable because he has been in O. B. (this is not B. O. transposed, but Organized Ball) only four seasons, which comparatively, is not very many. They say it is all the more remarkable, too, because he started late. He is twenty-six now, and never played a game of baseball before 1937, when he was twenty-three. The reason is that he was busy playing softball up to that time, and now you will forgive me if I wax enthusiastic.

There is no superlative at my command to describe this lad as a softball player. I have played with him and against him—I have felt the ignominiousness of being his opponent in a hurling duel (he was a pitcher) and I have felt the awful helplessness of going to bat against him. Louie Novikoff was the greatest softball pitcher who ever lived—and therein lies the reason why he is off to such a late start in baseball.

Louie picked up $20 or $25 a game, hurling in semi-pro leagues around Southern California, and he was in enough demand that industrial firms backing softball teams would throw in a job of sorts in the bargain. A couple of games a week, and Louie was in what he thought then was big dough. Certainly no other softball player made as much, and besides, in this comparatively little puddle, Louie was the Big Frog. He was a

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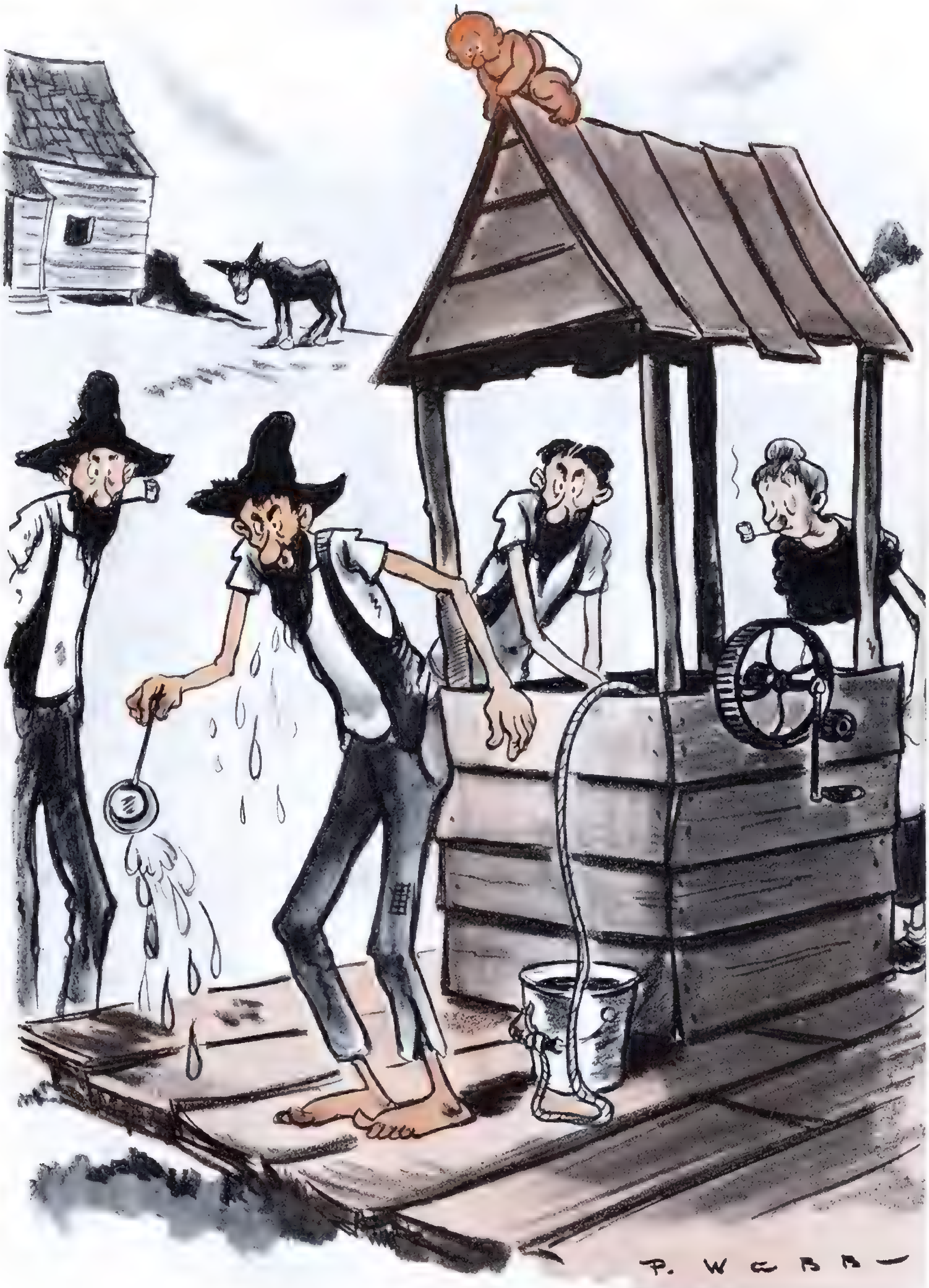

"Gawdamighty, Maw! We gotta dig us a new well—this dang water tastes more like oil ev'ry day"

Rain in Tanyard Hollow

Pappie asked the Lord to send enough rain to make the weak have fears, the strong tremble

by JESSE STUART

FICTION

"Don't kill that snake, Sweeter," Mammie said. "Leave it alone among the strawberry vines and it'll ketch the groundmoles that's eatin the roots of the strawberry plants."

Mammie raised up from pickin strawberries and stood with one hand in her apron pocket. Draps of sweat the size of white soupbeans stood all over her sun-tanned face and shined like dewdrops in the sun. Mammie looked hard at Pappie but it didn't do any good.

"Kill that snake," Pappie shouted. "It must a-thought my knuckle was a mole. It ain't goin to rain nohow unless I kill a few more black snakes and hang 'em on the fence."

Pappie stood over the black snake. It was quiled and gettin ready to strike at him again. It looked like the twisted root of a black-oak tree rolled-up among the half-dead strawberry plants. It must a-knowed Pappie was goin to kill it the way it was fightin him back. It kept drawin its long black-oak root body up tighter so it could strike harder at Pappie. It stuck its forked tongue out at him.

"You would fight me back," Pappie shouted as he raised a big flat rock above his head high as his arms would reach. "You would get me foul and bite me. That's just what you've done. Now I'm goin to kill you and hang you on the fence and make it rain."

Pappie let the big rock fall on the black snake. Its sharp edge cut the snake in two in many places. Its tail quivered against the ground and rattled the dried-up leaves on the strawberry plants. Its red blood oozed out on the dry-as-gunpowder dust. Mammie stood and looked at the pieces of snake writhin on the ground.

"Old Adam fit with rocks," Pappie said. "They air still good things to fight with."

Pappie stood with his big hands on his hips. He looked at the dyin black snake and laughed.

"That black snake didn't hurt your hand when it bit you," Mammie said. "Sweeter, you air a hard-hearted man. You've kilt a lot of snakes and hung 'em on the fence to make it rain. They air still hangin there. I ain't heard a rain crow croakin yet ner felt a drap of rain. The corn is burnt up. You know it has. The corn ain't goin to git no taller. It's tasselin and it's bumblebee corn. If you's to drap any ashes from your cigar on this strawberry patch it would set the plants on fire. They look green but they air dry as powder. Where is your rain?"

"I don't know Lizzie," Pappie said. "You tell me where the rain is."

"It's in the sky," Mammie said, "and you won't get it unless you pray fer it to fall. It's about too late fer prayer too. And the Lord wouldn't listen to a prayer from you."

When Mammie said this she looked hard at Pappie. Pappie stood there and looked at Mammie. What she said to him about the Lord not listenin to his prayer made Pappie wilt. His blue eyes looked down at Mammie. The hot dry wind that moved across the strawberry patch and rustled the strawberry plants, moved the beard on Pappie's face as he stood in the strawberry patch with his big brogan shoes planted like two gray stumps. His long lean body looked like a dead snag where the birds come to light and the beard on his face and the long hair that stuck down below the rim of his gone-to-seed straw hat looked like sour-vines wrapped around the snag.

"Don't stand there, Sweeter, like a skeerycrow and look at me with your cold bluewater eyes," Mammie said. "You know you air a hard-hearted man and the Lord won't listen to your prayer. Look at the harmless black snakes you've kilt and have hangin on the fence and you ain't got rain yet. Sweeter, I'm lettin the rest of these strawberries dry on the stems. I'm leavin the strawberry patch."

Mammie slammed her bucket against the ground. She pulled her pipe from her pocket. She dipped the light-burley terbacker crumbs from her apron pocket as she walked toward the ridge top rustlin the dyin strawberry plants with her long peaked-toed shoes. By the time Mammie reached the dead whiteoak snag that stood on the ridgetop and marked our strawberry patch for all the crows in the country—Mammie had her pipe lit and there was a cloud of smoke followin her as she went over the hill toward the house.

"Tracey your Mammie talked awful pert to me."

"Yep, she did Pappie."

"She talked like the Lord couldn't hear my prayer."

When Pappie talked about what Mammie said about the Lord not payin any attention to his prayers, his beardy lips quivered. I could tell Pappie didn't like it. He felt insulted. He thought if the Lord listened to prayers, he ought to listen to one of his prayers.

"I'm just hard on snakes, Tracey," Pappie said. "I don't like snakes. My knuckle burned like a hornet has stung me when that dad-durned black snake hid among the strawberry plants and bit me. It didn't come out in the open and bite me. Your Mammie got mad because I kilt that snake. I know the baby-handed moles air bad to nose under the roots of the strawberry plants and eat their white-hair roots and the black snakes eat the moles. But that ain't no excuse fer a black snake bitin me on the knuckle."

"I don't blame you Pappie," I said.

When I said this, Pappie looked at me and his face lost the cloud that was hangin over it. The light on Pappie's face was like the

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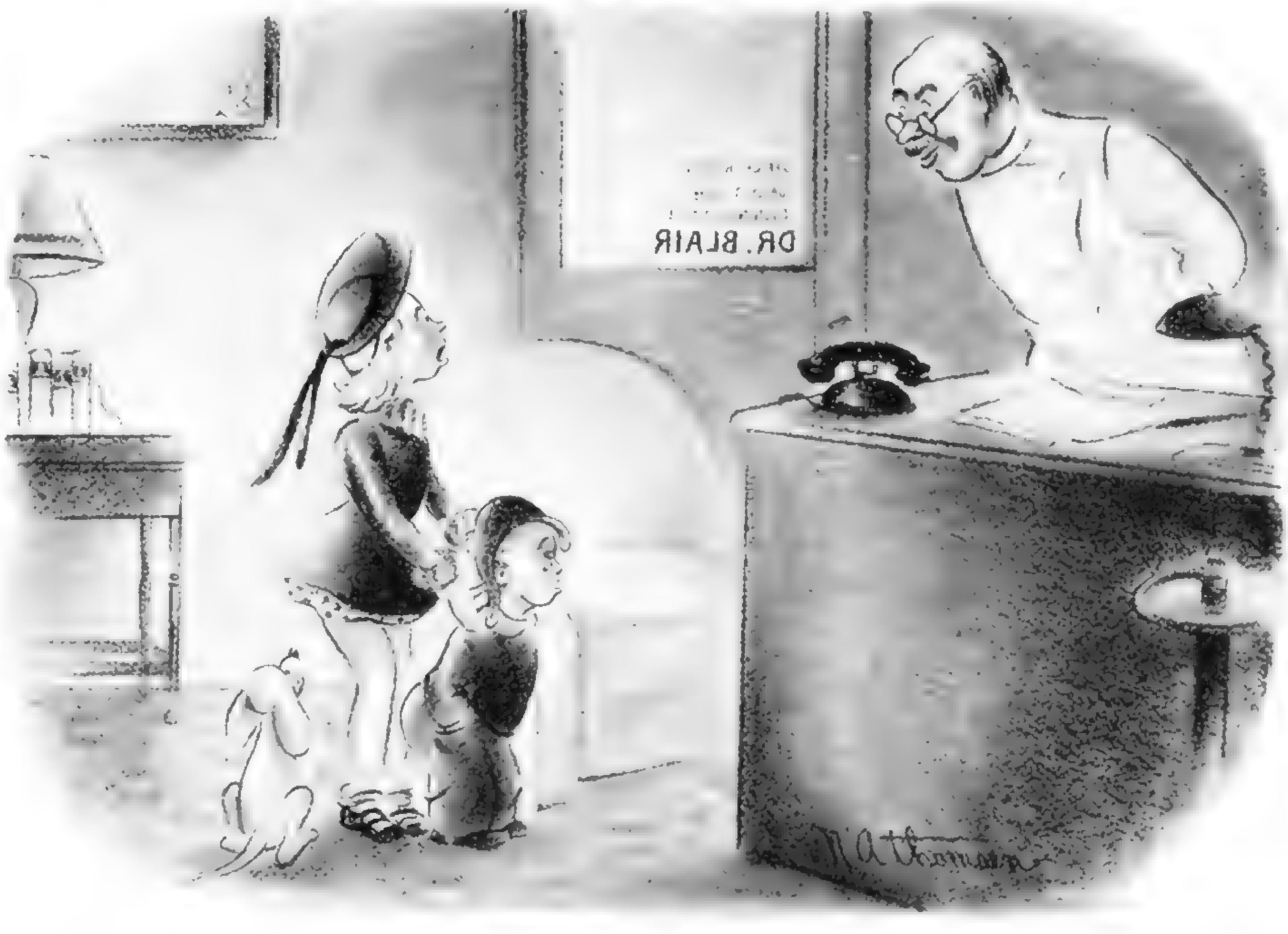


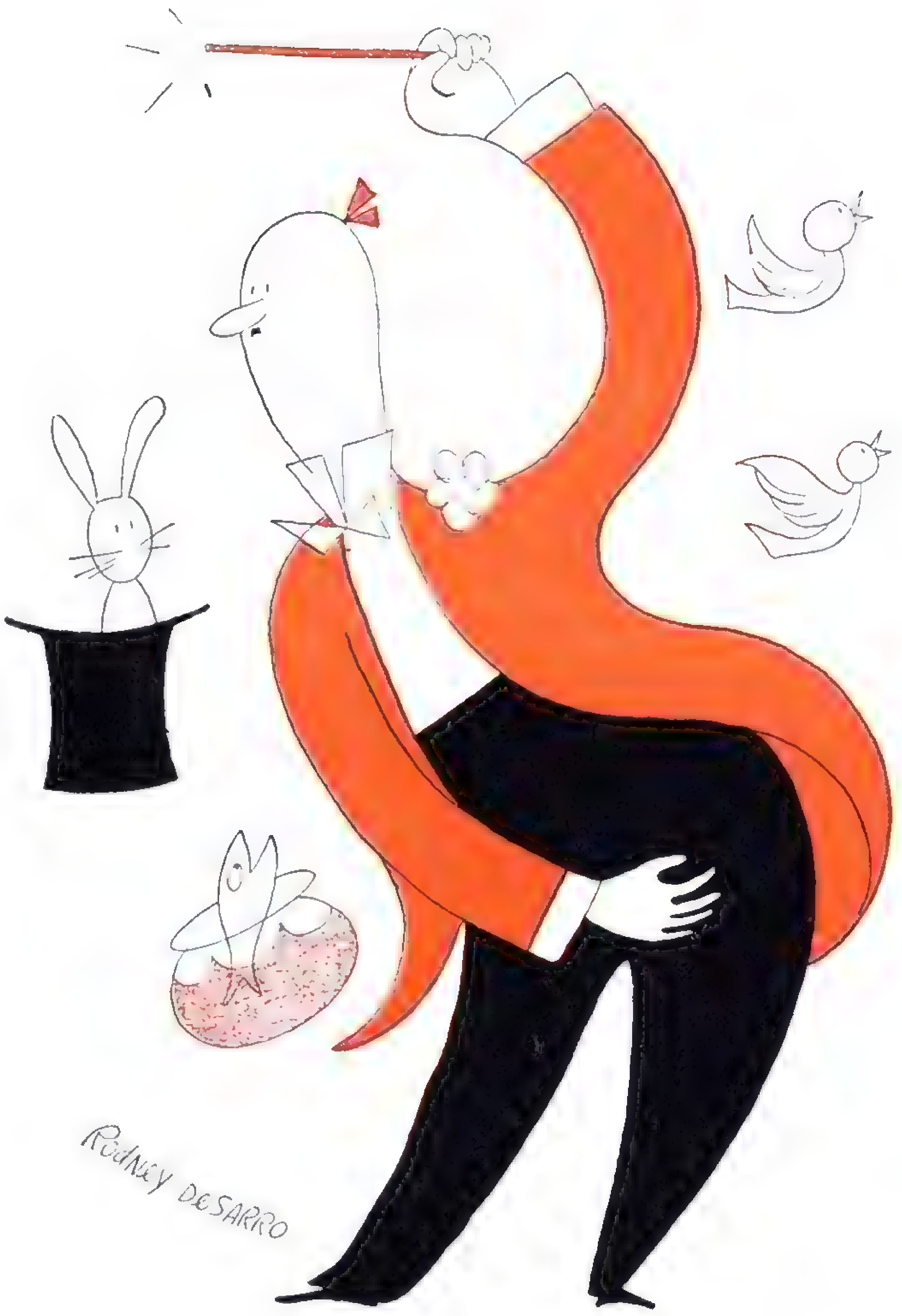
"He isn't feeling so very well, doctor—he took a bath this morning and nobody told him to"

Rinaldo and His Rabbit

The farmers in the audience had seen many magicians, but they'd never before heard a rabbit talk

by ERNST BEHRENDT

• SATIRE •



Rinaldo lifted his top hat and out popped the rabbit. This drew some polite applause from the audience who, though mostly farmers, had seen many rabbits popping out of prestidigitators' hats. Up to now the magician had disappointed them. A few card tricks; a goldfish bowl and a pair of doves taken from his coattails; and now the rabbit. They even anticipated his next move which would be the rabbit's disappearance into nothingness.

Rinaldo held his hat in front of the rabbit. The rabbit refused to enter it. Rinaldo seemed puzzled and said, "Now you go back where you came from."

Instead of following the command, the rabbit quickly hopped away and in a single jump landed on top of the drum at the left hand corner of the stage. From there it said in a firm voice, "No."

The spectators got to their feet. None of them had ever heard a rabbit talk. Rinaldo himself seemed more angry than surprised. He swallowed hard, and his eyes, gleaming like coals, belied his smile. But not for a second did he seem at a loss about what to do. Swinging his magic stick, he walked toward the drum. The rabbit, afraid of its own courage, began to tremble. It trembled so much that the drum resounded, heightening the suspense of the now fascinated audience.

Now Rinaldo had almost reached the drum. But as he was about to touch the rabbit with his magic stick, the rabbit leaped up and forward, and snatching the stick from Rinaldo's hand in mid-air, took it between its teeth. Then it squatted in front of the magician and faced him boldly.

The strange spectacle held the audience spellbound. No one said a word. The rabbit had stopped trembling and was looking determined. Rinaldo, his eyes bulging, tried hypnosis, but the rodent stared back firmly. The opponents did not move a limb, and for a while neither made any progress. Then, under the powerful stare of the rabbit, Rinaldo began to waver and to recede slowly. Step by step the rabbit followed him. Soon it became apparent that the rabbit was growing. It began to swell until it looked like a giant Easter Bunnie with ten-inch whiskers and ears like baseball bats. On the other hand, Rinaldo began to shrink. In no more than a minute or two he looked like a child. He emitted rapidly murmured formulae, but the rabbit only laughed derisively and kept pursuing him. By now the rabbit had become as tall as a full-sized man and Rinaldo as small as a common rabbit. The moment Rinaldo stepped back to the footlights, the rabbit touched him with the magic stick.

The audience roared and shouted, but above the tumult rose Rinaldo's frantic howl. The next second the spectators saw him walk straight into the top hat. The rabbit lifted the hat and showed it to the people. The hat was empty.

Fear fell on the audience, and women started crying. The giant rabbit panted and seemed exhausted. For more than a minute it stood motionless on the stage as though to gather its forces. However, when a baldheaded farmer shouted, "I want an explanation, Mister," the rabbit touched its own head with the stick. Immediately its long ears disappeared; so did the whiskers; and gradually the whole body took human shape. Seeing this transformation, the doves settled on his shoulders, and the goldfish in the bowl pressed its head against the glass.

But the bald-headed man was not satisfied. "Where is Rinaldo?" he wanted to know.

The man who had been a rabbit answered in a slightly husky voice. "Ladies and gentlemen. I regret this incident as much as you do. But you will see that I had no choice, and I ask you not to be sorry for Rinaldo. He deserves his fate."

"Why?" asked the bald-headed farmer.

"Rinaldo was a great magician, but he was also a bad boss," the man went on. "My name is Robert G. Hughes. Some of you will remember me. I worked for Rinaldo as a fire eater, but he never gave me enough to eat. But for an incendiary of my acquaintance, I'd have starved. It was bad enough as it was, but it became worse when Carola joined his show—Oh, I forgot." Hughes interrupted himself. He stepped toward the bowl and having caught the goldfish with his hands, touched it with the stick. Immediately the goldfish transformed itself into a fair-haired girl in a printed cotton dress.

Hughes went on explaining. "This lady is Carola MacGuire to whom Rinaldo was more than unfair."

"Why?" asked the bald-headed farmer.

"He used to saw me in two," Carola said. "For that I got two dollars a day and had to buy my own saws."

"I didn't like the idea of her being sawed in two without an evening off," Hughes added. "Carola was my fiancee, but Rinaldo said there was not a word of an evening off in the contract."

"If there was nothing about it in the contract, Rinaldo was right," said the farmer. The audience murmured its complete assent.

"But there was also no word of any fire diet," Hughes said. "Rinaldo said I should stop eating firecrackers because they made me fat."

"Did you say there was no word about diet in your contract?" the farmer asked.

"Absolutely no word."

"And were they your own firecrackers?"

"No. They belonged to Rinaldo."

"Then Rinaldo was right again," the farmer said. "And even if the firecrackers had not been his, you would have had no right to make him disappear—excuse me—like a rabbit."

"No, you had no right," another man said.

The attitude of the audience became menacing. Someone shouted, "I want my money back."

"The point is this," Carola said hastily. "Rinaldo did not want me to marry Hughes. He told us so. We said, 'All right, Mr. Rinaldo, we'll quit tomorrow.' But that night Rinaldo sawed me in two and didn't put me together. Of course we couldn't get married then."

"That sounds rather unusual," said the farmer. "But I still think you oughtn't to have made him disappear."

"No, they oughtn't," said voices from the audience. One man kept shouting, "Money back."

"I guess we'll have to tell them everything," Hughes said to Carola. He took his magic stick and touched the doves which had settled on his shoulders. Immediately the doves became a taxi driver and his car, which he started driving around the stage.

"This is Jimmy Flanagan," Hughes announced. "We wanted to elope, Carola in one piece or sawed in two. I hired Flanagan, and in the morning he drove up to the hotel where we lived."

"Wait a minute," the farmer interrupted him. "Did Rinaldo know about your plans?"

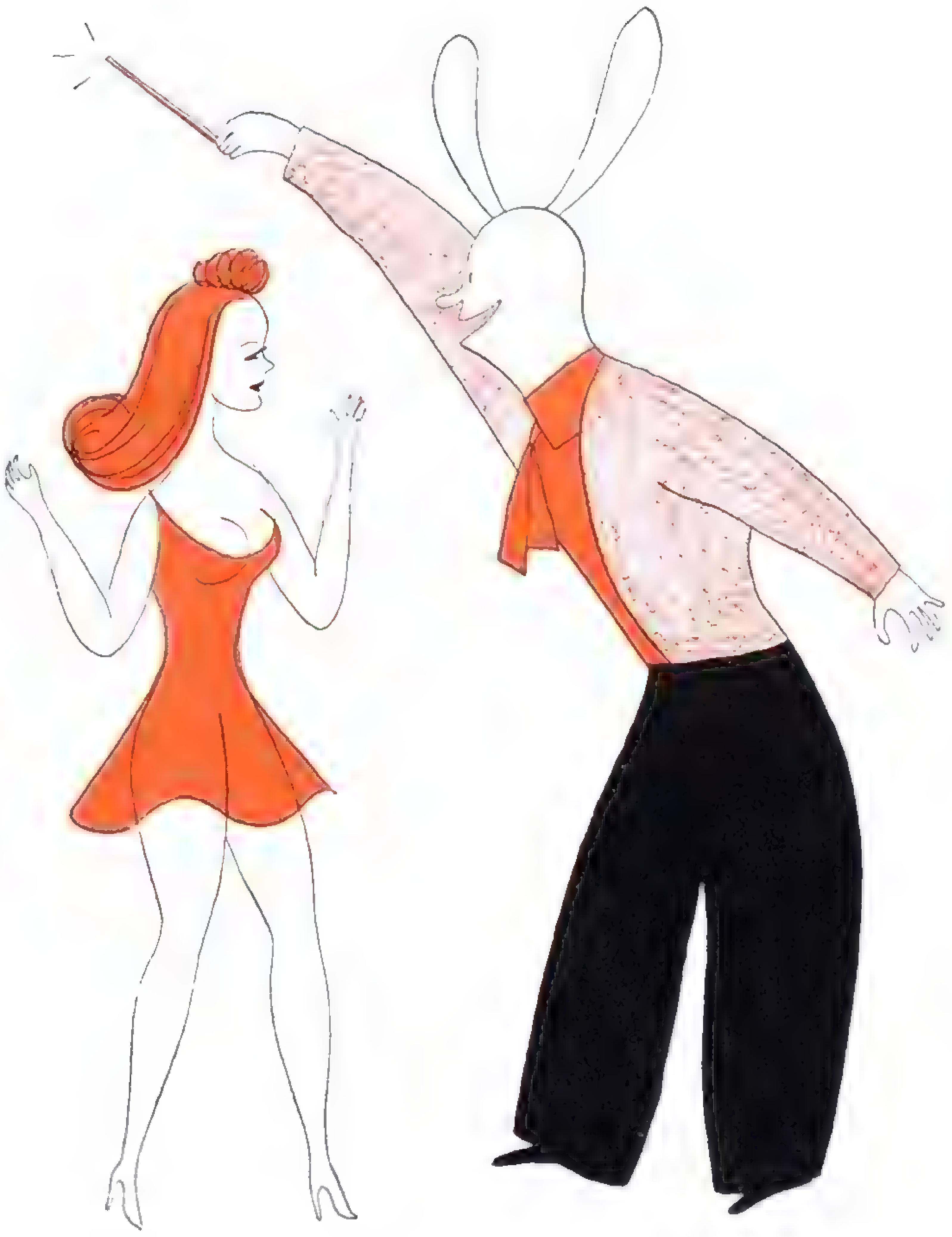
"Of course, he didn't. Unfortunately, we had forgotten that he was a magician, and that he always had his stick with him. Anyway, next thing we knew, we were on a stage, and Jimmy Flanagan and his car were a pair of doves."

"Flanagan helped you break the contracts," the farmer said. "That was unfair. I can see Rinaldo's point."

"Well, frankly, we couldn't," Hughes said. "We asked Rinaldo to transform the doves back into Flanagan and his car, but Rinaldo flatly refused to do that. Then we became a little more energetic . . ."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Well, we said to him we wouldn't co-operate. But Rinaldo touched us with his stick and transformed Carola into a goldfish and me into a rabbit. He surely is a great magician, but I should say he is almost a criminal."



"I would not say so," the farmer said slowly. And suddenly, without anyone having expected his move, he was on the stage and trying to wrench the stick from Hughes' hand. A desperate human cry came from inside the top hat, but the men did not pay any attention to the hat. Flanagan's car shot from the far end of the stage toward the scene of struggle; at the same time Carola struck at the farmer's hand which had already seized the stick. The stick flew away and fell right into the top hat. There was a deafening clap of thunder. The people on the stage stopped fighting; those in the audience were stupefied. They saw a diminutive Rinaldo emerge slowly from the hat. They saw him grow until he had reached his former height. And they saw him proceed toward Hughes, Carola, and Flanagan whom he touched in turn with his stick; then he touched the car too. They immediately transformed themselves into a rabbit, a goldfish in a bowl, and a pair of doves.

"You can't do that, Mister," the farmer said sternly.

"No, you can't," some spectators said. "We want our money back."

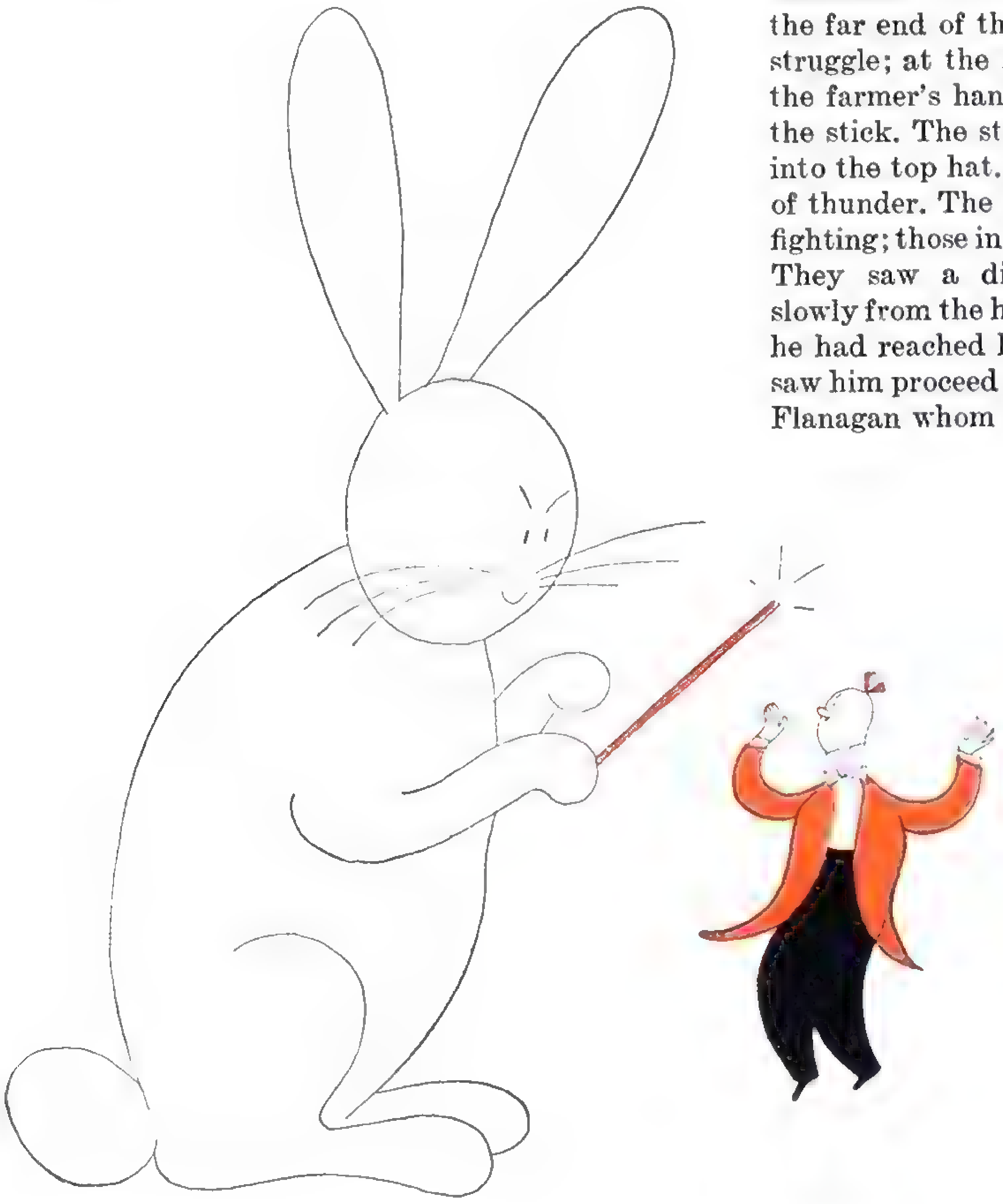
"You won't get it," Rinaldo said.

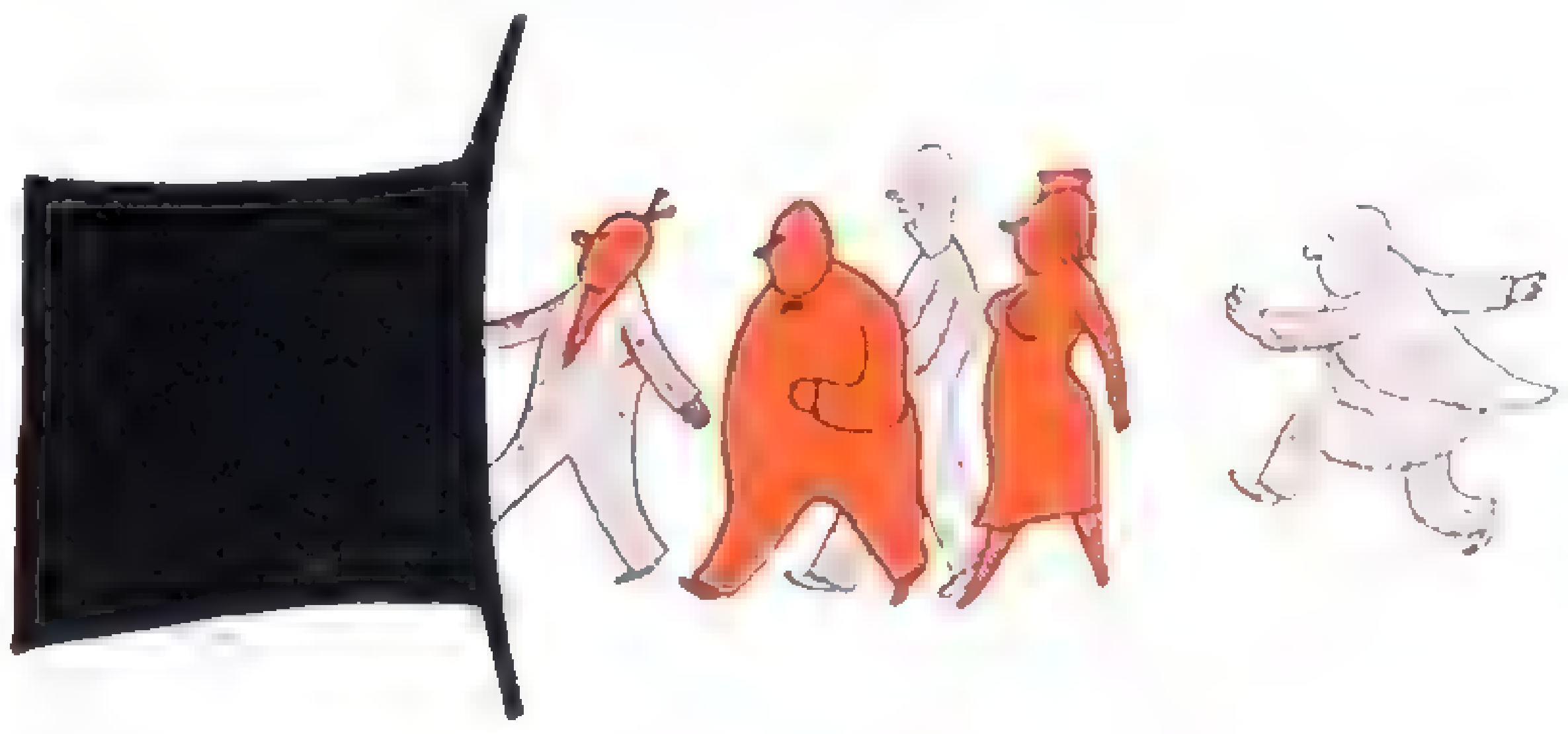
He raised his stick, and everyone began to shrink. After a minute or two none of them was bigger than a rabbit. Rinaldo whistled, and one after another the spectators, including the bald-headed farmer, marched into the top hat where they disappeared. When no people were left, Rinaldo touched the goldfish bowl and the doves, and they, too, disappeared. The rabbit had fled onto the drum, and was trembling again.

Rinaldo said to the rabbit, "Now you go back where you came from." This time, the rabbit obeyed, though with visible reluctance.

Rinaldo grinned sardonically, but then an expression of infinite sadness spread over his face. You could see that he was unhappy. He looked around. The theater was empty, the stage was empty. He lifted the top hat; the hat was empty too.

Rinaldo looked tired. He touched his own head with the stick and obediently walked into his hat. There he disappeared. The hat disappeared too. And that's the reason why up to now comparatively few people know about Rinaldo and the rabbit. ⌗





The Fixed Grin

Square peg in a boys' school learns the brutality of the mob, called "sportsmanship"

by ROBERT KINNEY

• FICTION •

It was raining a little when John came out of the locker room, so he paused for a moment in the doorway. Boys were running haphazardly from the Fifth Form commons room across the lawn to Lewis Hall. He watched them, smiling a bit. This was his third try at a prep-school, and he hoped the last. North or South, they were all alike. The prep-school stamp. He smiled again: Well, he wasn't stamped. Dad had wanted him to try this place, Chardwell Hall, because he heard that it was different, a better, more understanding one than the others. Well, it wasn't. It was only larger. At least at the last one, Lonsdale, he had a few friends.

John ran quickly through the rain around the path to the athletic office. When he went in he saw that Coach was busy with one of the lower school kids, bandaging his knee.

"You want me to wait, Coach?" he said. "A guy said you wanted to see me."

Coach looked up at him from under his heavy grey eyebrows. "Sit down there, son. I'll get to you in a minute."

John took one of the varnished straight chairs and looked around, twirling the Spanish grammar he was carrying. The place was littered with the usual athletic office array of rolls of bandage tape, gauze, stray football pads, and medicine bottles. There was a heavy odor of oil of wintergreen in the air.

He watched Coach fooling with the boy. He was a large, barrel-chested man with long, burly arms, but there was a curious wistful quality about the man. You knew he thought he was tough and wanted you to think so too, but his occasional gentleness—as now with the boy, treating his twisted knee with gruff care as he wound it—and the way his eyes softened sometimes gave him away. You remembered at these times that you had heard about his son, how he had been killed in a car wreck. John liked Coach and felt sorry for him. Teaching schoolboys how to handle a football and dribble a basketball was no job for a man with much self-respect. He felt Coach knew it too.

"Now, boy," Coach was saying, breathing hard from bending over, "You take care of that damned thing. And cut out that bellywash, that candy you're always lugging around!" He patted the kid roughly on the back and shoved him toward the door. "Shoo!"

Coach tugged wearily at his khaki pants, then shut the door and turned to John.

"Well, Littlefield, they tell me you're in a little trouble?" He walked heavily over to his desk and sat down, wheezing and pawing at his bald head. But he smiled a little.

"I reckon so," John said. He wasn't going to commit himself yet.

"You haven't made many friends around here, have you, son?"

"No. None at all, Coach," he answered.

Coach peered seriously at him, then fumbled in the drawer for his pipe. He found it and knocked it on the side of the desk. He scowled.

"It's your own fault! These boys think you're a snob because you go around acting so aloof. Why, hell, if you were six feet tall and weighed a couple of hundred pounds you could get away with something like that! But look at you! What do you weigh?"

"A hundred and twenty-five. I weighed in yesterday."

"I thought so. You're as thin as one of the school's Sunday chickens. Listen," he said, a wistful look coming into his eyes, "I know boys, see? And when some spindly little egg like you goes around by himself all the time and doesn't seem to fit into the things most boys like—and if he isn't too good a scholar, as I hear is your case—then that little egg attracts attention. The others get to wondering about him. Now it was all right as long as you didn't do anything but keep them curious. They didn't have anything definite to lay on you. If you liked it that was fine! . . . But now I hear you've given them something they can get their teeth in.

"They wouldn't have bothered you if you hadn't stuck your neck out about the game with Lonsdale this afternoon. For the last three years running Lonsdale has run over us pitifully, and there is a lot of feeling about this game. Why on earth did you tell them you were going to sit on Lonsdale's side of the field?"

John looked quickly at Coach. So they'd told him all about it? "A couple of the Six Form boys asked me if I didn't go to Lonsdale last year. Then, at the pep-meeting last night, they told a lot of lies about Lonsdale giving free tuition to the football team. They said a lot of silly things like that. I told them they were a bunch of liars. Then they asked me why I didn't go over and sit on the Lonsdale bench if I liked the place so well. I told them I would. I said I thought that was a good idea . . . then they threw me out." John's voice had stayed level. He stared down at the red Spanish grammar in his hands.

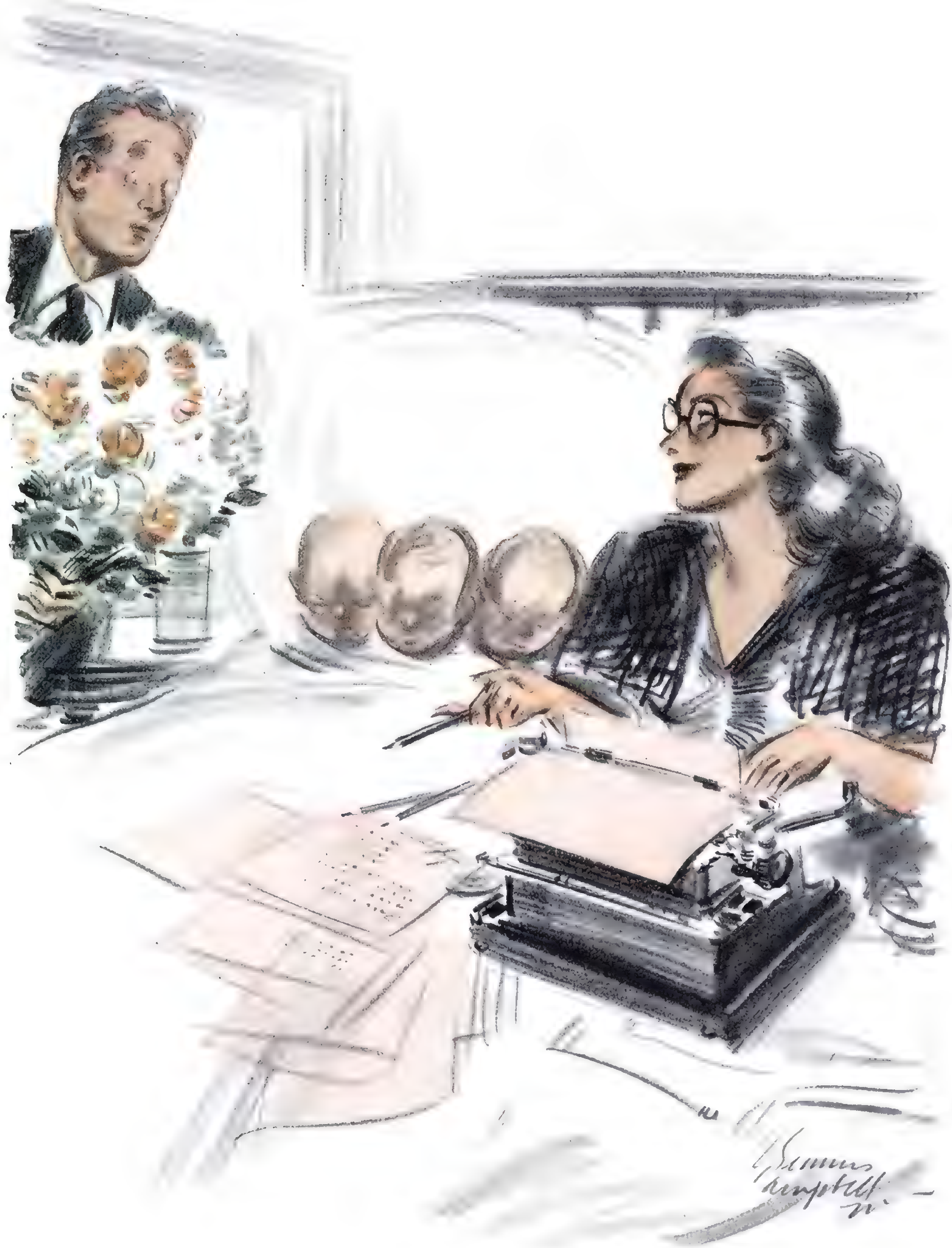
Coach waited a minute, watching him, then walked to the window and looked out into the rain. "Well, Littlefield, I guess I see how it is. I don't know. I like you, son, but I want these boys to like you. I want you to get along here. I wouldn't be hasty now."

"I'm not coming back here after Xmas, Coach. I have no friends here and don't want to have—now. I want to talk to my friends this afternoon—there are a couple on the Lonsdale team—and I can't see anything wrong in that."

Coach's voice grew quiet now. He was

Continued in center of page 166

"Could you, without pointing or raising your voice, direct me to the room I'm looking for?"



"Sorry—but I'm too busy to see you now, darling—I'm writing my experiences for the Ladies' Home Journal"

I Lost My Hedy

Would a reporter care for lunch on the house and some bottles of beer—served with Hedy Lamarr?

by DONALD HOUGH

▪ ARTICLE ▪

This girl, this pretty girl, is sitting there across the table from me, and she's looking at her chicken salad. She has slipped the fork into the salad, she has speared a small piece of chicken, but she is not hungry. She just looks at it: sits there and looks at it.

"You must forget me," I tell her, speaking more sharply than I had intended. I did not mean to speak sharply. "Eat your salad," I say, gently this time.

She's beautiful.

She lifts the forkful of salad at last and empties it into her magnificent map. I reach over and pat her white arm. "Take it easy."

She swallows the salad, the hell with the salad, and coughs a little. Poor lovely throat. Such a silly little—

"Look," she says suddenly, lifting her eyes to mine, "wouldn't you like another bottle of beer?"

"You mean . . ." I look at her expectantly, pleased.

"Yes," she says, smiling, perhaps a bit wistfully. "Like the others. On the—what was that expression again?"

"House."

"On the house." She lifts a lovely hand and the waitress comes running. Boy, the waitress comes running. I quickly drink the last of my current beer, before the waitress can grab it, like she did last time. "Some more beer," Hedy tells her. "In the house."

"On the house," I remind her. "Not in."

"On. On the house. Another bottle."

The waitress takes my empty glass away and the fresh beer comes and I plunge my ample beak into the cool foam. Hedy works on her salad for a minute or two, then drops her fork and looks across at me, and now she is smiling without that hurt look, she is smiling happily, and her eyes are a lively, clear, platinum-grey, and I love them.

"I have done it," she says, bubbling over.

"Finished your salad, you mean?"

"No. Forgotten you."

Confound it.

"Well, I don't know," I tell her. I am uncomfortable. "Look, we have known each other for only thirty-five minutes. You have not had time to forget me."

"You told me to."

"It was only a figure of speech. You didn't have to break your neck about it. I meant eventually. Later."

Some romance. Thirty-five minutes.

"Would you like another bot—"

"Yes." I speak quickly, from habit. I really do not want the beer. I am taking it only because I cannot betray the Fourth Estate, which I am representing to the best of my capacity. Here in these Hollywood studios, in the commissaries, as they call their restaurant, they have beer for the visitors who have come for lunch, but the guests can't pay for anything. In other words, it is a sort of heaven. It is a code of honor among members of my profession never to turn down a beer on the house, anyplace. Once let the precedent be set, and it might result in untold suffering throughout the trade. So I drink this one for the boys.

Hedy is telling me a story.

She has forgotten me, all right. She is animated, vivacious, eager to tell me the story. She moves her hands as she talks. She lifts a shoulder in a quick little gesture. Her eyes sparkle; her face is alert, brilliant; her lips tremble, anticipating the laughter which is crowding her from within.

Oh, the hell with the story.

Anyway she goes on, and reaches the point of the yarn, which is a joke on herself, something about when she was learning to speak English, I've forgotten what the thing was, and she tilts her head and laughs at the ceiling, heartily, like a kid.

Hedy Lamarr. Some babe.

Sex appeal, 30 points. (I hate to disappoint you, boys. Or maybe it's me.)

Intelligence and wit, 70 points.

Oh, she's pretty, all right.

* * *

They fooled her in that first picture, that *Ecstasy*, made in Europe. Look: the cameras were really a long way off, and they didn't bother to tell her about telephoto lenses. So throw that one out. After all, you're speaking of the woman I love.

She came to this country three years ago and immediately began setting no worlds on fire. They kept casting her as a sort of a Will Hays nude in a strictly Republican version of that Viennese role. The old Theda Bara business, the sleek exotic sulphur, which has about as much business in today's cinema—when it all has to be done with the eyelashes—as the Keystone Cops would have. Look pretty, they told her. Just stand there and look pretty. Never mind acting.

Anyway, the studio where she is employed, which is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, called me up and wanted to know if I'd like to talk with her. How about lunch? I had just seen her in *Boom Town*. "She'll be out of pictures by April," I said. Wise guy. All the answers. Just ask Hough.

"Oh, take a chance. Come on over and talk to her," the studio said.

"Can she speak English?" I asked.

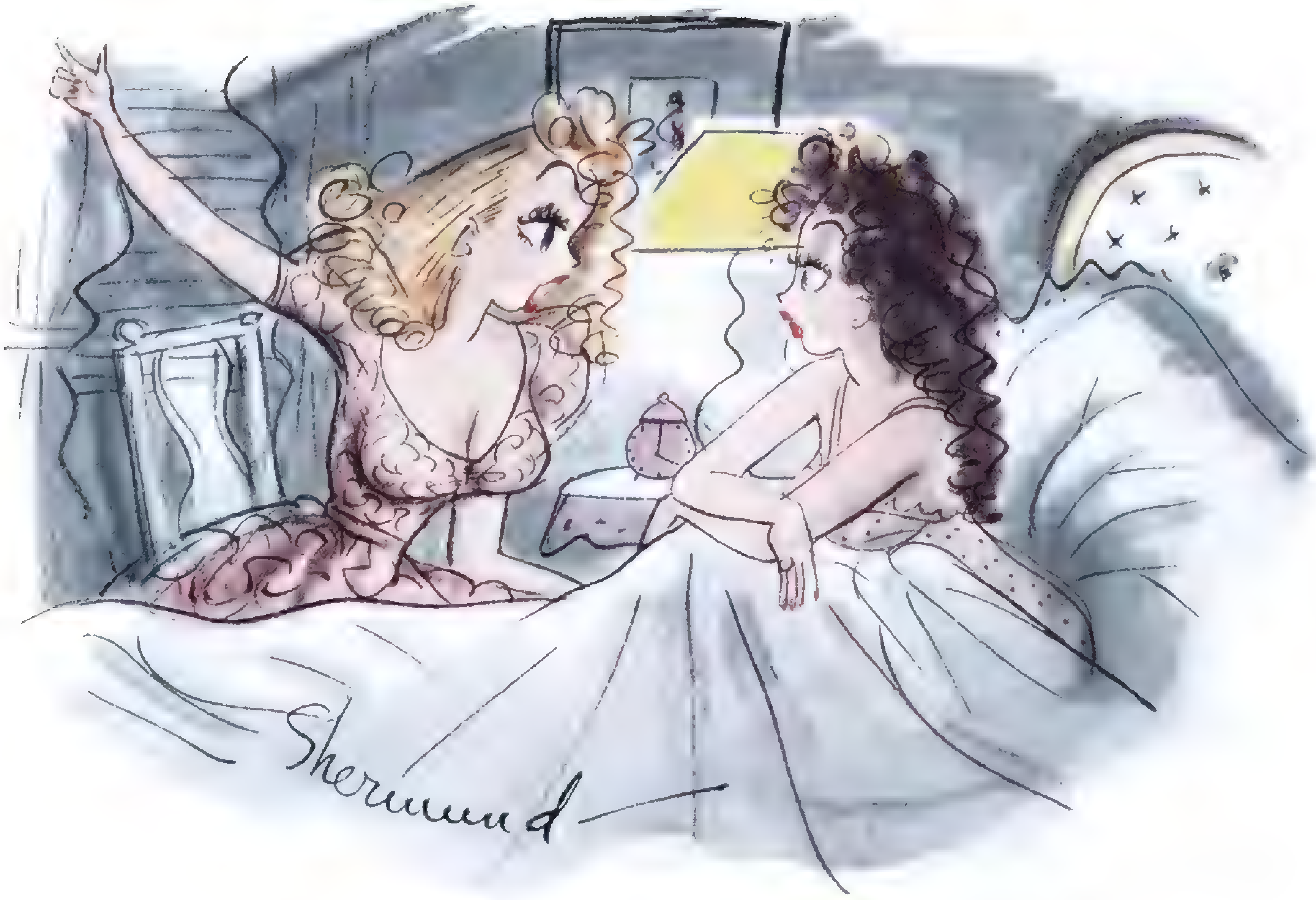
"There's always sign language," the studio said wittily. "And don't forget, the lunch is on us."

"Why didn't you say so to begin with?" I asked. So I said all right. I thought I might as well have lunch with this beautiful but dumb sweetheart, figuring the layout was probably good for a few beers anyway. So I went over and we sat down at the table and I explained that I'd do the talking, she wouldn't

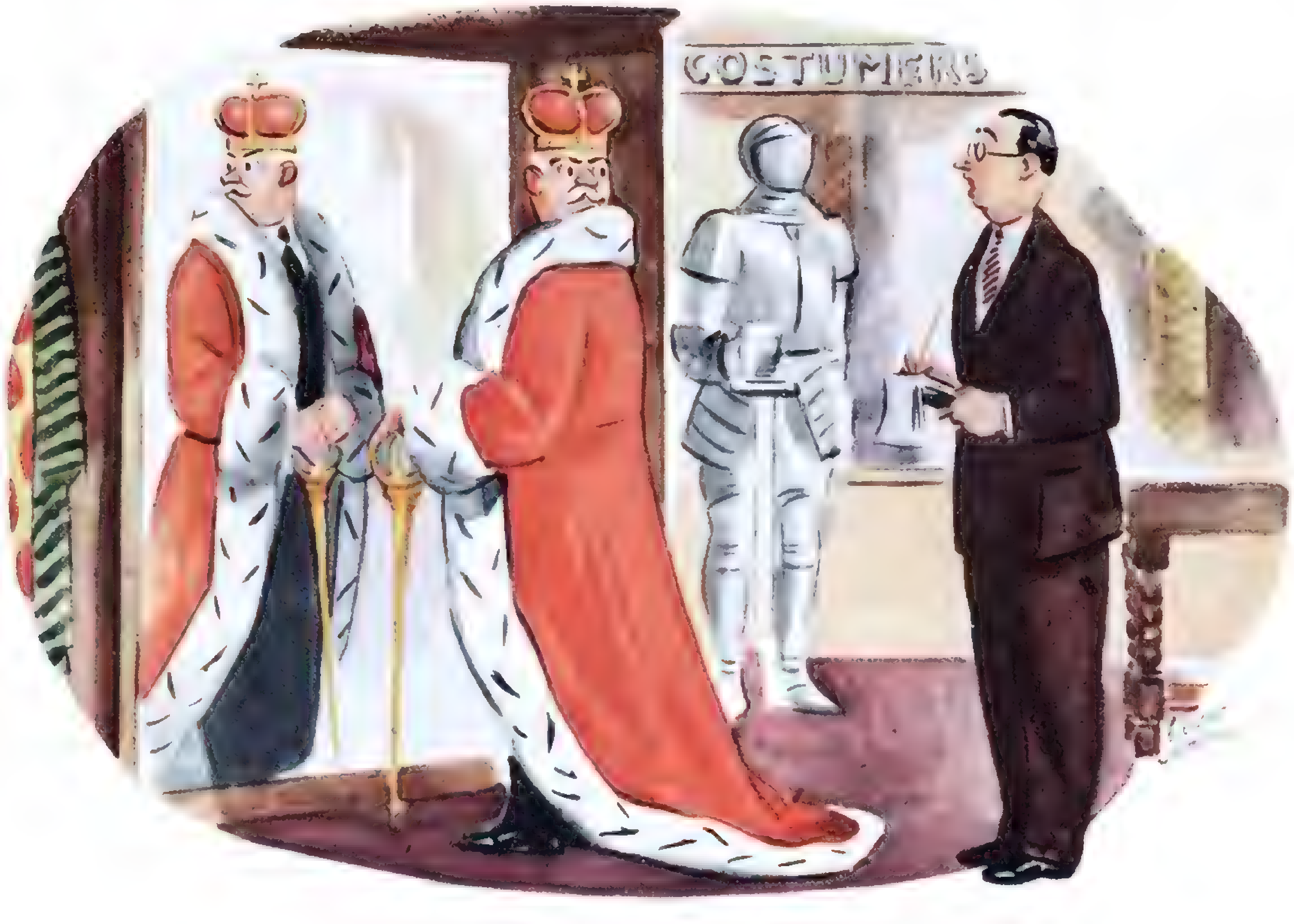
Continued in center of page 155

JEWELRY
TWO HOURS FREE PARKING WITH EVERY PURCHASE
$1200.00
$1500.00
$800.00
$1,000.00

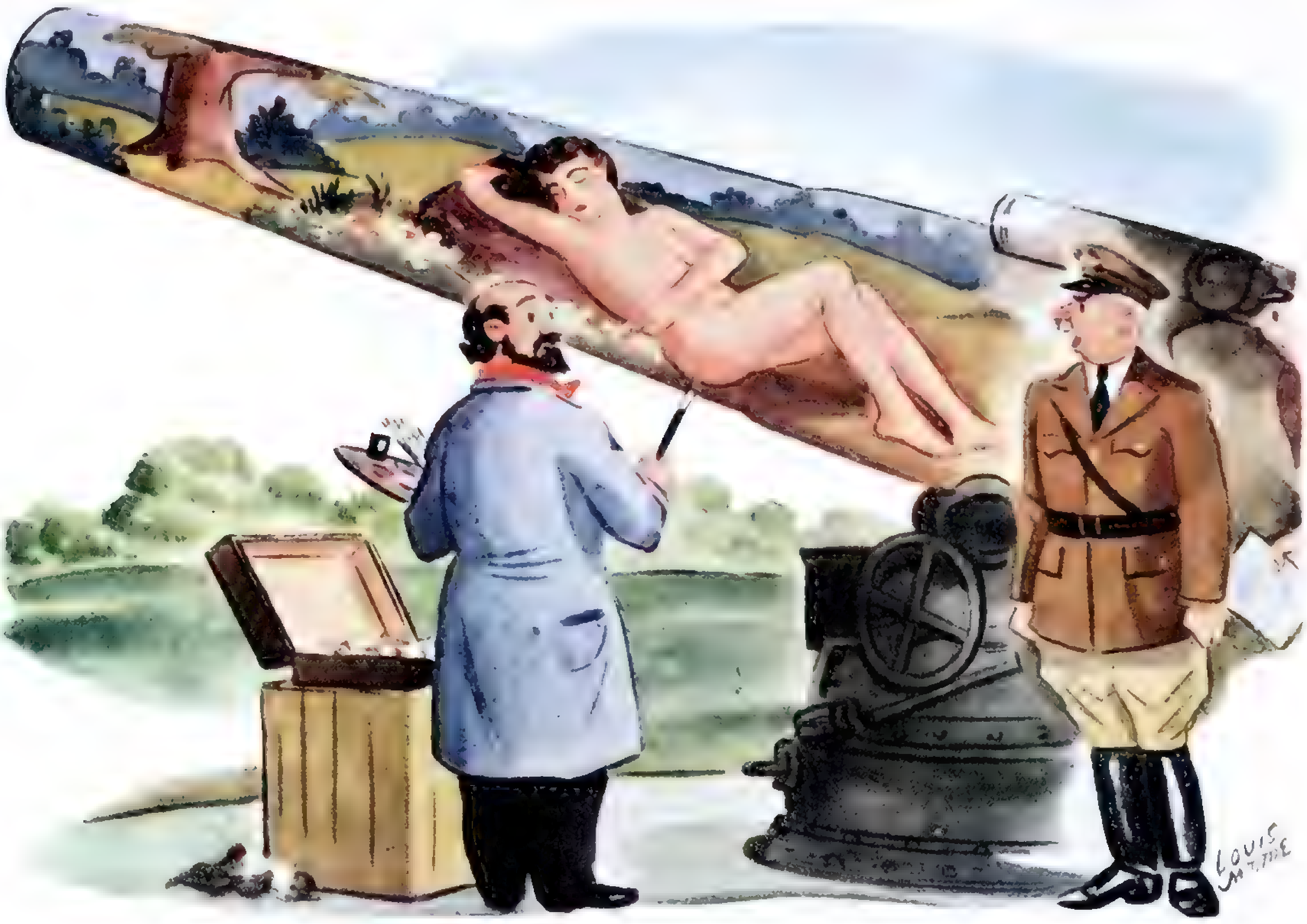
HEDY LAMARR *is MGM's natural selection for the role of that lost and exciting lady known as the "Ziegfeld Girl." Robert Z. Leonard was director of the picture, Pandro Berman its producer and Ray June the photographer.*



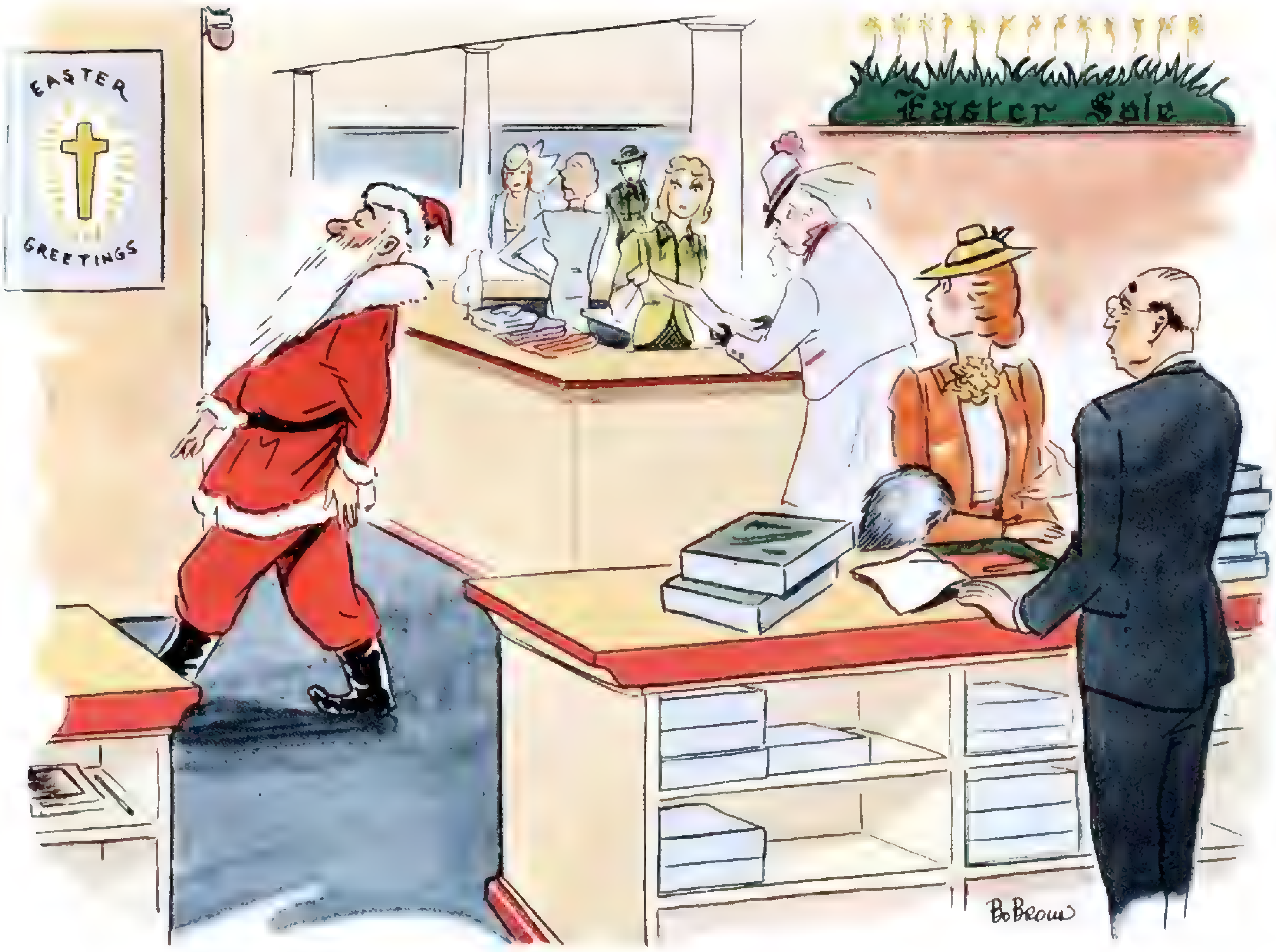
"—and while we were out looking at the moon, the finance company came and took the car"



"Might I inquire whether this is to be cash or charge—er—Your Highness?"

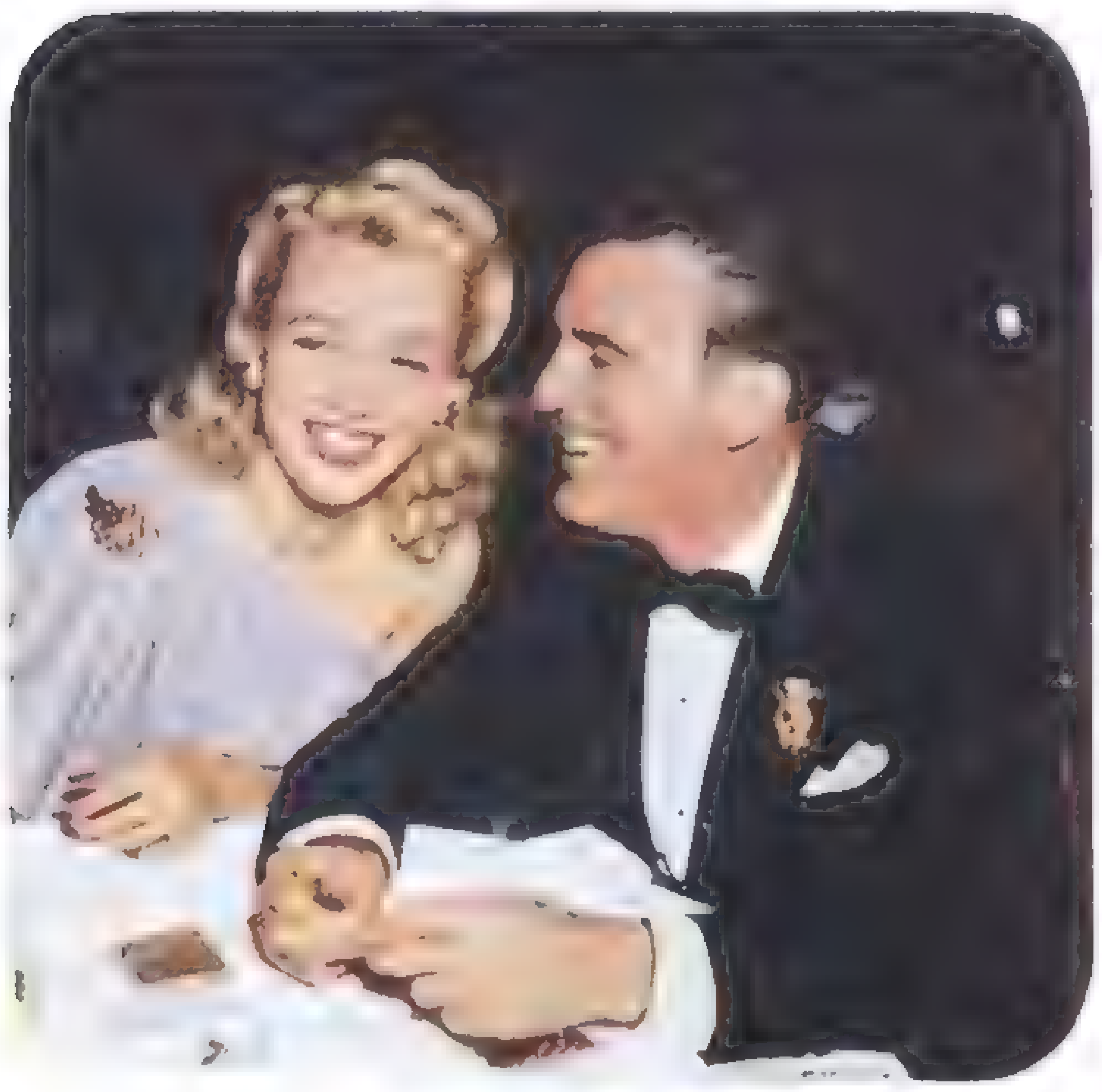


"No, no, Gregorovich, I'm afraid you don't quite grasp the idea"

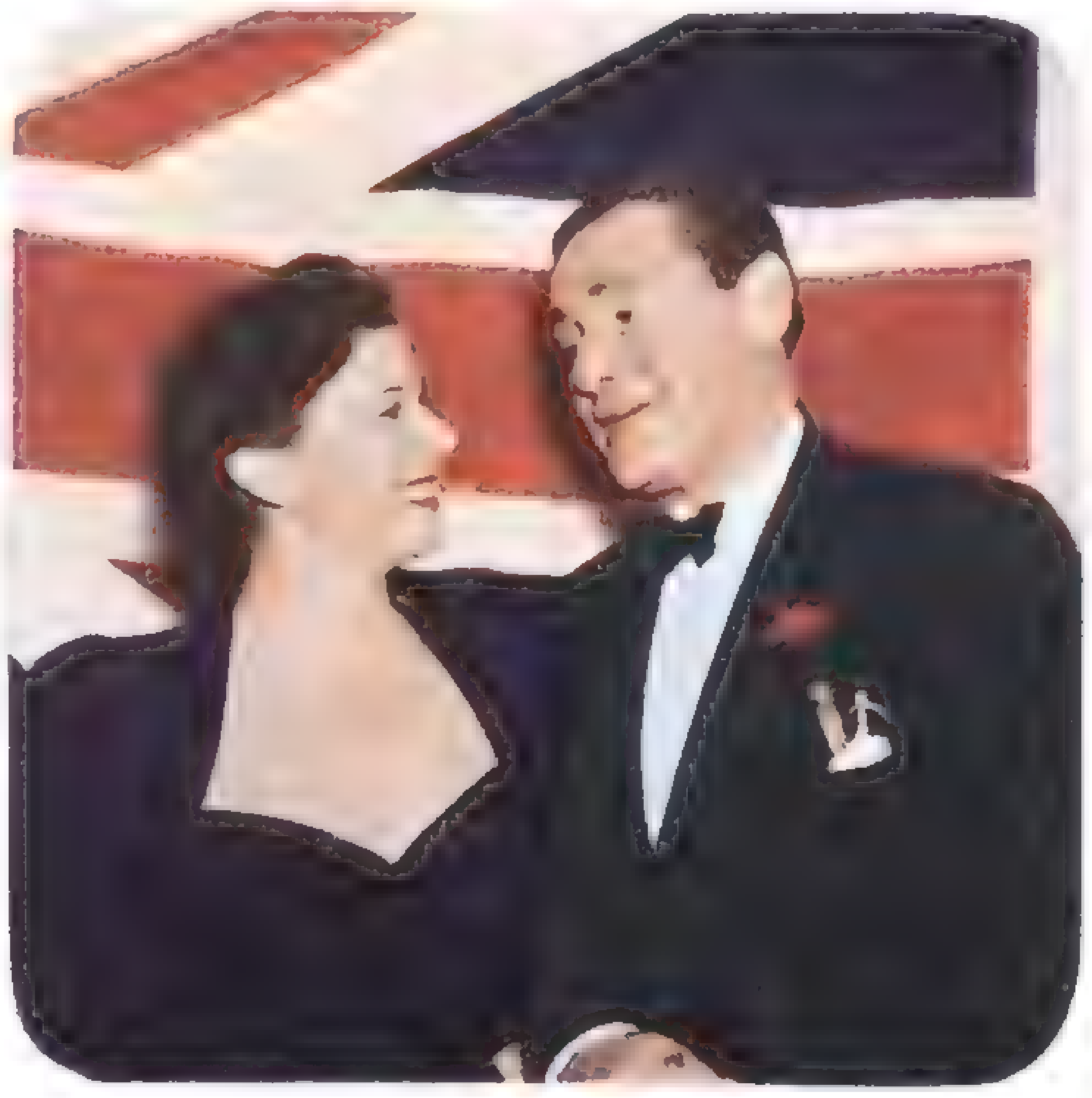

EASTER
GREETINGS
Easter Sale
Bo Brown

"We had to give him a year's contract!"

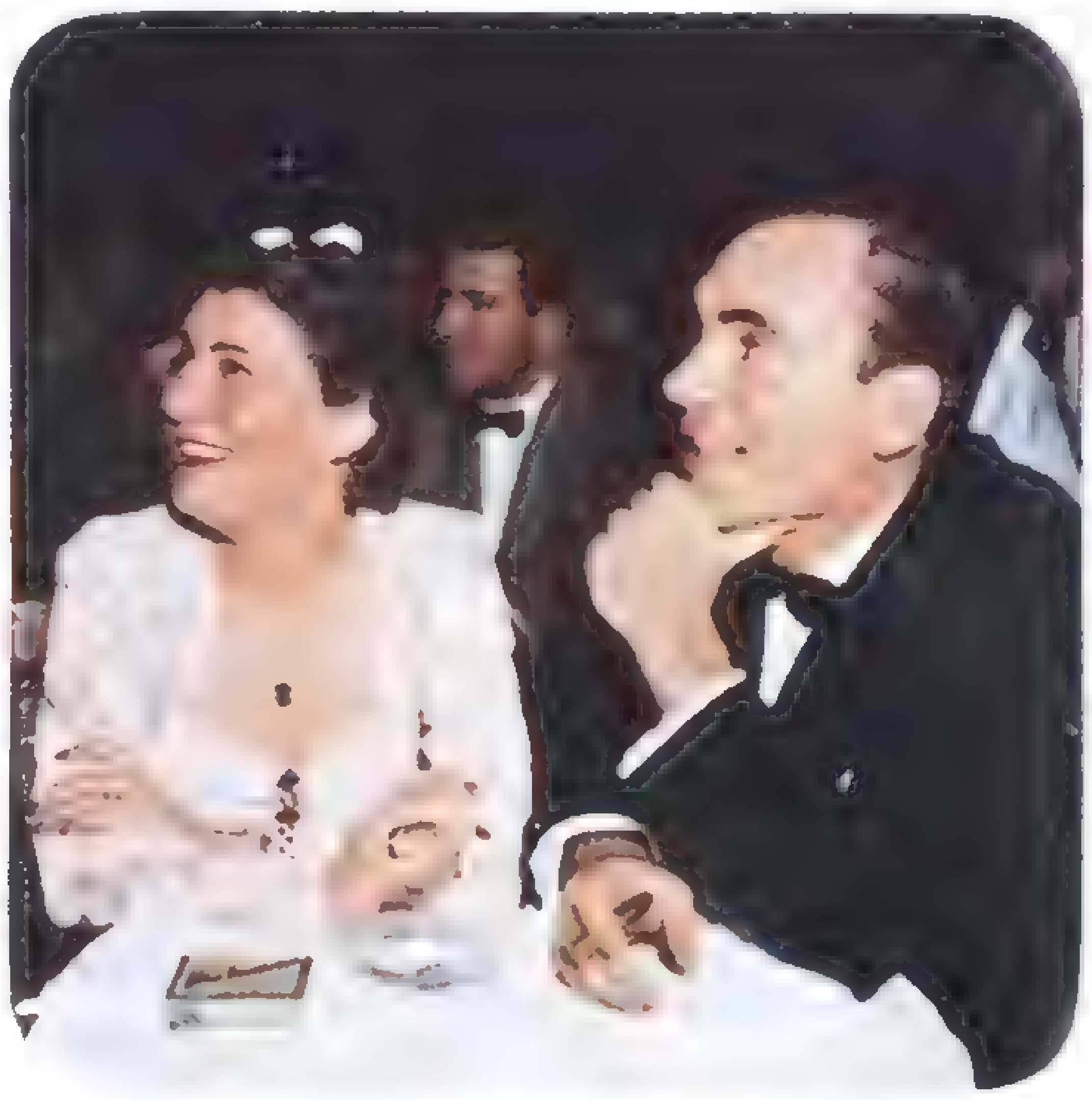
ESQUIRE HORNS IN ON HOLLYWOOD—*with candid shots by* JULES BUCK



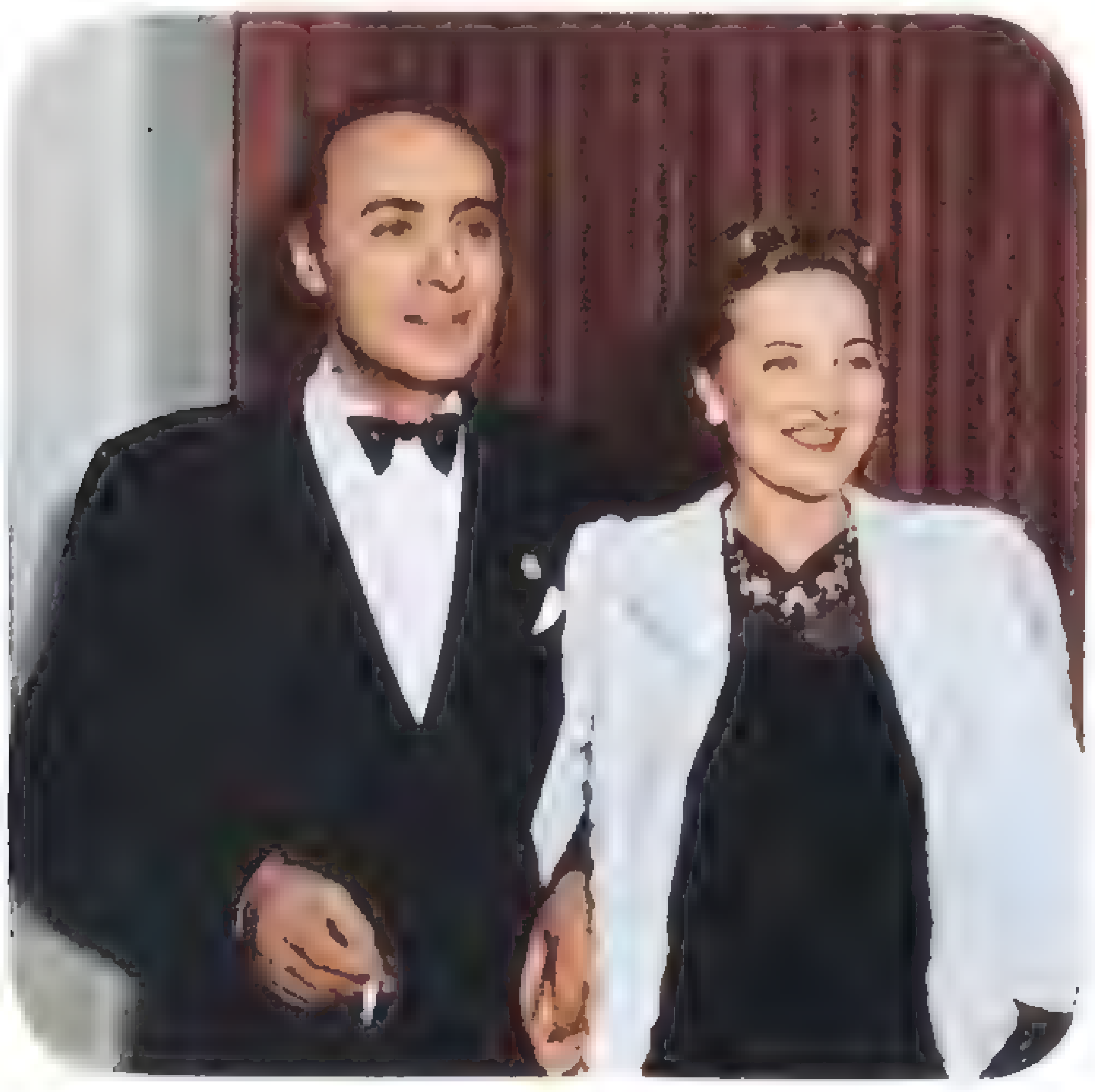
Cedric Gibbons, caught on the bounce from his bust-up with Dolores Del Rio by Carole Landis



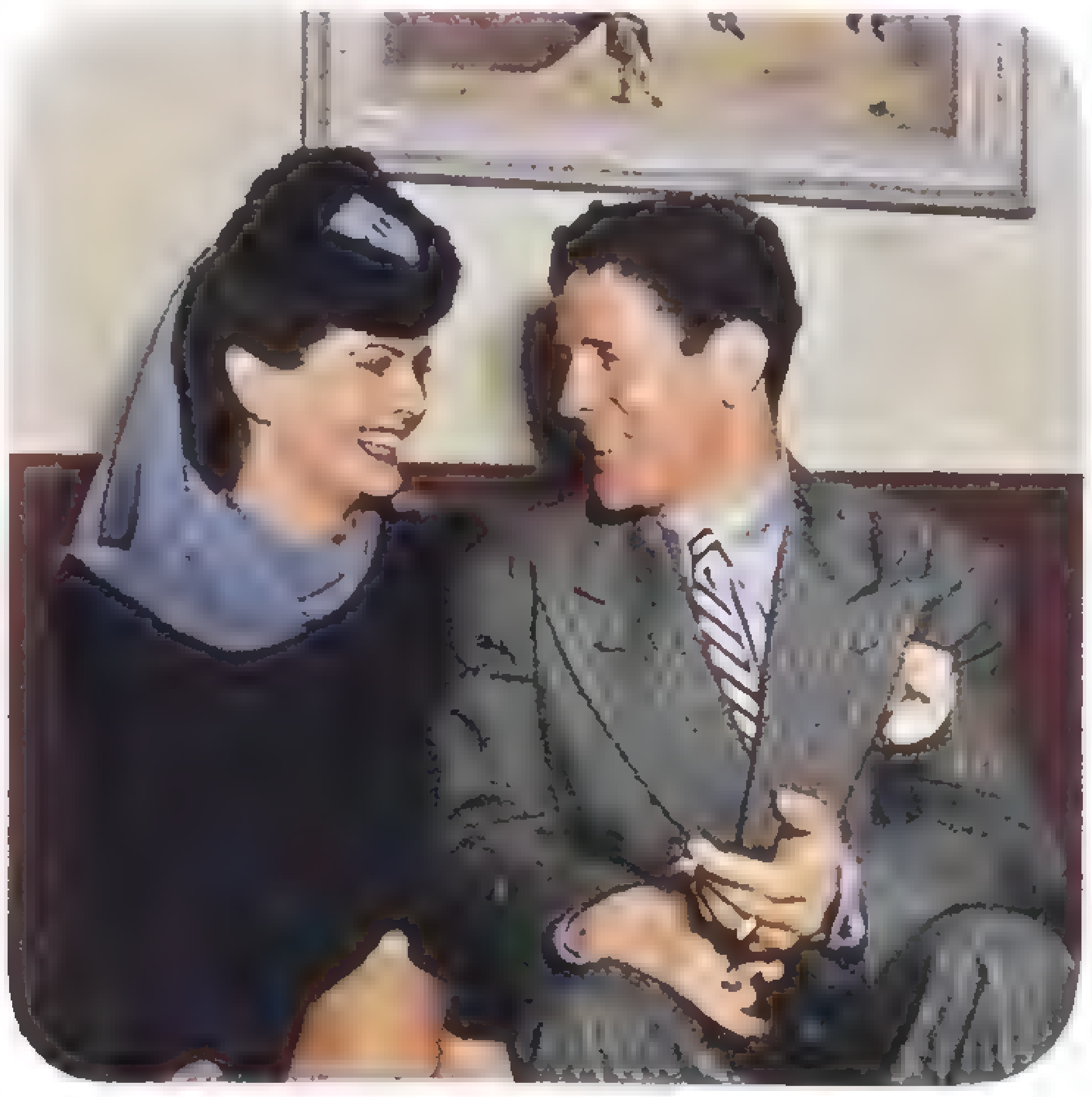
Handsomely doing their bit at a British War Relief Party: Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Marshall



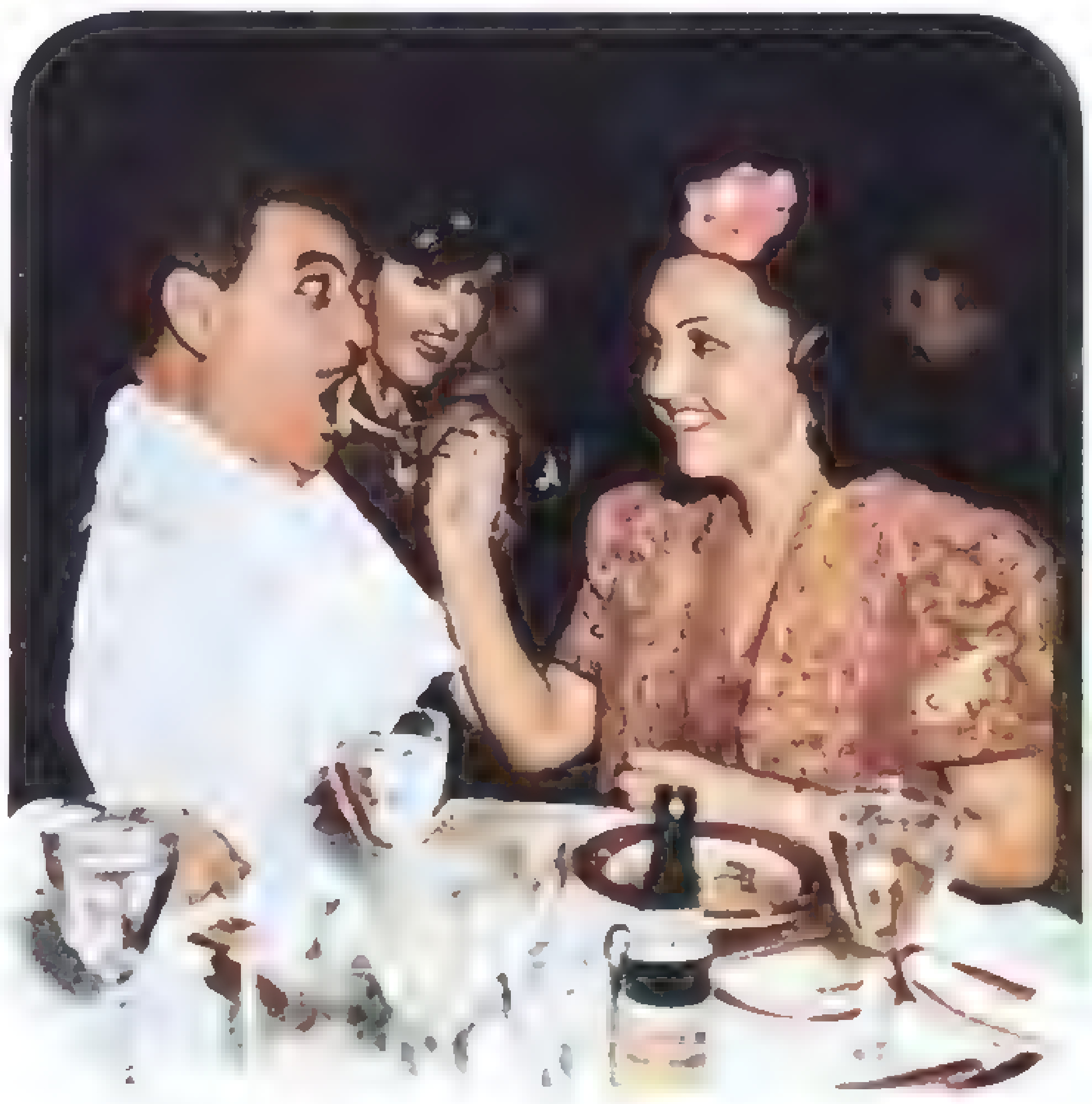
Pat (satin-shawl collared) and Mrs. O'Brien getting a bang out of Mocambo's floor show



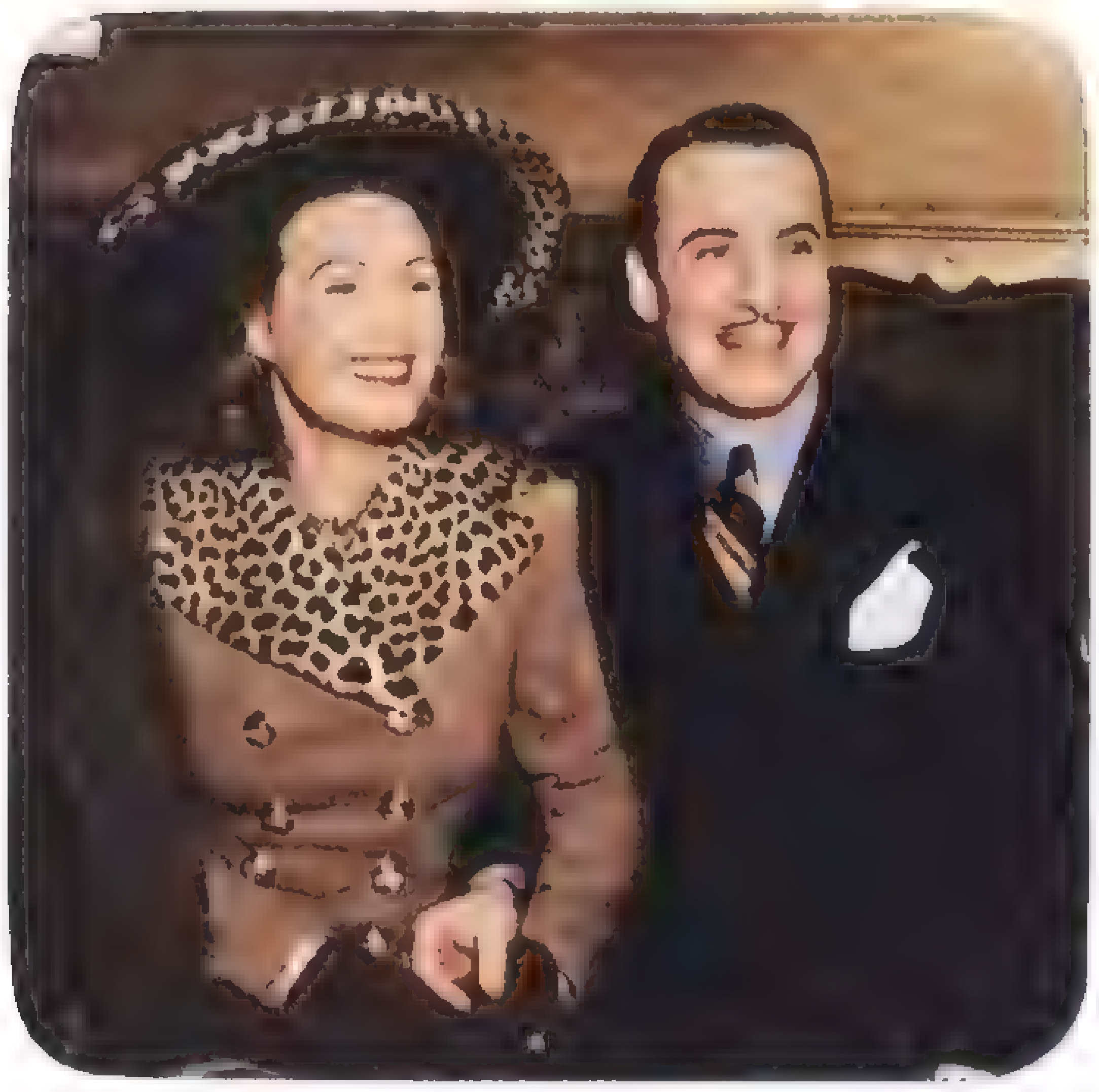
Charming Charles and Mrs. Boyer (formerly Pat Patterson) there with bells on for the B. W. R.



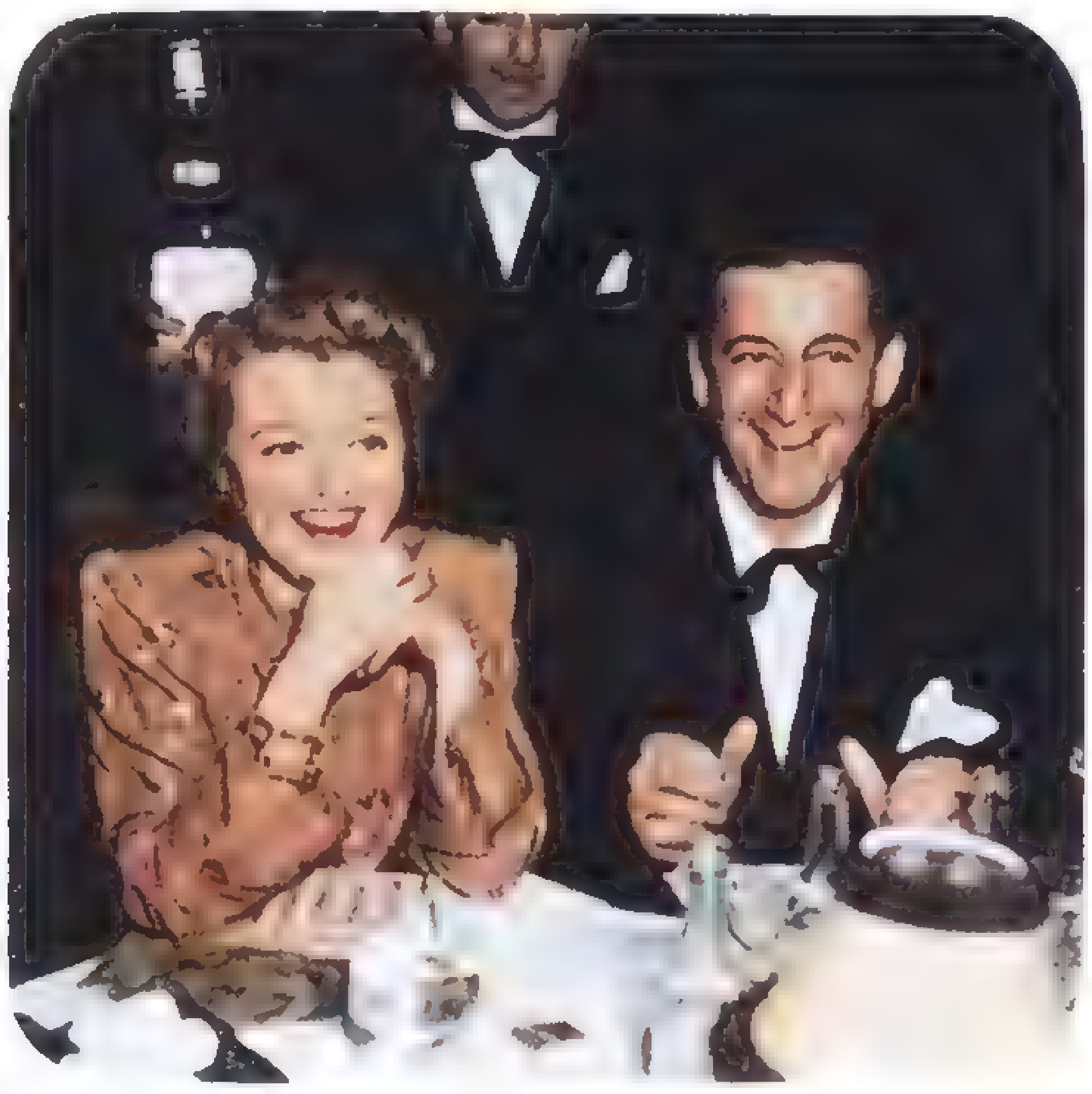
Rudy Vallee, who still seeks the perfect mate, takes inventory of amenable Rosemary Coleman



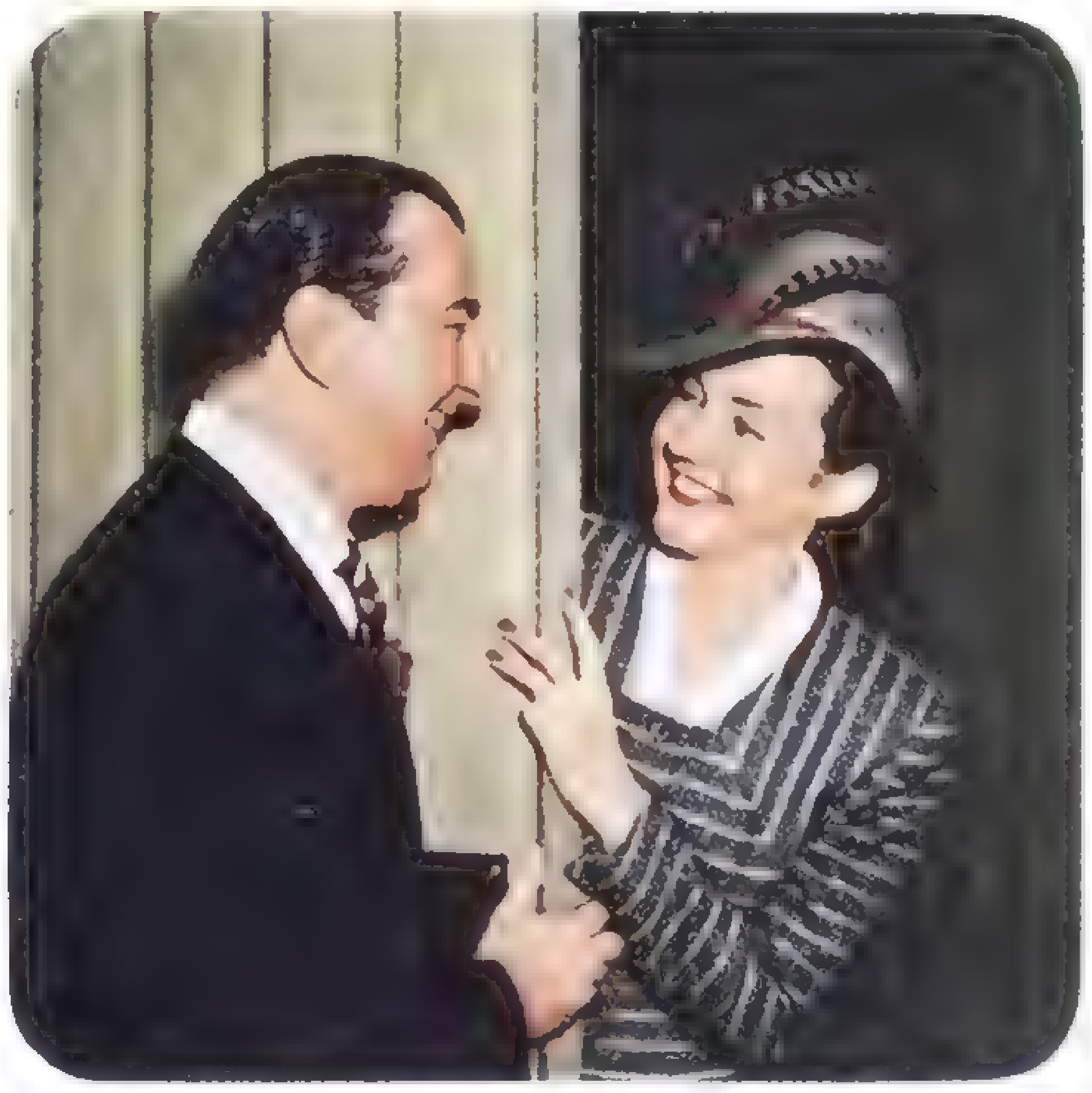
Mrs. Gilbert helping Billy render a splendid imitation of himself for the folks at Ciro's



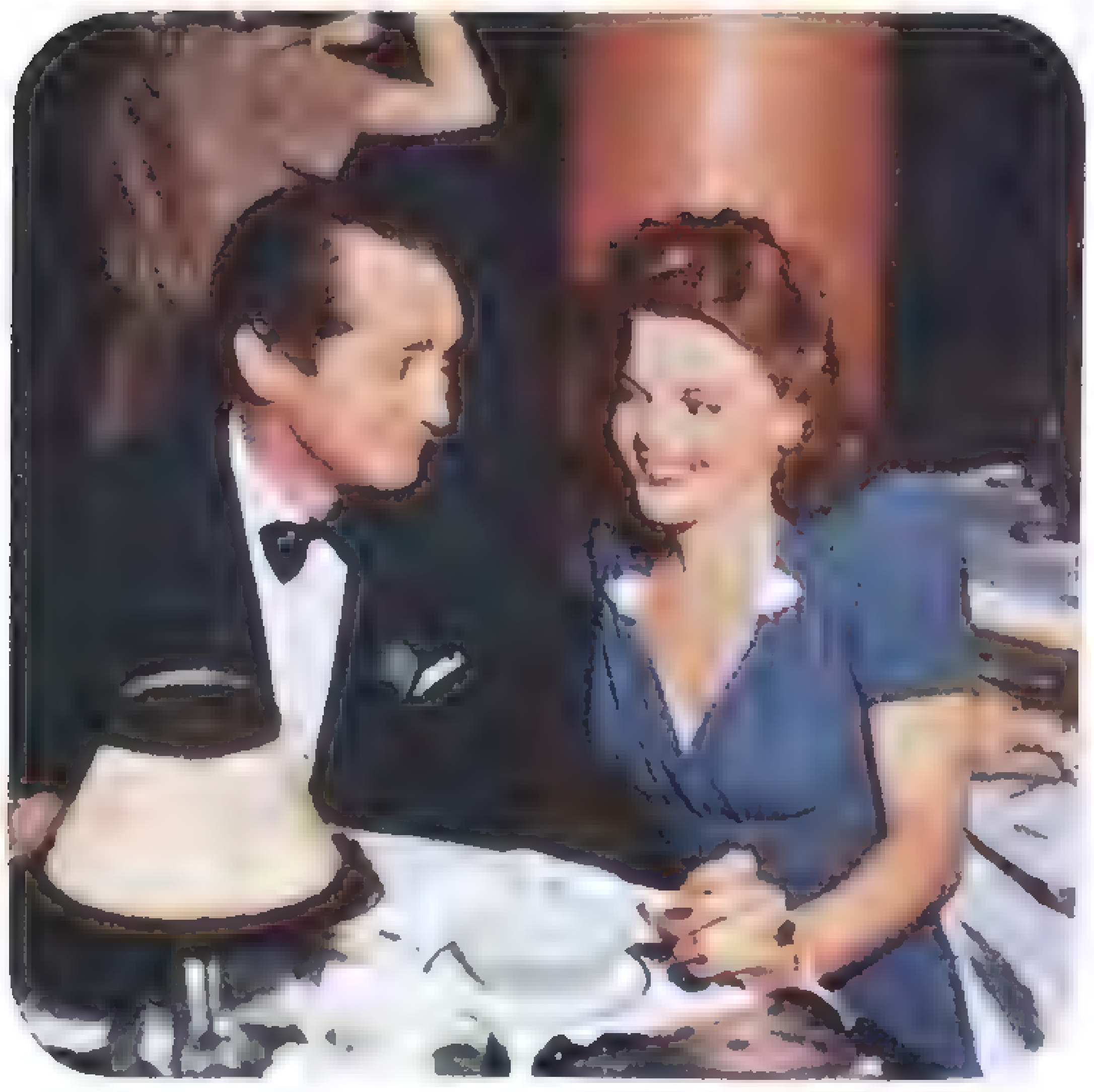
Lady in leopard is Binnie Barnes, stepping out with radio-executive husband, Mike Frankovich.



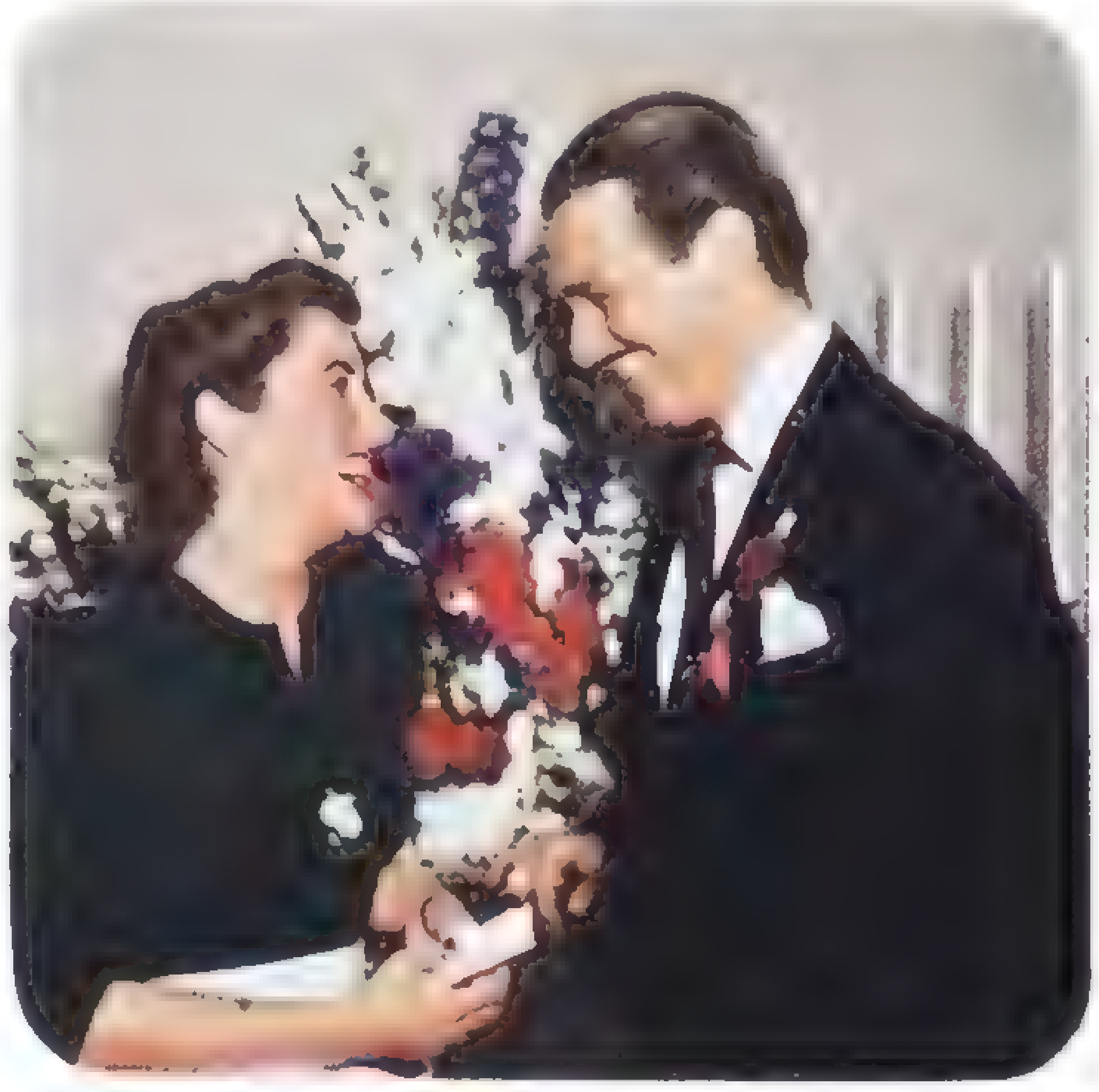
Mrs. Gilbert Adrian (nee Janet Gaynor) makes a cute model for her fashion-designer spouse



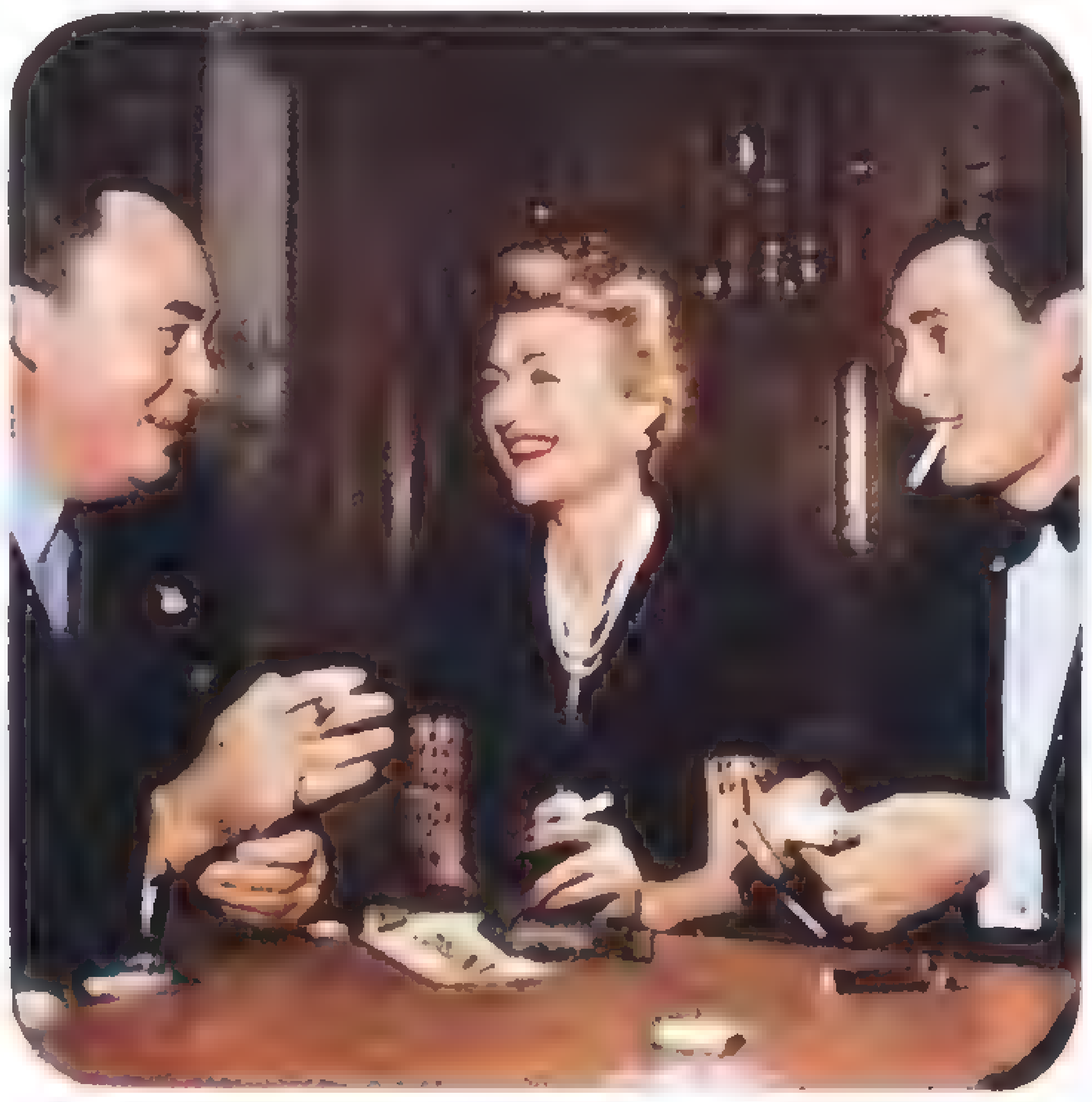
Smiling Mr. and Mrs. Walter Kane (you've known her as Lynn Bari) have a rendezvous at Ciro's



Franchot Tone with new gal f., Frances Neal Style Note: his jacket is single breasted



An old stager from the society page, young Mrs. Doug Fairbanks takes the camera in her stride



Gene Markey, Connie Bennett, Reggie Gardiner, strike a blow for Britain in Contract Bridge

Basketball or Court Game?

To restore fair play, the seamed ball and convex backboard should be dropped and a standard size for courts adopted

by NAT HOLMAN

• SPORTS •

You would think that basketball coaches, who for years have been citing undisputable statistics demonstrating that basketball is the most popular game in the world both in the number of participants and spectators, realized that basketball is a big-time sport. But too many of them do not.

In football, the gridiron and goalposts have standard dimensions, and teams can use practically the same strategy on one field as they do on another. They may change their attack and defense according to the opposition they meet. But they won't adopt a five-man line, or a seven-diamond defense because the field is forty yards wide in Chicago, for example, and sixty yards wide in Chattanooga. Briefly, tactics are determined by the make-up of the opposing *team*, not by size and shape of its playing area.

But in this respect, basketball is still small-time. It is possible, according to basketball's governing code, to play on a court varying anywhere between sixty feet and ninety-four feet in length, and thirty-five feet and fifty feet in width. Throughout the country there are many courts which vary in size and shape from one extreme to the other. And that's bad—because quite often it's the court, rather than the ability of the opposing teams, which decides the outcome of a basketball game.

Now even a casual student of basketball knows that the size of the court determines the type of strategy, and even the personnel, used by a team. A long, wide court favors a squad using a fast-break on the attack. On the defense, a long, wide court makes it more difficult to use a zone defense successfully against an accurate shooting and ball-handling team. On a large court, the coach uses players who have plenty of straightaway speed and stamina.

On a smaller court, the defense can employ a zone defense with infinitely greater chances of success. On the attack, a team must be more resourceful. The players used by the coach must be better ball-handlers, have faster reflexes, must be quicker thinkers, and have to be shiftier afoot. In this game, a 100-yard dash champ must have something besides speed to be a star.

Obviously, then, the size of the court is a very important factor in determining the outcome of any single game. Teams trained on one type of court are at a great disadvantage on another.

Last winter, Bruce Drake, coach of the University of Oklahoma quintet which played Fordham and Temple on a trip to the Eastern seaboard, was quoted as saying when he got back to Oklahoma, "We had a swell time and were treated royally. But we found our game totally unfit for the *small* 84-foot court we had to play on at Philadelphia and Madison Square Garden." (The italics are mine.) Note that what Drake calls "small," Eastern coaches think of as "large."

Taking the other side of the case. My team some seasons ago left Eastern territory on one of its trips. Before the game my boys went out to test the lighting of the court and resilience of the backboard, to take a few practice shots and a warm-up. When the team captain saw the 94-foot court, he stared in bewilderment. "What's this going to be, a basketball game or a track meet?" he wanted to know.

I am not saying that I am right and that Drake is wrong. Far from it. What I should like to see is a situation where a boy on the Pacific coast and a boy in the East, talking about basketball, are referring to the same game. Opponents in intersectional contests are not playing the same sport. What the spectators want, and what most of us coaches want, is a game in which the team that plays the better basketball wins.

The "home" team has enough of an advantage in its familiarity with the lighting, the resiliency of the backboards, and the crowd. Yet under the present code we often have games which are virtually started, not with the score "Home Team"—0; "Visitors"—0, but "Home Team"—10; "Visitors"—0. In a game between teams closely-matched in basketball ability, the court decides the issue. That is the reason why so many colleges have miraculous records at home, and sickening records on the road.

Are we playing a game in which the better basketball team wins? Or are we going to let the court decide the result of a contest? Basketball or court game? Which shall it be?

I vote for basketball.

But that's not all; far from it. This lack of standardization in the governing code is a temptation to coaches. By using equipment which is optional, but not used by opponents, the "home" team gets an even greater advantage, and again it is the court rather than the basketball displayed which decides the game's outcome.

For instance, this year it has been made optional to use, instead of the rectangular bank which has been standard for years, a peculiarly-curved backboard. Streamlining, its proponents call it. It makes the game more interesting, they say. Improves it. Doesn't block so much of the view of spectators seated behind the backboards.

Maybe so. But if that is the only reason for urging the adoption of these alterations why do we see advertisements in certain athletic journals read by coaches and graduate managers which make no bones about the unfairness to your opponent by installing them.

"Teams without benefit of practice with the new equipment will be 'blitzkrieged'," says one advertisement. And it continues, "Teams winning basketball laurels this season

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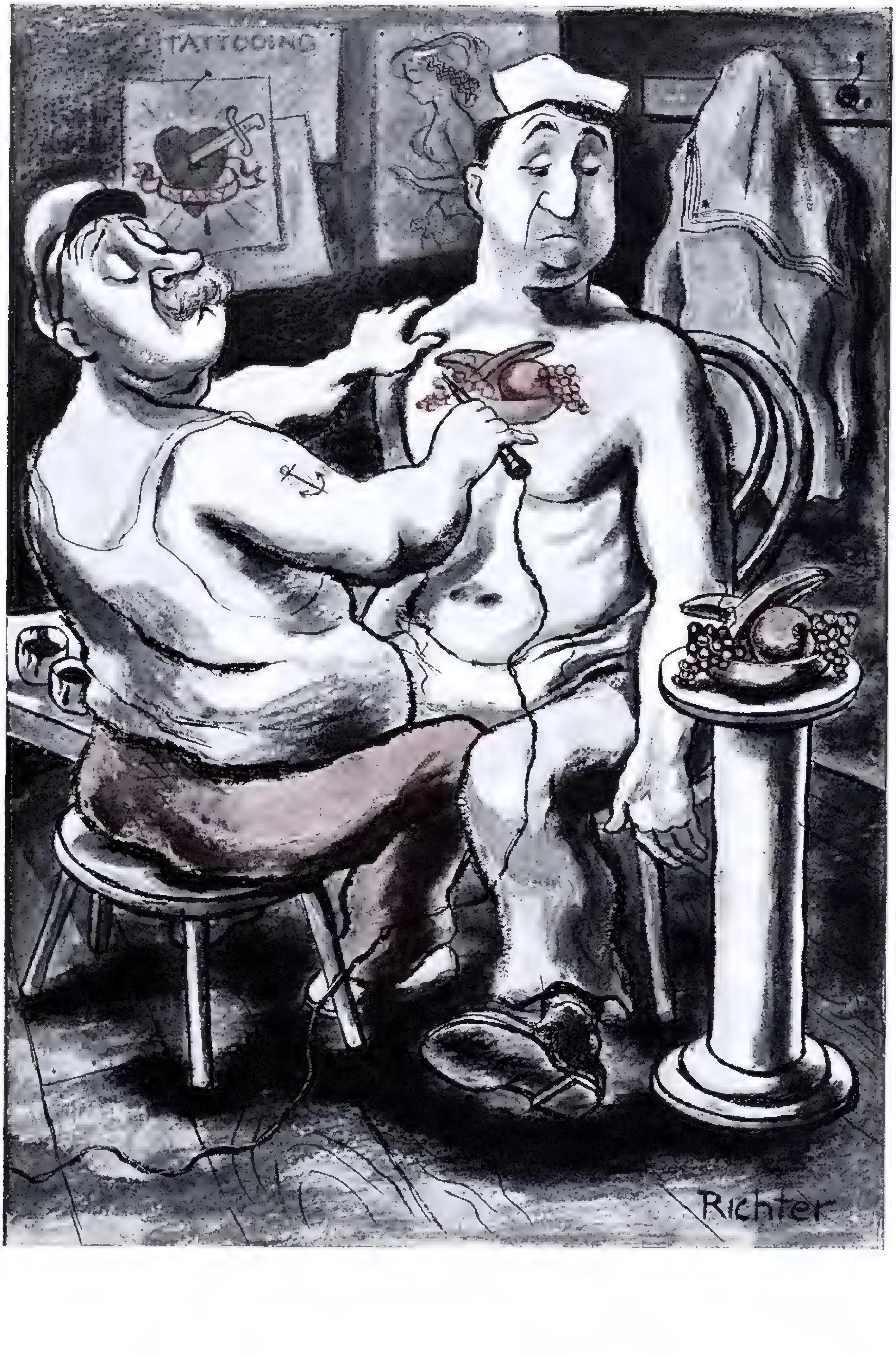
TATTOOING
Richter

The Black Hand Terror

Recalling the fantastic reign of the Mafia, a Sicilian gang that made money through murder

ANONYMOUS

ARTICLE

Old men sunning themselves in squalid doorways in Little Italy, mumbling gently in their beards about bygone days when violence meant power—today their memories are all that is left of the dread Black Hand. A new generation has grown up that either never heard of this secret outlaw society or scoffs at it as an old man's myth.

Yet twenty or thirty years ago, it was far from a myth. It was the first and last gang to make big business out of simple terrorism, extortion and murder. It cast its dread shadow over Chicago's Gold Coast. It controlled labor unions. It bombed and shot and stabbed wantonly. It bought and sold elections. It was the forerunner of the syndicates of the Capones, Nittis and Torrios; from it, they learned the tricks of their trade.

Why is the Black Hand dead today? Where did it come from, and what happened to it? Was it shouldered aside, and what succeeded it? Why is it today only a vague legend in a faded Sunday supplement? In the days of its power, there never had been anything like it; before it is forgotten completely, its history should be preserved, for it wrote a bloody, colorful, melodramatic chapter in the story of America.

Twenty years ago a shadowy figure fled into the darkness from Milton and Oak Streets—"Death Corner" in Chicago's Little Italy—leaving behind him a hissing fuse that erupted in a moment into a crimson volcano of death and destruction.

It was the Sicilian ancestors of that killer in Little Hell who founded the Black Hand—founded it as the Mafia, a patriotic society organized to protect the homeland. A handful of frightened peasants met in an olive grove on a sloping hillside in Sicily and, in desperation, banded together to resist the ravages of absentee landlords from across the seas.

There is no definite date for the founding of the Mafia. It sprang from the melancholy and the discontent of the Sicilian mind—characteristics which owed their origin to the turbulent history of the little island.

And no history has been more turbulent. In the beginning, the Sicani tribes were devoured by the Greeks, the Carthaginians and the Romans. These peoples in turn were swallowed by the invading Arabs, Saracens and Normans. Then came the Teutons, the French, the Spanish and even the British.

Buffeted about by conquerors, the native Sicilians developed a feeling of inferiority—became bitter and pessimistic and sullen. Then when those conquerors ruled with rapacious hands, bleeding the island of its cattle and crops and money, the Sicilians grew to distrust and resent orderly government. They nourished a smoldering hatred of authority.

It was during the reign of the Saracens that the frightened serfs formed their society, the Mafia. The word originally meant a pert, cocky individual; what false bravado the little peasants must have summoned to choose it.

At first it was a nebulous group, composed mainly of the downtrodden who struggled to cling to the little property they had wrung from the soil. Gradually, they developed a secret code cypher for written communication; in time, they built a picturesque vocabulary of their own, so that old words took on new meaning. Thus, to the *Mafiosi*, *u statau* (he blew out the candle) came to mean "he killed him"; *serenata* (an evening's entertainment) became "a drawing of knives"; *ballare* (to dance) meant "to fight." The vivid, colorful imaginations of the Sicilians is evidenced in the phrases.

As the group became more tightly knit, it became more powerful. And as it grew in power, its leaders began to realize what potentialities it held. Organized in opposition to the established order—a forerunner of anarchism—it gradually became an outlaw band, preying on the citizens of the island who lived within the laws.

Through the years of its development, the Mafia changed from a patriotic society into a terroristic gang. It specialized, even during the reign of the Bourbons, in cattle theft, blackmail, road robbery, and murder. Spreading vertically through Sicilian society, it came to include as members not only the underprivileged farmer but also the feudal baron, the grandee, the powerful politico. Immunity from prosecution was gained through the politically potent members.

Immunity was gained too through the *Omertà*—the conspiracy of silence. This became a part of the code of the *Mafiosi*. Later the word *omertà* became translated into the American, "I won't talk." And there were other projections into the twentieth century from the ancient code of the *Mafiosi*—complete loyalty to the leader, no recourse to legal solutions of disputes, vengeance carried ruthlessly even beyond prison walls to the last member of the opposing gang faction, death, the penalty for rule violation. The Capones were not original.

As the Mafia spread throughout all Italy, a kindred organization, the Camorra, sprang up in Naples. Of it, more later.

Gaining in power until it held the country in a grip of terror, the Mafia became the target for government prosecution. But so tightly knit and so well organized was the gang that conqueror after conqueror failed in efforts to suppress it. Not until 1902 was an important conviction obtained. In that year, the government convicted Baron Palizzolo, a member of the National Legislature by day and a sinister Mafia leader by night, of the murder of the Marquis Notarlartolo by transferring the trial to northern Italy. Note the prefix to the name of this notorious Mafia

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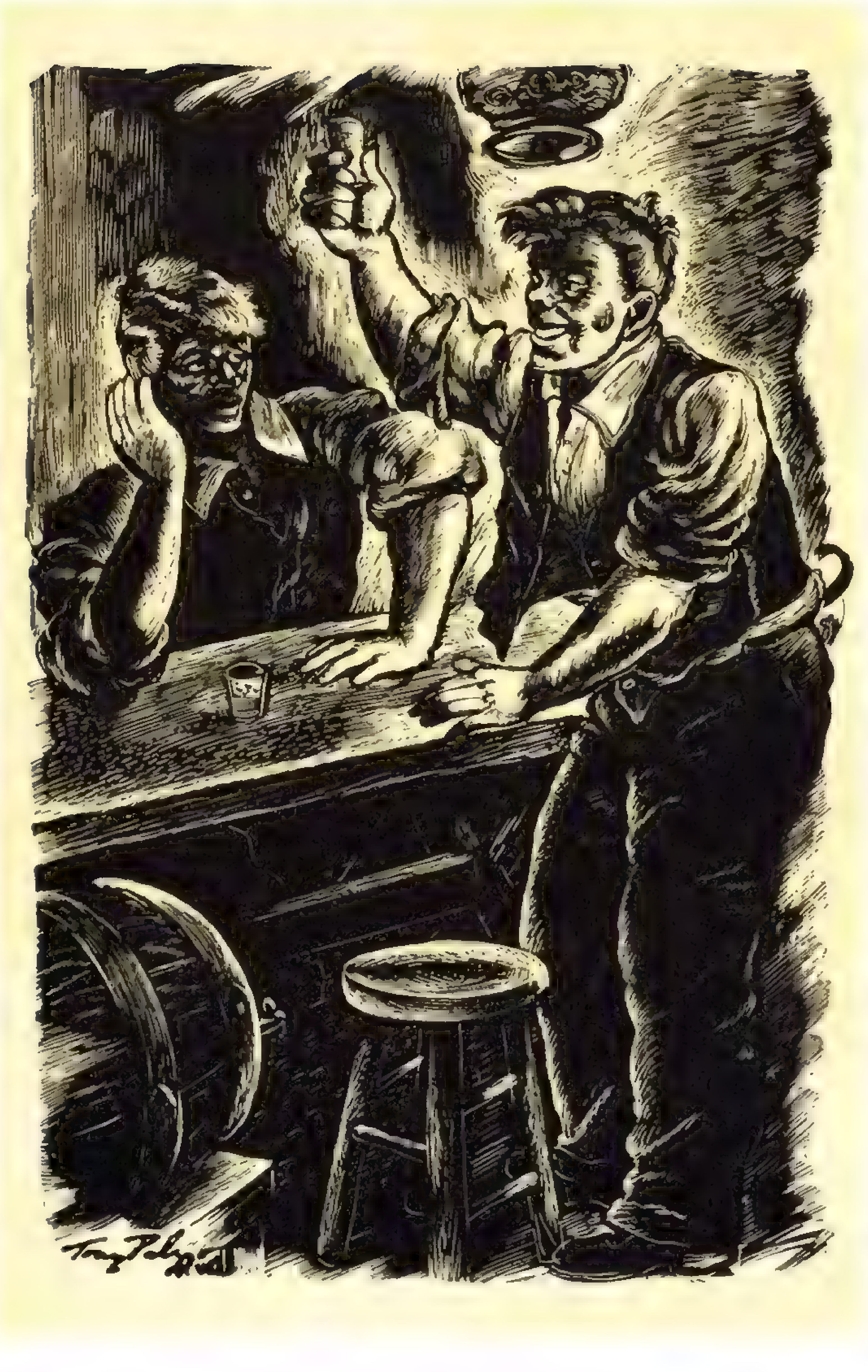
"Maybe one of us ain't supposed to be here!"

Breath in the Afternoon

The reunion was strictly for the Bourne family until Uncle Jeff Coongate got wind of free whiskey

by EDMUND WARE

▪ FICTION ▪



One hundred and seven members of the Bourne family were assembled in the pine grove on the lake shore near the hamlet of Privilege. From the surrounding wilderness, from isolated farms and lumber camps, they had come afoot, by buckboard, canoe and pulp truck to eat one another's pastry, bread and beans, to compare one another's failures and successes, to see how the children had grown, and who was married, pregnant, dead, or in jail.

If old Sarah Bourne had suspected there was to be a keg of whiskey at the reunion, she would not have coaxed her husband into attending. Here against his will, Zack Bourne was in a position to make the most of the whiskey and blame Sarah for the consequences. The arrival of Uncle Jeff Coongate, the one-eyed poacher of Privilege, doubly darkened the day for Sarah. Zack and Jeff were inseparable cronies. In combination with a full keg of corn whiskey, their limit was unknown.

Though the reunion was strictly for members of the Bourne family, Uncle Jeff, hearing news of free whiskey, had appeared in the pine grove at the appointed hour, claiming relationship through some obscure cousins, and inquiring the location of the refreshment. He found it near Zack.

"You Zack!" hissed Sarah, as her husband and the one-eyed poacher made their seventh journey to the keg, "and you Jeff Coongate! Do you keep away from that!"

"Didn't want to come down here in the first place," said Zack. "You drug me right into it, honey."

"We ain't had only a little," said Uncle Jeff, his eye rolling damply.

"Seven times!" said Sarah. "Seven times I seen you two hoverin' at that keg! Shame to you, Zack Bourne. Supposin' Mr. Usher was to come up unexpected, an' you smellin' this way. What would he think?"

Mr. Usher was Zack Bourne's revered employer. He owned the remote cabins on Mopang Lake where Zack and Sarah lived as caretakers. Two or three times a year Mr. Usher came up from Boston for the hunting and fishing.

"What would he think?" said Zack, glowering at Sarah. "Why, only las' night you told me 'twas all right to leave for two-three days, 'cause it's August, an' there ain't no chance of his comin'. Now, by God, you turn right 'round an' threaten me off the whiskey keg, claimin' he might appear at me like a dang ghost!"

"Woman's way," sighed the one-eyed poacher darkly.

"Won't you jest eat a little somethin'?" begged Sarah, thinking that food might check the onslaughts on the keg. "Can't I fetch you both a dish of beans, an' some pie?"

"Eat now? An' spoil my good feelin'?"

"But you'll both feel desprit tomorrow. You know you will."

The Bourne hangovers were the criterion of torture in the lake country, but Zack, patting Sarah's shoulder tenderly, said: "There, now, honey. Don't fret. Jeff's comin' up lake with us tomorrow to stay a while, an' he's got a new hangover cure. A fisherman told him 'bout it. Drink by the name of—of—"

"Thomas Collins," supplied Uncle Jeff. "You take an' mash the juice out of a lemon, an' you put in sugar, an' about a half-pint dipper of Old Blow-Torch gin, an' you ram the glass full of ice, if you got any, an' then you charge her to the nozzil with fizzin' water. In hot weather, they claim it'll—"

Zack, who had sighted another of the drinking Bournes, cried: "If there ain't old Doug! Come on, Doug. Step right up. Let's you an' me an' Jeff have one together!"

No match for the masculine spirit of rum and reunion, Sarah went off to seek sympathy from her own sex. Sarah was proud of her husband, and anxious that he conduct himself with dignity. Zack's job as caretaker for Mr. Usher was the envy of all the Bournes. Mr. Usher was gentle, kind and fair. He gave steady work and steady pay, and everyone respected him. Sarah grew tearfully apprehensive as she talked to her sister-in-law, Jennie, who had married Zack Bourne's brother, Amos.

"Why do they drink such a lot of whiskey?" Sarah wailed.

"There, there, dear," said Jennie. "No one knows, least of all them that drinks it. Only a month ago, my Amos come home slanted like a billygoat. Fell into the kitchen, an' kicked the door to with his foot. Laid there lookin' up into my eyes, an' says: 'Jen, here I am—an' damn' if you understan' it, an' damn' if I do, either.' "

"But what if Mr. Usher *did* jest happen to come," said Sarah, imagining the worst, as she saw Zack steering toward the keg again. "He's so refined, an' nice. An' him an' Zack so fond of each other. Zack couldn't never get another job at his age."

Someone beat on an iron washtub, announcing supper. Tables and benches of rough-sawn planks were piled with layer cakes, pies, pots of beans, preserves and sweets. All rushed for places—all, that is, save the handful of drinking Bournes, who, rocking and swaying, remained faithful to the keg.

Sarah noted that the end was near. Zack and the one-eyed poacher had begun to peer at each other in the vast, dim understanding of whiskey. She didn't know whether they would burst into song, blasphemy or battle. They shook hands lingeringly and often. They thumped shoulders, and congratulated one another without cause.

There was a grandness in their gestures, a vision in their words, and a general effect of horizons. At times they put out their hands in order to brace themselves against trees which were non-existent, or far out of their reach.

"Zack," stated the one-eyed poacher, trembling with sincerity, "I want to say right now, for all to hear, that you're the best goddam friend any man ever had in the whole world."

Zack, in perfect accord with Uncle Jeff's opinion, said: "Any little thing you wanted, if I had it, or if I could steal it some place, I'd give it to you. So help me!"

They were preparing to drink a series of toasts to the beauty and durability of their friendship, when Sarah came over with two plates of green apple pie. If she could only get some food into them, they would wander off under the trees and fall asleep. But they declined the apple pie with stupendous courtesy.

"Then ain't it time you quit, Zack?" Sarah wheedled.

"Not qui' shet, honey. Stay right here beside us. Me an' Jeff want you with us. Don't we Jeff? All have a drink together—drink to Mr. Usher. Won'ful man."

"Won'ful man," echoed the one-eyed poacher.

Sarah shook her head in despair, as Zack and Uncle Jeff drank to Mr. Usher, and to several of his friends, individually. "Go through hell for Mist-Usha," said Zack, dragging the back of his wrist across his lips. "Cut my throat for him, if he jest ast me to, an' I had a knife handy—cut her ear-a-ear, by God!"

"Won'ful man," mumbled Uncle Jeff, leaning against an imaginary tree, and settling gently into the soft moss.

"I wish he could see you both right now!" snapped Sarah.

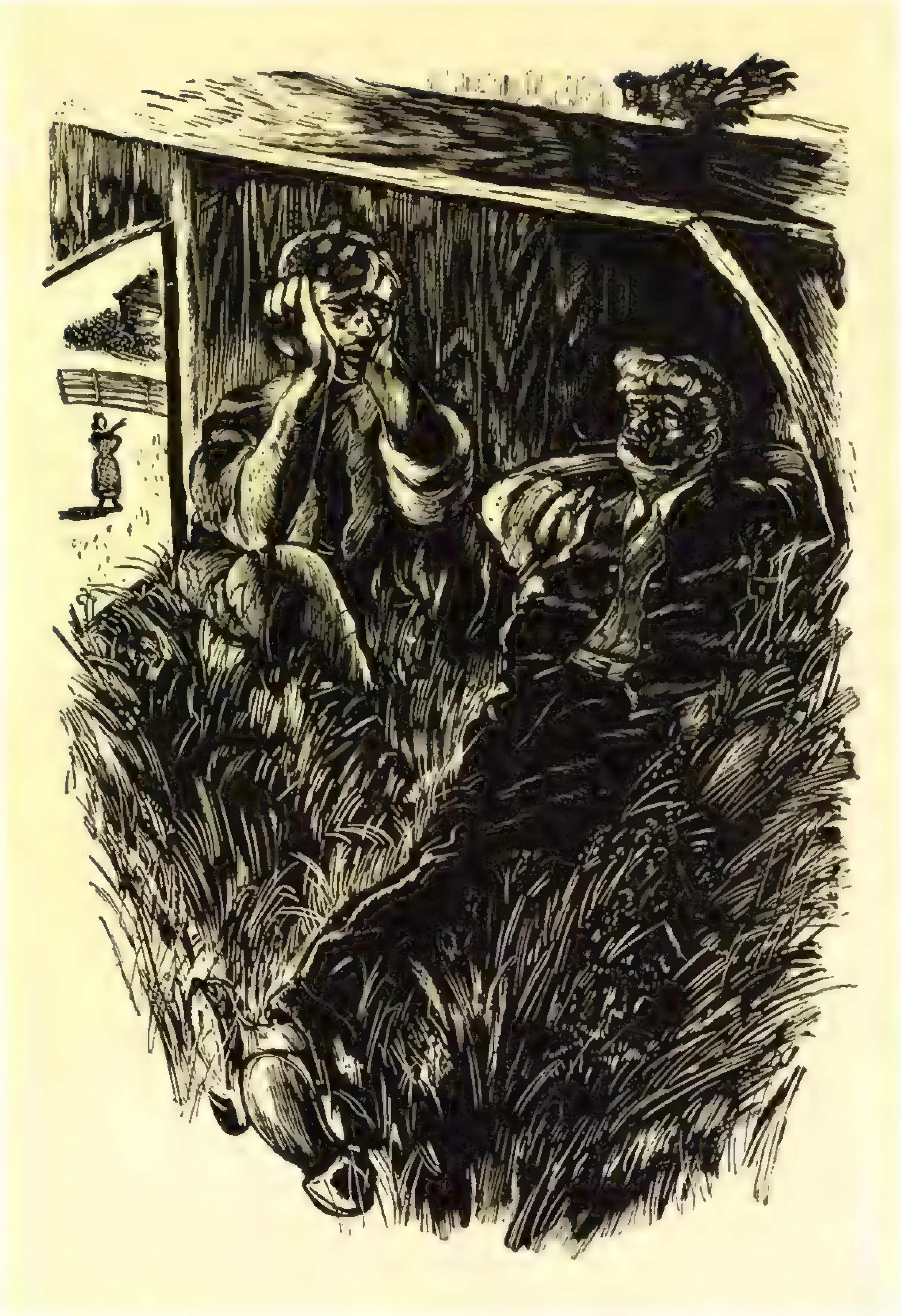
"Can't see us now, swee'art," muttered Zack. "Ain't here," he added, enlighteningly.

"Oh, Zack! You're gettin' that fish-eyed look!"

"Perf'ly all right, swee'art," said Zack, resting both elbows on an absentee fence rail, and easing forward on his face.

Zack's last thought, prior to oblivion, was of preparedness for the fires of morning. Laboriously shoving his hand across the moss, he prodded his prostrate friend. "Jeff, you sure you got that hangover stuff hid good? That Thomas Collinstuff?"

Uncle Jeff Coongate moved like something not quite dead. He brushed dreamily at a detachment of black ants which crawled to and fro in the wrinkles of his neck. "I got her all safe—in my knapsack. All safe." Lifting his head a little, the old man's eye was attracted by the bright colors of the costumes of some of the younger girls over at the tables. "Silk pajamas," he muttered disapprovingly. "Girls in silk pajamas. Immorill! Don' know what the younger generation's comin' to!"



In the cool of the evening, when folks were packing their baskets to depart, a volunteer crew put Zack Bourne and the one-eyed poacher to bed in the haymow in Jumbo Tethergood's barn beside the lake. . . .

The awakening began about eight in the morning, and as the minutes passed, it grew more and more abrasive. Dreaming of a spring from which flowed unending Tom Collinses, the one-eyed poacher merged into the first stages of consciousness. He was under the impression it was raining; but, on opening his one eye, he discovered that he had rolled some little distance during the night and fetched up under a beam where chickens had been roosting.

Zack Bourne, hearing a metallic clinking sound, thought he was a boy again down on the coast. It was a foggy morning, and the can-buoys were clinking in the tide rip. He next attributed the tinkling to ice in a tall glass. Then, fully and frightfully awake, he looked from the hayloft window to the shore of the lake. The tinkling, he saw, was caused by empty beer cans knocking against shore in the tiny waves of morning.

"How you feel, Zack?" croaked Jeff.

Comrades in hell as in happiness, the two old-timers compared their symptoms.

"There's a dozen little red men filin' my eyeballs," said Zack, "with a rusty file."

"I got the cutter bar of a mowin' machine stuck in my throat," the one-eyed poacher announced. "She's red hot, an' half way down. Can't swallow her, nor can't spit her up."

"Is she mowin', Jeff?"

"Jest commencin'. The blades is jest chatterin' a mite. How's your belly feel, Zack?"

Zack moaned, rolled over, and stood up. "Did I eat an anvil any time yesterday?" he asked, fearfully.

"No."

"Well, I got one in my paunch, somehow. Where's that hangover stuff, Jeff?"

Uncle Jeff crawled across the hay to his knapsack. He unstrapped the flap, started to open the pack, and stopped short. "I don't dast look," he said, shakenly. "Someone might of stole it. I couldn't stand the shock."

At the mere thought of the precious materials being stolen, the anvil in Zack's stomach multiplied into a small but active drop-forging plant. "Shut your eye," he said huskily, "an' jest feel inside with your hands."

"She's here!" exulted Uncle Jeff. "All here—lemons, sugar, gin, fizzin' water—all but the ice. I got a couple empty tin cans for us to drink out of."

The prospect brought life to Zack. He climbed down the haymow ladder to the floor of the barn. He sneaked out back to Tethergood's ice house, got a small piece of ice, washed the sawdust from it in the lake, and returned. He found Uncle Jeff, sitting dejectedly on a crate, the Tom Collins materials around him.

"Git that gin poured," said Zack impatiently.

Uncle Jeff's eye was watering with misery. "I can't pour it! Hand shakes like a chicken's foot in the mud."

Zack attempted to do the pouring, but the sound of the bottle, rattling against the edge of the tin can, was too hard on his nerves. They finally made it by holding the bottle against the wall, and turning it downward over the cans.

"Does a man get relief right away from this here medicine?" inquired Zack, adding lemon juice and sugar.

"This salmon fisherman told me it's praticky instantaneous, if you use enough gin," said the one-eyed poacher.

The addition of ice made the rime gather on the cans. They stirred cautiously with splinters pulled from the crate. Their lips twitched, and their throats worked in anticipation of the first, long, cooling swallows. They had used nearly a half-pint of gin for each can.

"She's ready!" croaked Uncle Jeff, sucking his splinter and tossing it away without further ado.

Each sufferer grasped his can in both hands for steadiness. They looked at one another over the rims, each frightened by the woe in the other's face. And they had barely made contact between cup and lip, when they

Continued in center of page 141

Samaritans of the Snow

The National Ski Patrol donates its time and services, prevents accidents, administers first aid

by JOHN R. TUNIS

▪ARTICLE▪

ON March 31st, 1940, two inexperienced skiers left Timberline Lodge on Mount Hood, Oregon, at 1:30 A. M. to climb the summit. Five hours later it began to snow. They reached Triangle Moraine (9,300 ft.) at eight the next morning. By this time the temperature had dropped to 14 and the wind was blowing fiercely.

Meanwhile the boys round the big fireplace in the Lodge below were worried. More so as the day wore on and the climbers did not appear. The storm increased. Soon a blizzard shrouded the mountain top. At four that afternoon someone discovered their unoccupied car in the parking place outside the Lodge. A searching party under Ralph Weise, President of the Mount Hood Ski Patrol, was immediately organized.

Within an hour 100 patrolmen on skis were out in groups; the best skiers going high on the mountain, others combing the lower timber. Here's the actual report of one patrol that went out that afternoon and the next day. "Left Upper Terminus at 7:10 A. M. for summit. Reached Upper Terminus again at 5:55 P. M. Reached Lodge at 6:45 P. M. Wind strong. Believed boys blown off north wall."

Yet nobody quit. All that day patrols scoured the slopes. And the next. And the next, too, in icy weather, on a windswept mountain top. Finally one climber was discovered frozen to death. Soon after his companion was found, completely snowblind. He was brought to safety and later recovered.

Skiing is developing in a fantastic manner. It's the fastest growing sport in the United States today. Every winter thousands of novices, young and old, take a couple of lessons and dash down trails that should be attempted only by experts. Your boy isn't permitted to play football without a medical examination, and even then he plays under supervision. Yet anyone can strap on a pair of skis and shoot downhill, often at greater risk than if he were on a football gridiron.

Skiing accidents are therefore on the increase because all the time more people are skiing. When a beginner who starts with nothing but a prayer and a little advice from an older skier goes down a difficult slope, chances are he'll get out of control. If he gets out of control the chances are he'll fall and end up with a broken leg. Statistics of the National Ski Association show 70 per cent of all skiing accidents happen during a skier's first two seasons. Orthopedic surgeons agree that injuries as a rule happen to novices. These injuries can be serious. Skiers have punctured their lungs, fractured their skulls, and broken their backs through carelessness on trails. Who's going to look out for them, educate them in safe skiing, apply splints in case of need, and haul them to safety and medical attention? Answer: The Ski Patrol.

What is the Ski Patrol?

The Ski Patrol, or to give it the full name, the National Ski Patrol System, is simply the Golden Rule on skis. It is an organization of experienced skiers who are not paid, who devote their time and services to the interest of safer skiing.

With mobs of beginners on skis, especially in the vast areas of our national forests in the west—Colorado alone has 1,000,000 acres—someone must patrol these regions. There are only a handful of Forest Rangers. So this voluntary organization, the Ski Patrol, is tackling the job.

You'll recognize the Ski Patrolman by the arm badge he wears. Their little orange triangle will be seen on the Berthoud Pass above Denver, on the White Mountains in New Hampshire, among the Sierras near Flagstaff, Arizona, and on the side of Mount Rainier in Washington. These men are members of the Ski Patrol. Their job isn't to arrest people or act as policemen, but to prevent accidents and be ready to help when one takes place. They are simply skiers, just like the rest of us, who miss a day's fun on the slopes merely to help others in trouble.

The necessity for some such organization came to Charles M. Dole, a prominent member of the National Ski Association, about five years ago. Skiing with friends in Vermont, he fell and broke his leg badly. No one knew what to do, and finally he hobbled down to a hospital where the leg was in such condition that the surgeon refused to take the responsibility of setting it. Dole then had a twelve hour ride to New York in great agony before he could get assistance. The result was fifteen weeks in a cast. And you think you have trouble!

Now while in the hospital, another friend struck a snag on the same place, tumbled and busted his leg in five places.

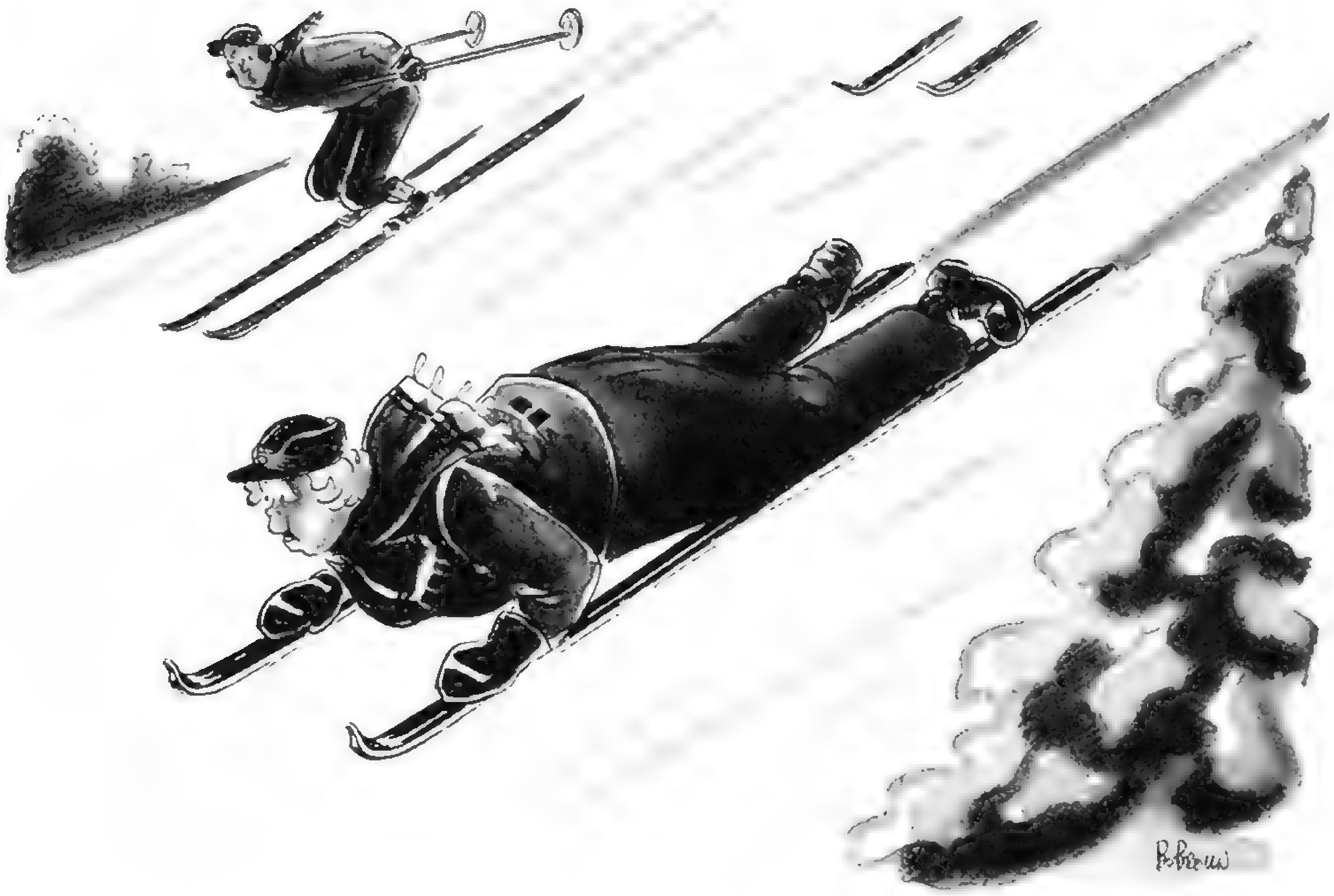
This man, however, had always dabbled in First Aid. So lying in the snow he was able to tell his companions what to do; how to make a Thomas splint out of ski poles and how to apply traction on the leg. At last he was hauled away to the hospital. There the surgeons were amazed. First Aid intelligently applied on the scene of the accident had set a serious spiral fracture, eliminating the myriad complications arising from injury due to transportation under difficult conditions down the mountainside.

First Aid applied on the spot would have cut his hospitalization in half, and Dole learning of this was convinced of the necessity of some sort of a patrol. He started the Ski Patrol in 1939. Now in its third season it has almost 3,000 active members, and is growing rapidly. Wherever skiing is popular, from Prescott, Arizona to Juneau, Alaska, and as far east as Maine, you'll find local units of the Ski Patrol today. There is also a group of

Will Johnson

"Miss Elliot, may I present Mr. Whipple"

Continued on page 132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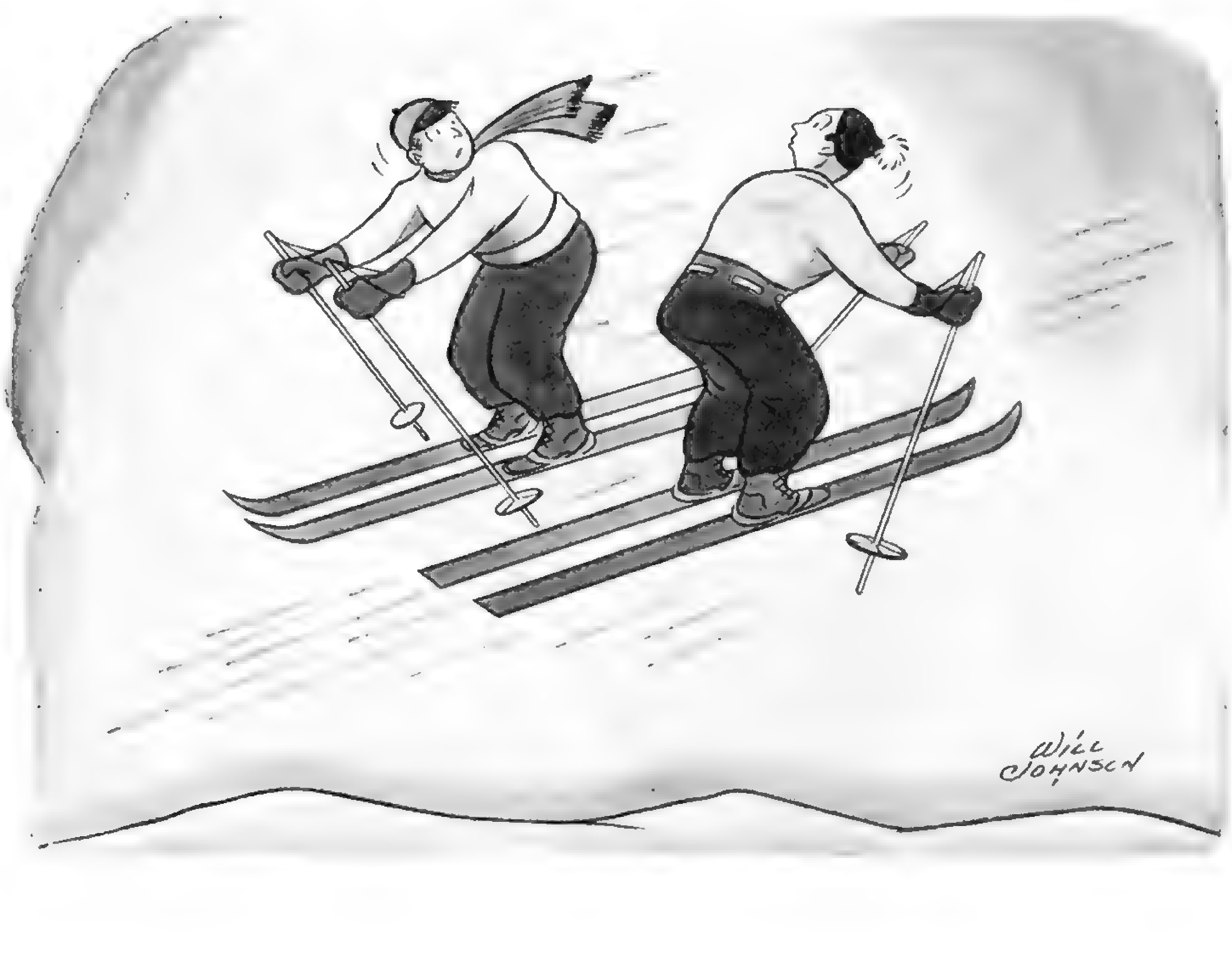

Will Johnson

Retreat from the Undecorated Age

It's a choice of rotten apples, whether design goes "quaint" or so falls in love with itself it forgets to be functional

by GILBERT SELDES

▪ THE LIVELY ARTS ▪

I NOTICE a few returns to nature which may mean nothing at all, but—given peace, prosperity, and the average amount of human foolishness—may be entertaining.

First, the cinematic peepshow is back. Go down to Asbury Park, or your nearest moderate-cost shore resort, and you will probably find a penny arcade, including some old penny-in-the-slot movie machines. Go into your nearest high class bar and there will probably be the latest nickel-or-dime-in-the-slot movie machine. Progress.

Second, men wear watch chains when dressed for the evening. Also, damn fancy cuff links.

Third, as noted before, silent pictures are being shown.

Fourth, modern design in furniture is getting mighty pretty.

Maybe that's enough. I was re-reading David Cohn's *The Good Old Days*—the book about the mail-order catalogue—and saw pictures of various watch chains; and I remembered the flexible round chains men are always looping into their right trouser pocket these nights, and I thought maybe the old designs weren't so terrible.

I also thought it might be worth recording one thing—and recording it hard. The most corrupt designs were not necessarily in the cheaper goods; the worst designs were not those made in defiance of art—far more likely they *were* art.

Here is a 1905 clock: "marvelized imitation onyx case . . . surmounted by a handsome bronze figure above lion-head bronze ornaments, heavy bronze panel, and center ornaments, and handsome mosaic dial in heavy gilt."

That weighed twenty-five pounds and cost $5.55. It sounds horrible, and you probably can recall how it looked. But in 1930 or so I saw in Cartier's window in Paris a monstrous clock which cost nearer $500 because it was made of real onyx and solid gold and remnants of marble, varicolored and veined, and encrusted with semiprecious stones, with an almost entirely illegible dial.

Now consider the ordinary alarm clock. The old ones were too heavy with gong and ring; but they were useful in two ways: you could tell time by them and they woke you up. The 1941 alarm clock is better in both respects: usually it is made so that the dial is cleaner, the figures more legible; and the alarm wakes you just as firmly, but more gently, by way of an invisible gong. There you have the genuine, necessary, reasonable development of design.

But take the 1941 motor car (one particular make, which I shall not name). Its dashboard is very modern, much of it made of some plastic which snaps very easily. All the important gauges and fittings are rectangular. The needle for the battery indicator falls on a minute green ground, with other colors beside it; but because the dial has been twisted out of shape, you never can see whether the needle is on green or not. The speedometer is a narrow tape, about 8″x1½″; and the indicator falls slanting across all of the speeds except 40 miles, which is in the center, and is struck straight. If you're driving between 50 and 60 the needle is at such an angle that you have to slow down before you can see your speed. And the obvious fact has been forgotten: that you are interested only in *one* figure—the speed at which you are driving. The very oldest speedometer I remember was one on which the numeral turned up; the aperture was large enough for you to see 30-1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-40; or, in another type, the exact figure, with only the preceding and following appeared. Whereas today a modern design has made you look at eight inches in order to see half an inch of numeral; it is wasteful and is a pretty good example of what happens to design when its principles aren't understood.

This means that design is actually moving in two directions. If the watch chain and the nickelodeon are returning, design will begin to get quaint and imitate the old-fashioned, which will be a pity; the other danger is that design will become positively diagrammatic; it will fall in love with itself. The example of the dashboard is perfect to illustrate that; because if you didn't have to *use* the gauges and meters, the rectangular design would be perfect; it fits the shape of the car best; it looks fine. You feel apologetic about mentioning the secondary fact that it isn't legible. If modern design is going to fall in love with its own appearance, it isn't going to survive. Art nouveau did that; and a lot of other styles you see in books. The good styles of architecture, and the good architects and designers of all sorts, are those which and who fell in love with their jobs.

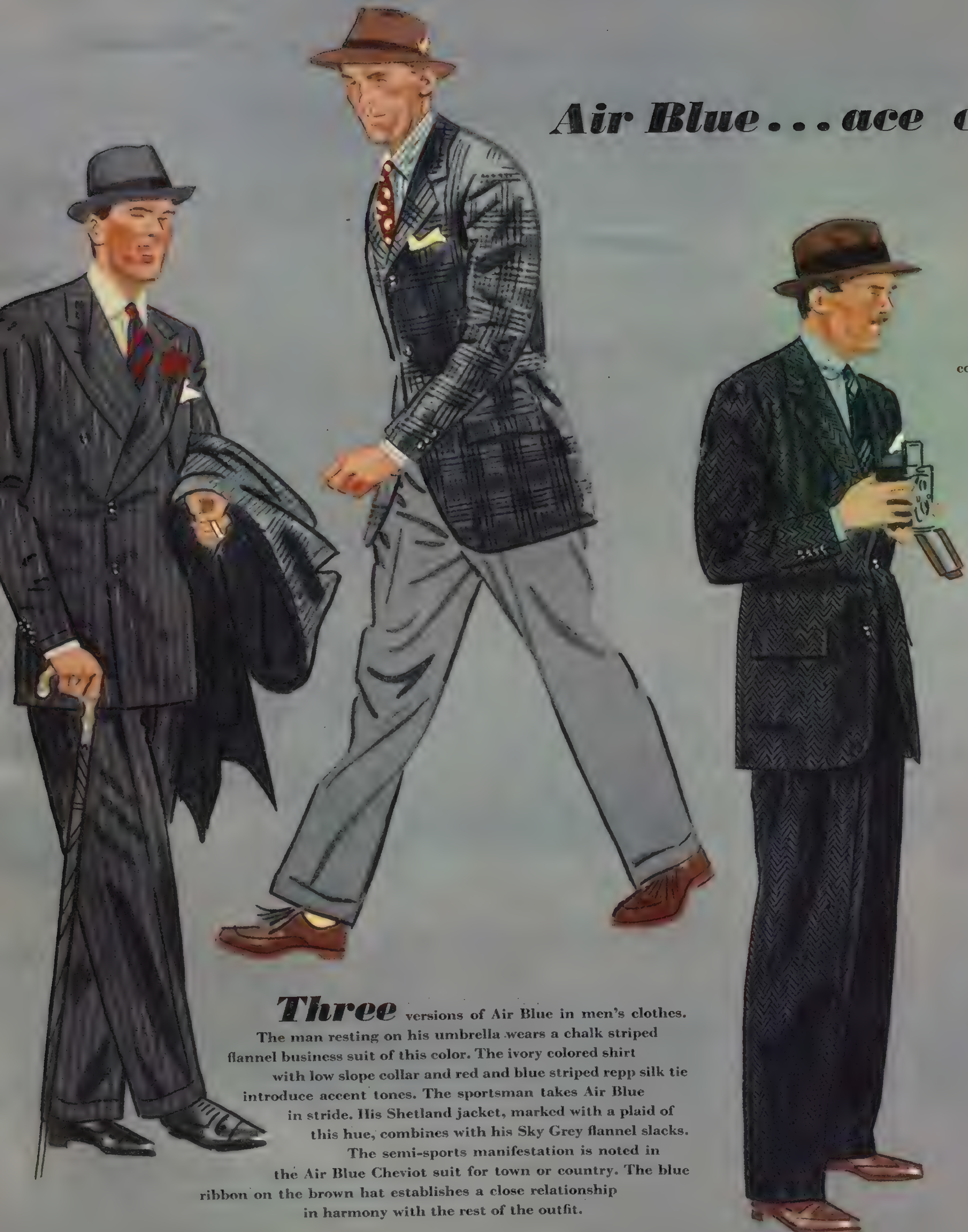
Is it a little early to sound off in alarm about the direction of industrial design? Yes. It was too early ten years ago to make fun of angular furniture, which were the excesses of a fairly comfortable style; it's far too early now to think that we have dropped even the tubular steel and the fabricated materials of modernistic furniture design, which will come back after a few years, improved and more attractive than ever. At the moment, nine-tenths of the packages, shapes, sizes, and general appearances on the market can still be improved; but nine-tenths of those which have been designed by professionals are vast improvements on their predecessors and are good jobs. There are still some pretty awful specimens around. There are even some awful specimens of human beings, too, and they've been improved upon for generations. Or so it's said.

If you've looked into the Cohn book and seen the bustles and hunter-case watches and

Continued in center of page 144

"Guess what I picked up for the guest room?"

Air Blue . . . ace co

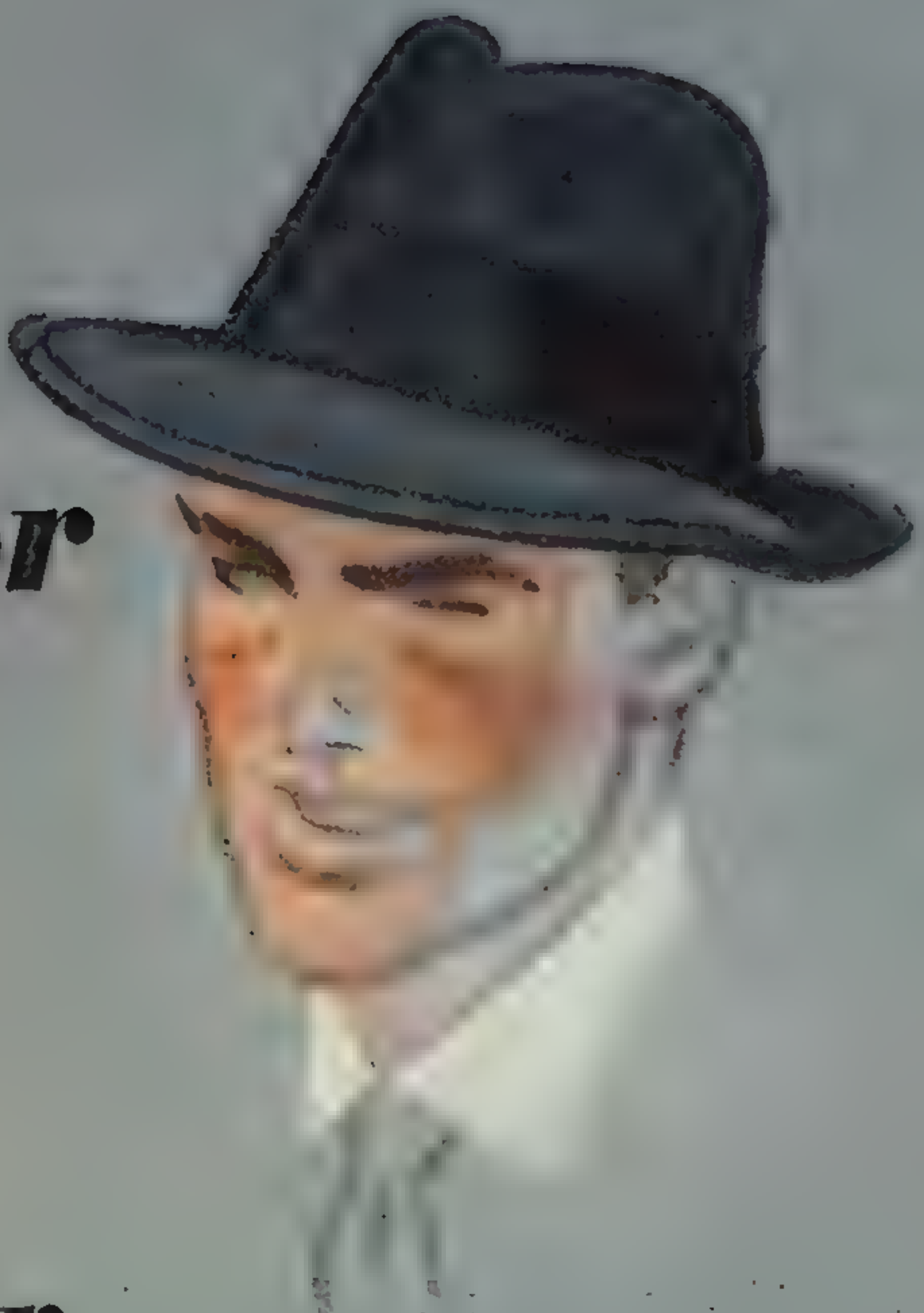


contra
ar

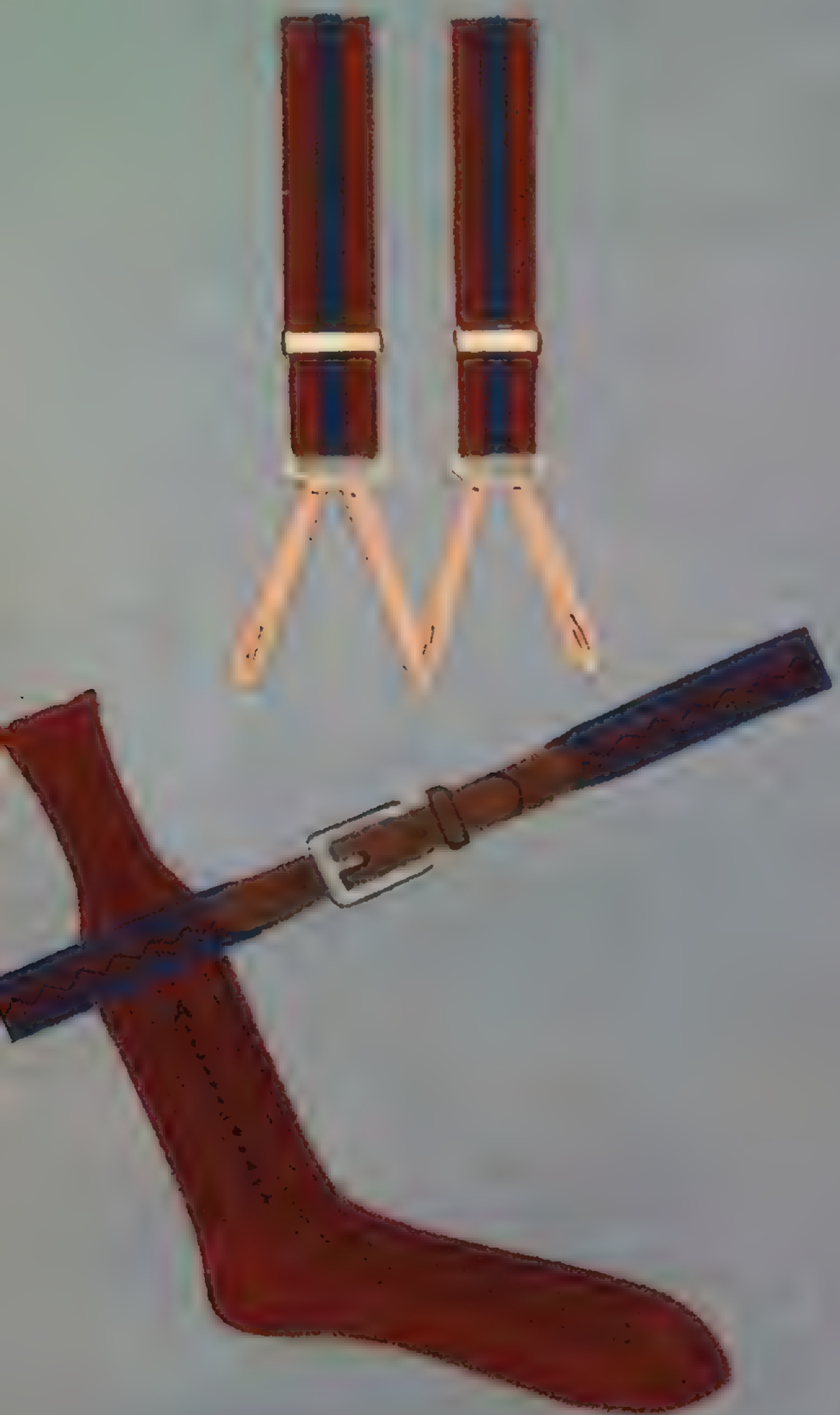
Three versions of Air Blue in men's clothes. The man resting on his umbrella wears a chalk striped flannel business suit of this color. The ivory colored shirt with low slope collar and red and blue striped repp silk tie introduce accent tones. The sportsman takes Air Blue in stride. His Shetland jacket, marked with a plaid of this hue, combines with his Sky Grey flannel slacks. The semi-sports manifestation is noted in the Air Blue Cheviot suit for town or country. The blue ribbon on the brown hat establishes a close relationship in harmony with the rest of the outfit.

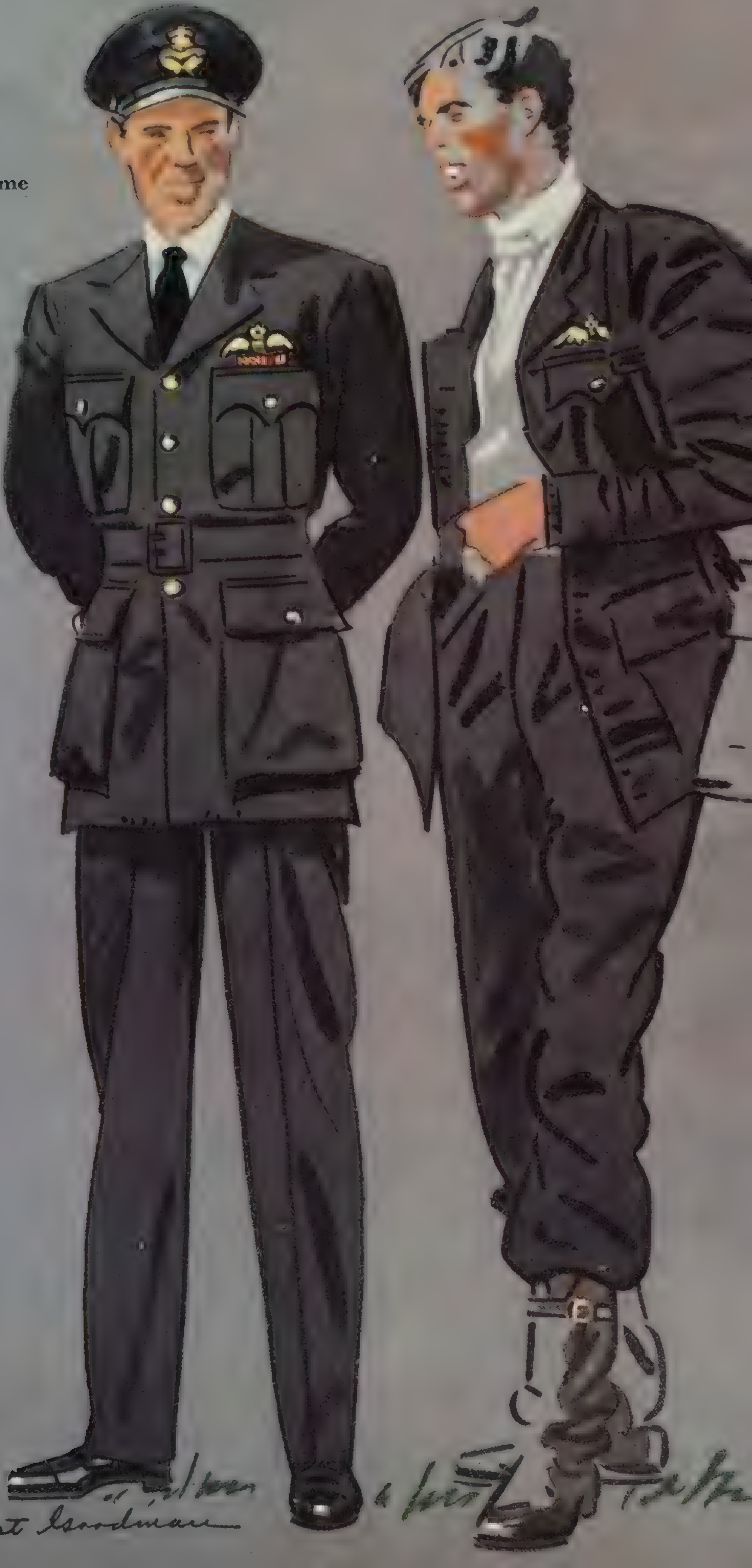
olor

The latest color in men's apparel, Air Blue, stems from the shade of the uniforms worn by the members of the British Royal Air Force. The two officers of this band of heroic flyers show the inspiration for this civilian fashion. The white-sweatered pilot appears after his go at Jerry. In Americanizing this fashion, we call it Air Blue. Becoming to all complexions, this shade is attuned to the current trend toward blue.



Air Blue sweeps overhead as hats of this color become popular. Air Blue in clothing provides a good base for asting colors in accessories. Commendable are the red nd blue striped webbing suspenders, the Royal Artillery patterned ribbon belt, maroon lisle half hose with embroidered blue clocks.





Robert Goodman

TO MARY FROM KEITH

Dear Mary—I'll be going up tonight,
My shoulder's healed—my leg feels good as new,
That Messerschmitt brought luck to me all right—
He flamed to Hell . . . and I woke up to You;
Mac sends his love—he has his D.F.C.
(Five Heinkels won't come calling any more)
And though it's hard to talk of you and me,
I guess you know what I am fighting for;

Well, thanks again for everything you've done,
And carry on through all this bloody fuss,
Your battle is the only worthwhile one,
So leave the rest to "Winnie" and to us—
There goes my squadron signal! Sorry, Mary!
Good-night, Sweetheart! We've a date with Jerry!

PAINTING BY VARGA
VERSE BY PHIL STACK

The Fall of the Funny Papers

Lecture for beginners in 2000 A. D. on Superman's triumphant fight for his place in the comic-strip sun

by MICHAEL WILSON

• SATIRE •

SUPER-STUDENTS, the struggle which you know as *The Funny Paper War*, and which we academicians choose to call *The Fall of American Civilization as They Knew It*, ended on January 20, 1941. On that day the Advertising Age took its place alongside the Bronze Age as just another museum piece. On that day the Comic Section was transformed from a hodgepodge of puerile fantasies into the official organ of Superman. In order fully to appreciate what our Leader, Superman, has done for us, we must make a super-study of the nature of this struggle. (*Super-applause.*)

It is difficult for us, even with the super-hindsight of sixty years, to comprehend the distorted minds of Superman's enemies in 1940. When Superman first appeared in the Comic Section, he had many obstacles to overcome. The American people were at that time filled with the Psychology of Frailty. They worshipped at the shrine of false Funny Paper gods: Dick Tracy, Flash Gordon, Tarzan, and Joe Palooka, to mention only a few. (*Super-boos.*)

These humbug "heroes," who leaped awkwardly from frying pans to fires, from blunders to half-victories to blunders again, monopolized the Comic Section. Superman had to fight for Funny Paper space. In order to secure this space, Superman was forced to disguise himself as Clark Kent, a timid newspaper reporter, a cowardly ordinary man. By this ruse Superman won many disciples who had never read Nietzsche. (*Super-ahs.*)

The carping critics predicted an early disappearance of Superman. They argued, taking their cue from Aristotle, that the absence of real conflict would not appeal to Funny Paper readers. They said that Superman, unable to find any struggle worthy of his mettle, would eventually become bored with earthmen, and they with him. (*Super-sneers.*)

But both the critics and Aristotle were wrong. The American people, far from tiring of Superman, began to cry for more superhuman exploits. The Psychology of Frailty was giving way to the Psychology of Superman, and the people were beginning to lose patience with the humbug "heroes." Ugly rumors were circulated about Pop-Eye's fighting condition. Many an indignant letter to the press suggested that Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers, and Don Dixon be recalled from inter-planetary duty. One of the worst scandals of the time centered around Dick Tracy. It seems that Tracy had killed a scientist named Kroywen who was in the act of administering a secret serum to a fever-stricken baby. Tracy then injected the same serum in the child's veins and claimed credit for saving its life. J. Edgar Hoover's statement that Tracy had acted under orders was not accepted by the public. (*Super-guffaws.*)

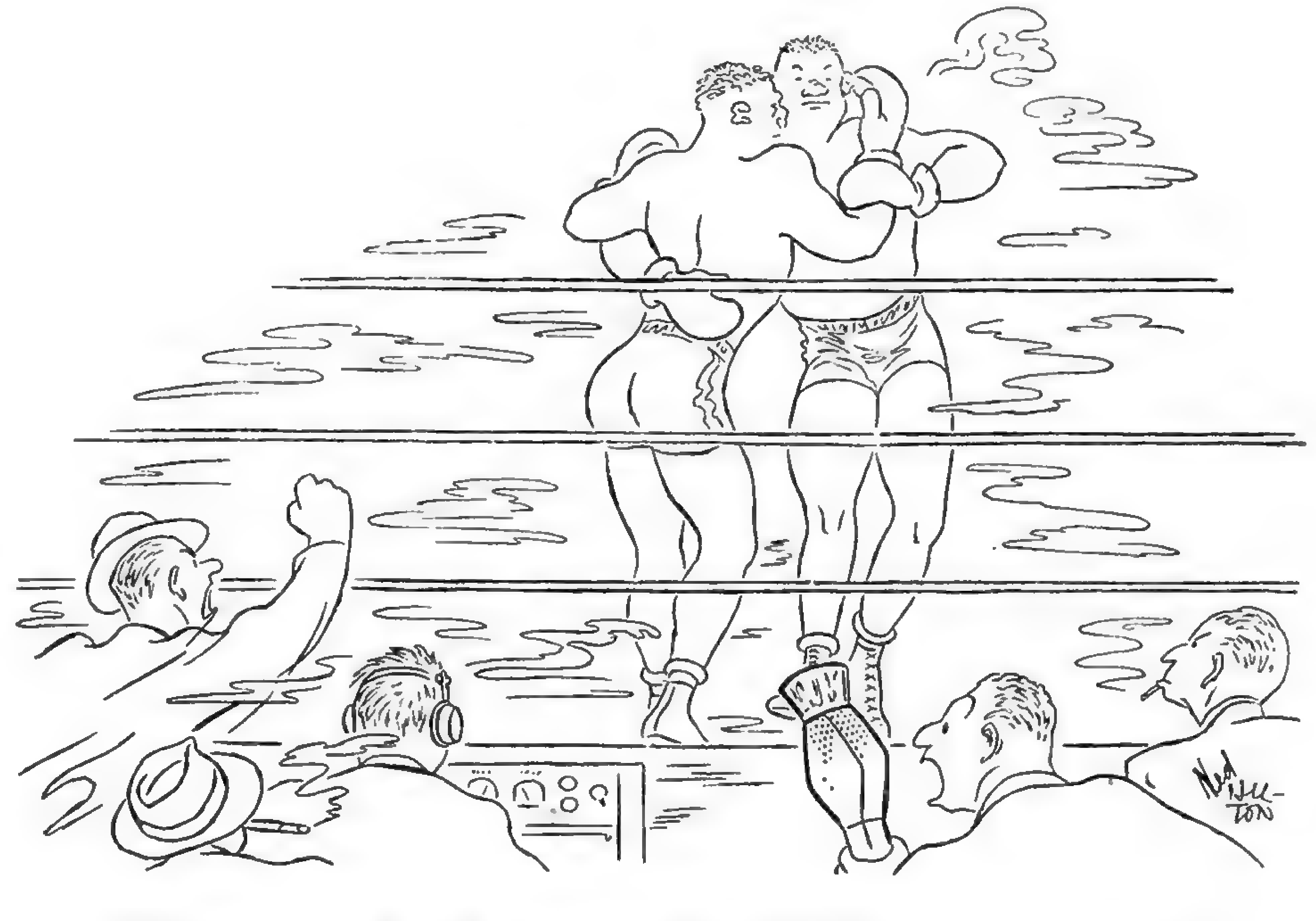
For a while, the humbug "heroes" tried to compete with Superman. But not for long. Frustrated in their attempt to equal Superman's feats of prowess and stung by the criticism leveled against them, they became demoralized. In a television broadcast from Jupiter, Flash Gordon declared that he would remain an expatriate from the earth so long as it tolerated alien Supermen. It was reported that Tailspin Tommy and Smilin' Jack had joined the Soviet Air Force. Joe Palooka was suspended by the Boxing Commission for taking a dive in his big title fight. Dick Tracy wandered aimlessly through a full page of Sunday Comics without picking up a single clue to anything. (*Super-hisses.*)

This moral collapse spread even to the airwaves. Before a horrified radio audience of five million, The Long Ranger and Tonto squabbled and raged for fifteen minutes over a pint of rot-gut whiskey. Jack Armstrong's program (the All-American Boy) was called off pending a Dies Committee investigation of the report that Jack had joined the Young Communist League. A few days later the Green Hornet calmly announced that he would drop his exposé of the munitions racket and accept a position with the firm of E. I. duPont de Nemours.

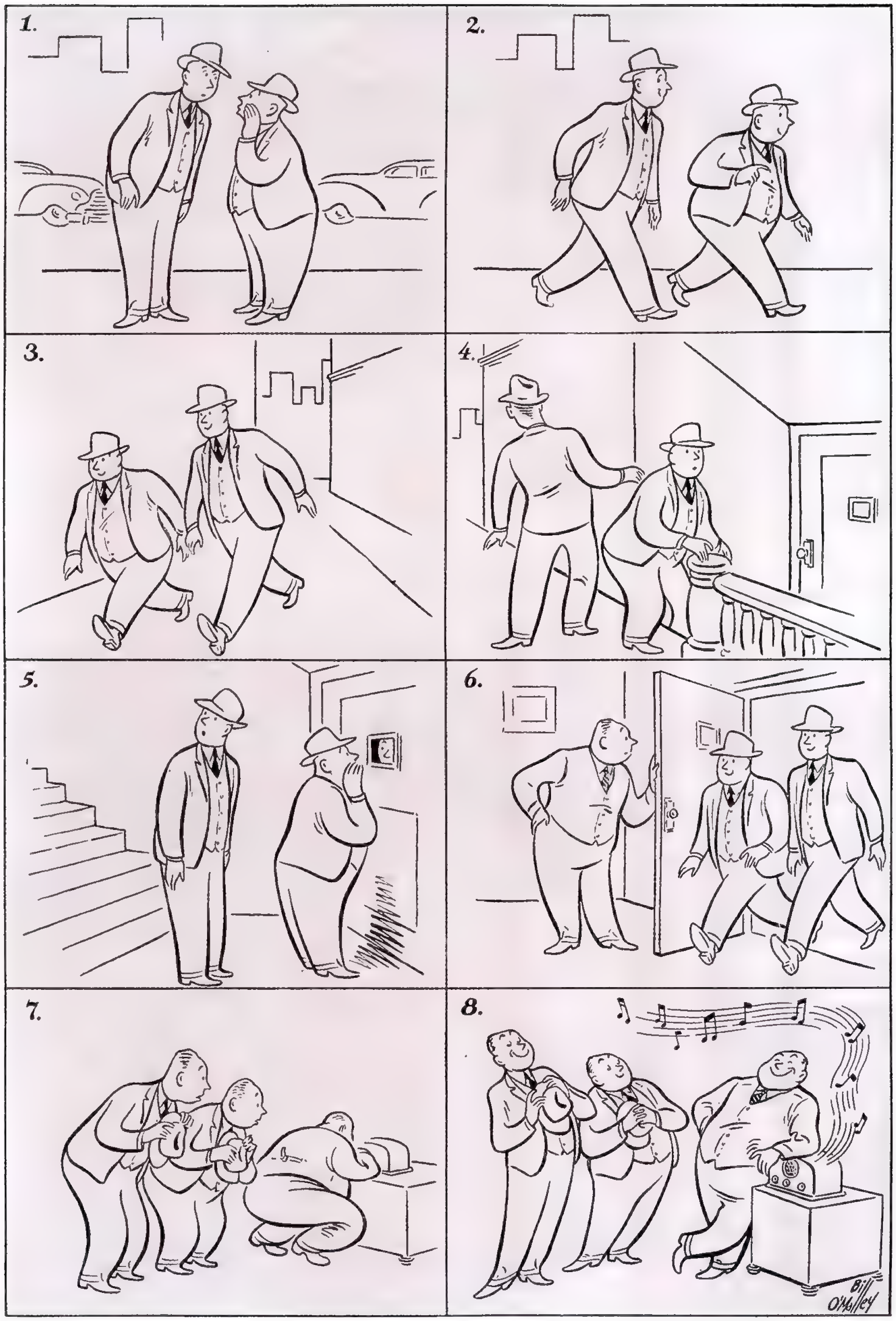
Let it be remembered that not all the followers of Tracy, Palooka, Gordon & Co. split with their leaders overnight. In the early days of the crisis, stubborn little groups were formed: the Tracy Defense Committee; the Anti-Superman Society; the Federation of Funny Papers, and others. But the tide was against them, and the increasing evidence against their leaders swept most of them into the camp of Superman, there to become, by the irony of history, the bitterest opponents of their past faith. There was one pitiful scene in a Monday morning sports page, where a small boy followed the miserable Joe Palooka through four panels, crying: "Say ya didn't do it, Joe!" (*Cries of "Super-shame."*)

This little cry of anguish epitomized the feelings of millions of American citizens, who were fed up with their leaders but still unable to go "whole-hog," or as we say, "super-hog," for Superman. These unfortunates saw their values crumbling around them. And it was from them that emanated the crime wave that shook the country. While Dick Tracy, Red Ryder, The Phantom, and Charlie Chan sulked in their rooms, refusing to act, the racketeers, cattle rustlers, spies, and robots increased their nefarious activity. Superman, who was fairly busy at that time stopping the war in Europe, decided to drop everything and restore law and order in the United States. In his characteristically cryptic style, he issued his now famous statement to the Sunday Comic Section: "Do I believe my Super-ears? Zam! Next

Continued on page 147



"They are now directly above us, folks, both boys dancing around"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Bill O'Malley

A. S. C. A. P.

The World on a Silver Plate

His insanity was like a kindly drug that never wore off, and he believed he'd been everywhere, done everything

by GENE RIDER

▪ FICTION ▪

WE WERE in Marty's because it is near WADA's studios, which is a very good reason, for after a day at a radio station you are tired whether or not you've done any work. Anyway Marty's is a fine place up to five drinks despite the Broadway people south for the winter who hang out there; and despite the Dizzy Ditties Deftly Done by Bailey and Blair who make Dwight Fiske seem about as sophisticated as a cotton picker or a subdeb.

White, the top man of the control room crew, and I came in a few minutes before nine and ordered for four because we knew that when the Martin Milk theme faded at nine, Butler, the program director, and Presnell, the announcer, would be in to start their evening. When you are with people like that, you know the night will be just another copy of other countless nights of the past with them—same talk, same facial expressions, same mannerisms—and you find yourself dreading the monotony, yet all the while you are aware it will not be a lost evening for you are with friends.

They came in, Butler leading the way and walking fast, Presnell, taking long strides to keep up, and talking up a storm. The program director gave us a sleepy look and the announcer said, "Hello men, it's good to see you."

White pulled out the chairs and I mixed their drinks and asked, "How was the show?"

Butler gulped half his drink before sitting down and said, "It was foul. Where did Sweeping Winds finish in the eighth?"

"Show. Three eighty," I said. He did not answer but I looked at him and knew he'd bet five to win.

Presnell's face beamed like a two hundred watt bulb with prefocus base and it was easy to see that everything was right with him. "Well, as I was saying when we were coming down the street—that year I was working the top agency and had four NBC shows, two MBS and five on CBS every week, to say nothing of movie shorts and transcriptions. I made over five G's a week and had this big place out in Westchester with three Filipino boys, two chauffeurs and a private tailor. Hell, I kept two station wagons busy meeting trains from town. . . ."

"I suppose you had sacks of oats in the wagons to make people think you kept a stable of hosses?" asked Butler, and the bite in his voice was awful. He does not understand Presnell and is bad about harassing him.

"No, I did not have to pretend. I really had six horses in case any of my guests wanted to ride in the mornings. I do not especially care for riding since the time I broke my collar bone in a polo game at Delray Beach."

Butler laughed in colossal contempt but it did not bother Presnell. I never laugh at the announcer for I know he does not lie; he merely tells harmless untruths and it is good to hear him talk because he does it so well, so sincerely and convincingly. His is the perfect radio voice and it would put him topside among the microphone men, except that he got shot in the war and lay for three days in a French mudhole before they found him and put a silver plate in his skull; which makes him crazy but it is the right kind of craziness. It is objectionable in only one way—they cannot let him ad lib, have to prepare every word for him to say or he strays off on peculiar tangents. He is harmless and very, very happy, for because of this plate he has been everywhere and done everything and made huge fortunes and had the very best women, when in reality he never made over fifty a week in his life, nor been anywhere, excepting the war, Miami, New York and Boston—and as for his women, everyone at WADA knows what they are.

"But I got bored, quit the agency and took a rest," Presnell continued. "First I went to Scotland for grouse but I got an unholy thirst for a real Planter's Punch and before I knew it I found myself sitting in the Myrtlebank in Kingston drinking a tall one and eating iced mangoes with this big English publisher who brought out my first two books. We chartered a plane and went on up to Camaguey Province in Cuba for more hunting." The announcer looked around to see who was listening and I feigned interest.

"The weather will be fine for the Widener Stakes," said Butler.

"I hope it's nice for I'm off and want to go fishing," said White. "You can go out all day on the Seven Seas for a buck."

"You can't catch fish like that," said the announcer. "They load those excursion boats right up to the gunwales and no one catches anything. I wish I had the boat I used to have. Nice sixty-five footer and you'd be welcome to her. I was still in the money then from my five years in Hollywood and I really did some fishing. I paid a Bimini guide a hundred dollars a day to go out with me and I won the fishing tournament that year. It was the biggest blue Marlin ever caught on this coast. They still have a picture of the thing hanging in Manor House over at Cat Kay. God, what a fish!"

"It was probably one I'd thrown back a week before," harangued Butler and I kicked him under the table.

Three girls who do character parts in a serial show came in and we all looked up. They stopped at our table and said hello but we were not very cordial because women who work at radio stations are forever talking bitterly of other women who work at radio stations and are to be avoided whenever that is possible. They finally went to the

Continued on page 139

"Can't you take it a little slower, operator?"

The Game of Bidou

It's more fun than any other dice game, easy to learn, fast to play and lends itself well to bluffing

by CHALMER H. MINOR

• ARTICLE •

In the old days American firms shoved their salesmen off to South America equipped with high hat and tails, often lacking in other finer commercial qualifications. Nowadays, the knowing export manager sees to it that he as well as his representatives, has a fundamental knowledge of "Bidou" before boarding an East Coast liner or plane. If not, they learn dearly aboard before touching at Rio.

Bidou is a comparatively new dice game native to the East Coast of South America. Here in Buenos Aires and up in Rio, every dub golfer's sole object in enduring the misery of the first eighteen holes is to be able to get to the 19th for a game or two of Bidou, his only chance for winning back the balls he lost and perhaps picking up a Scotch on the side. No *hombre* in these parts thinks of going home in the evening before he has stopped at a club or bar and stuck some *amigo* for a round or two or three at the same game.

Bidou is easy to learn, fast to play, and above all, lends itself readily to bluffing—the undoubted secret of its popularity. Away down in, we are basically deceptive by nature. Socially, through the ages, we have come to learn that honesty "pays." But that original trait for deception is forever looking for expression. Bidou is a perfect vehicle for that expression. The Bidou player bluffs his most intimate friend with a serene conscience, and the closer the friend the bigger the kick.

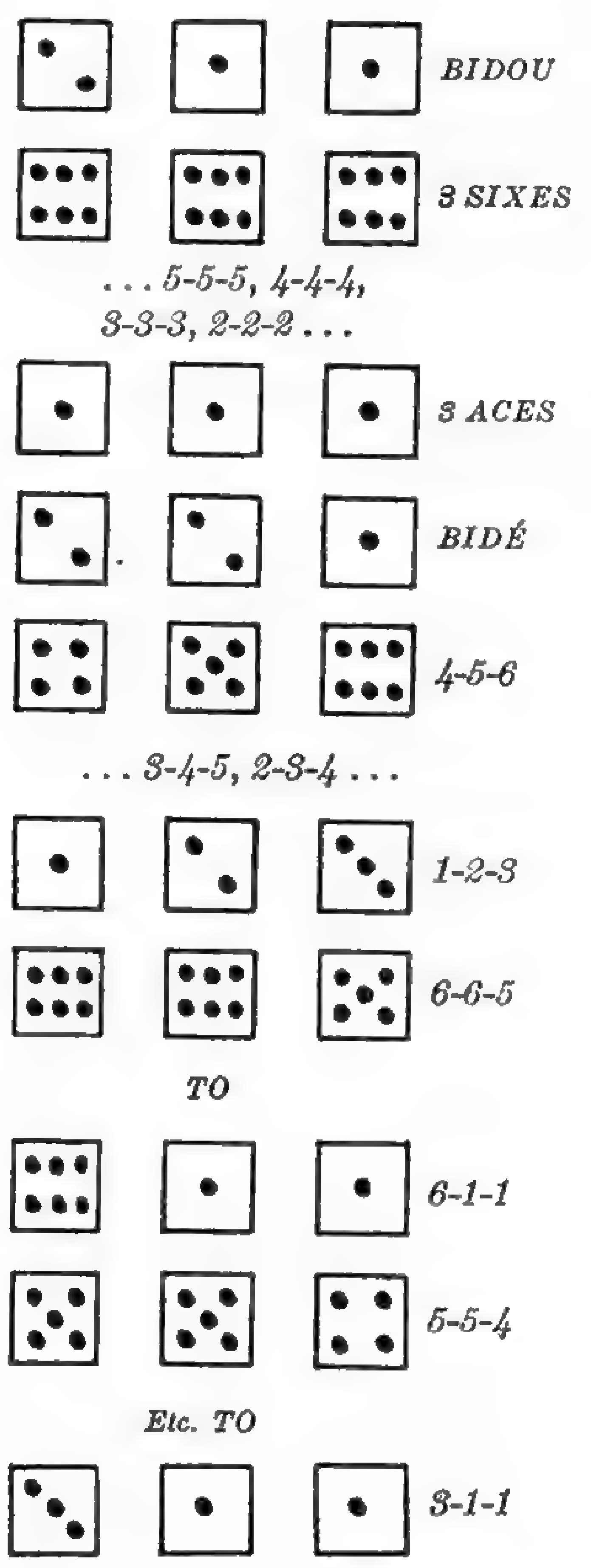
All coming in contact with Bidou contend it is the most fascinating dice game originated. In comparison, the more commonly known poker dice is a cut-and-dried affair with limited possibilities. The best indication of the reception Bidou will have in the States, when introduced and generally known, is the enthusiasm with which Americans who come down this way take up the game.

For "commercial and professional" reasons, most Americans traveling and residing under the Southern Cross have to come in contact with more than the natural allotment of indoor sports. Due to satiation and debilitation, they sooner or later come to a consensus that the older they get the better they like their Bidou.

Moreover, Bidou causes you to forget all worries. Wars, politicians, debts, business, love and kindred subjects disappear in thin air at the first thump of the dice box. If we could persuade our *politicos* in Washington to devote an hour a day to Bidou it would mean the salvation of the nation, and we with years abroad could again speak of it as "God's country."

Get together a couple of friends and earn while you learn. Bidou is the devil's masterpiece and in a short time you'll perfect your lying and profanity beyond all expectation. You will soon find that Bidou is more habit forming than strong liquor; its effect on the wife, nerves, liver and purse more dire—but it will be worth it!

Value of Bidou Combinations in descending order



Below a Straight, the value of each combination is ruled by the high numerical value of the throw—not by the sum of the points; e.g., 6-5-1 ranks 6-4-4. Pairs as such have no value.

Now we'll get on to the game itself.

Each player is provided with three dice, a cup and the necessary number of chips or counters. The relative values of the combinations are illustrated in the diagram. The beginner should carefully note the Bidou and Bidé (rimes with *delay*) combinations and their respective values. The object of the game is to get rid of your chips—poker in reverse. Keeping this fact in mind, the poker player should have no trouble in Bidou betting.

The procedure for two players is slightly different from that employed for three or more players, especially as to the number of chips used and the original position of these.

Two Players

Nine chips (matches, beans, toothpicks, or what have you) are placed in the center of the table between the two players. Each player first throws his dice open on the table to decide the captain or first bettor. The player throwing the dice of the highest numerical value becomes captain for the moment; for example, 6-5-1 is higher than 5-5-5. In throwing for captain, the real Bidou values do not necessarily count.

Each player then takes up to three *covered* throws, stopping on the first or second if he considers either of sufficient strength, or if he wishes to bet on a bluff. If both players stop on the same throw, the captain bets or passes first. If the captain's opponent stops on a throw less than the captain, the opponent automatically becomes captain and bets or passes first. Once the captain has stopped on a certain throw he must so advise his opponent and he cannot throw again during that round.

The bettor may bet as many of the chips as he wishes. The other player may pass, call or raise the bet. If both players pass, no chips are taken by either. If the bettor's opponent calls, the loser takes the chips bet. If the opponent refuses to call or raise the bet, he takes one chip as a *penalty*. If one player bets and the opponent raises, the former may call, raise or retire. If he retires, he takes the number of chips he originally bet, plus another as penalty. The winner of a bet is captain for the next round. The position of captain changes in case both players pass.

The players bet from the nine chips in the center until all these have passed to one or both sides. Also a player may bet from the center and, in addition, any chips he may have accumulated on his side. Once all the chips have been taken from the center, betting is from the chips at the side of each player, provided both still have any. The game continues as before except that the loser of a bet receives the chips from the winner.

If the game arrives at a point when one player has eight chips and his opponent one, the player with eight is entitled to an "open throw." That is, the opponent with one chip throws his dice once, twice or three times, stopping on an *exposed* throw which he hopes will be high. Then the other player may take up to three throws. If the latter loses, he takes the one chip and loses the game. If the opponent loses the throw, he takes a chip from the other player and the game continues as before the "open throw."

Three or More Players

Bidou played by three or more players is similar to that played by two players except that each player begins the game with six chips—there are no center chips—and other differences and rules explained below.

The players first throw for captain. The betting is clockwise among the group of players. The winner of a round becomes captain for the next round. In case all players pass, the position of captain moves one place to the left.

If none of the players stop short, but all take three throws, the captain passes or bets first. If several players stop short, the first to the captain's left with the least number of throws becomes the new captain. A player becoming captain by stopping short must so advise the other players and he cannot throw again that round.

For simplicity of explanation of various betting circumstances that may arise, let us consider a group of five players: A, B, C, D and E.

1. Captain A bets two chips, B passes, C calls, D and E pass. A or C, whichever is the loser, receives the four chips bet.

2. Captain A bets two chips, B passes, C calls, D raises two chips and E passes. If A wishes to call (not raise) D, he puts into the pot two additional chips to see D. On the other hand, if A believes it advisable to retire, he must take out of the pot seven chips—two of his own, the two of C and three of the four put in by D (one of these being a penalty). One chip remains in the pot. C in his turn is forced to call (if he does not wish to raise) this lone chip.

3. In (2) D raises three chips (instead of two). A retires by taking seven chips. C retires taking one of the two remaining chips as a penalty, and D takes back the other.

4. In (2) D raises four chips (instead of two). A retires as above. C retires taking one chip as a penalty, and D takes back the other two. A player receiving the benefit of a penalty cannot discard chips.

5. A has three chips, B two, C four and the other players none. Captain A bets three chips. B sees for only the two he has. C passes. If A wins, B takes four chips from the pot and A takes back the remaining one. It is a rule that a player cannot discard his last chip when he is called by a player having originally less chips than he. Neither can two or more players, having one chip each, go out on a tie.

6. A has two chips, B one, C four and the others none. A bets two chips. B sees for the one he has. C passes. It happens that A and B have tie throws. A takes back one of the chips he bet and throws the other away. B takes back the chip he bet. In other words, no player can go out on a tie.

7. In case of a tie, all players tied throw away one chip each, except as in (6).

8. If one player bets and all others pass, that player throws away one chip, even though it be his last.

9. If or when all players, except two, get rid of their chips, these two continue the game until one has lost. If the two players have more than nine chips between them, each discards one chip each time he bets and is not called, until the total chips of both become nine. Then the play continues as described for "Two Players."

Any player may bet, call or raise only for the number of his own chips. In case of losing, his interest in the pot is only in proportion to the number of chips with which he began the round. Once a player has passed after the betting has been opened, he has no further right in that particular round.

No player, after completing his throw or throws, must lift or expose his dice until all the other players have finished betting.

The last player to remain with chips is the loser—and he then forks out for the bill!

The following three common variations of Bidou will prepare you for a diploma on the course:

Aces Up

In this variation, Three Aces beat Bidou *when they meet.* This makes the game more sporting due to the fact that no player is ever certain of holding a "sure hand," and is the general practice among seasoned players.

To avoid disputes the following rule must be observed: Three Aces beat Bidou when they meet and when no other Three of a Kind is showing. If another Three of a Kind is showing there is a tie for all players, including throws of less than Three of a Kind which may have called the bet.

Poor Fish

If all players pass, they must expose their last throws. The poor fish uncovering the *highest* throw receives a chip from each of the other players. The purpose of this variation is to speed up the game, eliminate passing on the part of timid players, and also to catch the foxy individual who may have passed a good throw, awaiting an opportunity to "bump" an innocent and well-meaning brother betting only on a fair hand.

Montevideo

Montevideo is the poker counterpart of Bidou. It is a game of three or more players in which all but the winner are losers. The object is to win the chips instead of losing them.

Each player begins with six chips. Before throwing the dice each player puts a chip in the pot. The winner of a round takes all the chips in the pot, and the players again ante.

If or when all the chips are finally in the possession of two players, each of the finalists puts two chips into the pot, then three etc., in each successive round, up to a maximum of six—or his remaining chips in case either player has less than six. This is necessary to keep the game from dragging at the end. If there are many players, the last three should follow the same rule.

In Montevideo a player may bet the pot only, without putting up chips, if he desires. Another player, even though he has already passed, may see the pot in this case.

The winner of all the chips then proceeds to collect from each of the other players some little "token" that has been agreed upon previously.

There are 216 possible combinations with three dice. The novice will find it helpful—I hope—to know that the mathematical *average* of the appearance of certain combinations is as follows:

Bidou	3 in 216 (1 in 72)
Three of a kind	6 in 216 (1 in 36)
Bidé	3 in 216 (1 in 72)
A Straight	24 in 216 (1 in 9)

One throw out of six averages a Straight or better.

6-6-5 to 6-6-1	15 in 216
6-5-5 to 6-5-1	21 in 216
6-4-4 to 6-4-1	21 in 216
6-3-3 to 6-3-1	15 in 216

A throw of 6-3-1 is just within the higher 108 combinations and therefore represents a better than average hand. Two playing and you stopping on 6-5-1 on your first throw, your opponent will not average to beat you. Three playing and you stopping on 6-5-3 on your first, the others not, they cannot average to win—but it is risky. Never forget that a "psychic" bluff on 3-1-1 will make many a low Straight turn tail and run! ⧺

"I want to cash in my chips"

The Sea and the Jumble

Since boats have always been "functionally" designed, their chief innovations are gadgets

by ROBERT W. MARKS

• MOTORS •

There is something very sensual about a motorboat show. Everywhere are pictures of Dionysian girls, throwing themselves to the salt spray, and somehow as long of limb and curvilinear of torso as poetic license permits. And although you know full well that none of these Powers models has any more connection with the briny deep than salt water taffy, the effect is disturbing. The props, in other words, get into your eyes, and make it peculiarly hard to concentrate on the stroking of a Diesel engine, or the suave workings of a chain hoist.

All of this is an irrelevant soliloquy, however—an aside to the jaundiced landlubbers. It has no relation to the meat of this report on the state of seafaring, 1941.

Now, in the jumble and haze of this year's show, a human constant stands out: *to wit*—nobody seems to care whether boats change very much, or not. For boats are the one thing in the would-be mechanical world that everybody is satisfied with—with the possible exception of this department, which likes change for its own sake.

Those of us who are land crabs, naturally have a certain prejudice which we carry with us to the shore. We are conditioned to rapid and radical change in transportation thinking. We think of speed in terms of two hundred miles an hour, and over—the outcome of the airplane's influence. We think of mechanical design in terms of streamlining, dramatic year-by-year changes, and quality at a minimum price—the result of the automotive influence. And we have a tendency to be as confused as little Alice at the mad Tea Party, when we find the spawn of the restless and ever-changing waves as static and little-changing as the pyramids.

But the truth of the matter is that boats, today, are what boat owners want. And boat owners are looking for comfort, isolation, and room for a certain amount of private swashbuckling and gadgeteering—all of which is completely, or almost completely, satisfied by boats that have been designed for the past decade—if not the past century.

Yachtsmen want to feel atomized waves in their faces; they want to tinker; they want to be able to say that the "Oh You Kiddo" is "My ship," built with "my own little idea for a galley;" what they want is a personalized, simple, homey thing—not a cold, streamlined wonder.

And this, we submit, is why the seafaring world, like the agricultural world, is essentially conservative; and why its earmarks, its trends, and its portents change only microscopically from year to year.

A survey was recently conducted by one of the yachting magazines among six hundred boat owners, with most illuminating results. It turned out the chief use to which American boats was put was for overnight and week end cruises, and vacation entertainment. And that what the owners of these boats wanted was, first, seaworthy design, then roominess, then operating economy. The points these jolly tars were least interested in were speed and appearance.

Well, to satisfy such professional demand to a T, all you need do is go back a century and turn up with a good nineteenth century smack.

If, some rainy afternoon, you will thumb through the pages of *Harper's Weekly* for the year 1841, you will see a variety of sloops, ketches, cutters, yawls, sharpies, and skipjacks that would make the average modern boat owner pop-eyed with envy. Many romantic Rodgers would even go back another couple of centuries and settle for the *Nina*, the *Pinta*, or a cast-off galleon.

Here we approach a very topical point apropos of some of the current talk about "functional" design. The boat has been the one product of design that has always been "functional." And because of the very problems it faced: the intolerance of the sea, the jealousies of the wind, and the uncompromising belligerence of storm-thrashed waves, a ship that wasn't "functionally" designed never stayed overlong on the surface.

That's why naval architects were never able to get away with rococo nonsense that housebuilders, furniture designers, and other men did who made themselves drunk with the east wind.

That's why nobody ever tried to make a ship look like a Grecian urn or a piece of Chinese jade. And that's why that even in the incense-filled Victorian days the lines of ships held clean, and maintained with the greatest economy the integrity of their function. Neptune doesn't feed on gingerbread.

* * *

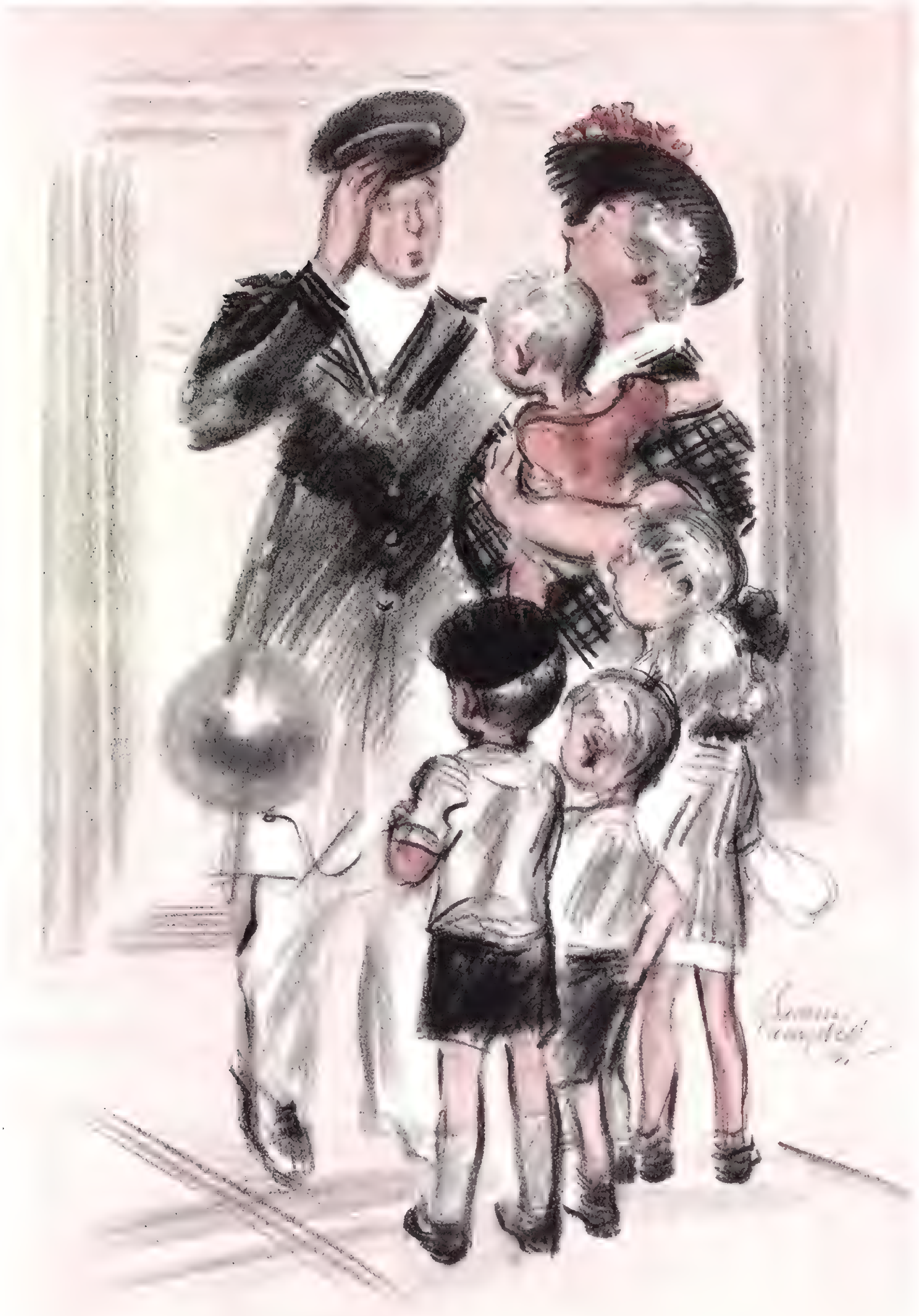
Now buying a boat in 1941 is like taking a wife; it is a weighty job, quite unlike ordering a bottle of milk; and there are many who say you would be better off without one. But with the memory still pulsing through these lines of lithe and winsome beauties undulating their soft wonders, and tense, bronzed thighs on gleaming mahogany decks —who are we to pass judgment? This is no corner for skepticism.

The Grand Central Palace, this year, displayed in the grand manner some hundred and thirty models, of every popular style, shaping, coloring, and price. And the matter of making a selection, in retrospect, is a task for a realist. You have to juggle your own variables and decide, with a clear eye, exactly what you want—dash, domesticity, shark-fishing, or derring-do.

If you want speed, for example, you would lean toward one of the sleek, leaping, bullet-like Chris-Craft or Gar Wood speedboats;

Continued in center of page 177

"But why don't we be sensible and go south where it's nice and warm?"



"Yes, Madam, this is the Stork Club—b-but it's not the kind of place the name implies"

Zoltan Hecht: Artcraftsman

Besides his painting, he has created textile designs, fostered handicraft among the hill folk of North Carolina

by HARRY SALPETER

▪ ARTICLE ▪

I AM compelled to conclude, upon close examination of the extant evidence, that there is nothing extraordinary about the career of Zoltan Hecht. For the greater part of his life, he has tried to make a living. For the greater part of his life, he has tried to make art. Sometimes these two intentions have merged, or overlapped; sometimes they have not.

To say this about an artist is not to demean him; it is not to make a commonplace fellow out of him, or to reduce him to a state of drab pedestrianism. What is true of Zoltan Hecht is true also of dozens of other artists, of hundreds, of thousands of them, among the dead as well as the living. It is true even of Rembrandt and it is true of the most obscure dauber.

The qualities that make artists the subject matter for prose and verse, for literature and drama are the very qualities that have nothing to do with the art they create. It is possible to dramatize Rubens being despatched as envoy extraordinary to the court of Philip IV, but it is difficult to dramatize him painting a picture. The more a great painter lives in his work the less is there to be said about him, and in the short run he may suffer through the public's lack of knowledge or interest in him. Benvenuto Cellini may be taken as the classic example of the opposite case, for he lived so thoroughly outside of his art, so lustily and so dangerously that he is remembered only incidentally for his sculpture, carvings and lapidarian labors.

There are no romantic handles by which to take hold of Zoltan Hecht and give him a biographical whirl. He is a little man. There is nothing distinctive about him or his career, nothing distinguished, nothing unusual either in success or adversity. He hasn't crossed a desert or climbed a mountain. There is practically nothing in his manner, dress or bearing to proclaim the artist. He looks like a *petit bourgeois*, with bills to meet and a home to maintain, unexciting work to do and a living to make. He looks like a man who has the responsibilities of fatherhood. He might be a civil servant, an accountant, or a small business man. He wears none of the insignia which are supposed to proclaim the artist, but the average artist rarely does. Like thousands of others who take their painting as a matter of course, as a skill to express and an impulse to satisfy, he is a self-made artist and a self-made man, one who has worked for his bread and keep almost since childhood.

He arrived in this country at such an early age that he suffered no wrench in adjusting himself to the New World. He could learn what might be called the American set of values without being obliged to betray those values into which he had been born on the other side of the Atlantic. If America's reception of the boy Hecht put him under obligation, the man Hecht has long since discharged that debt, and with good measure. America gave him opportunity for the fulfillment of his impulse toward creativeness; in return, he promoted the occasions and the opportunities for creative expression among the simple people of North Carolina, which is a story to be told later in detail.

Zoltan learned his Americanism quickly. A punch in the nose the day after he arrived in Cleveland taught him the sanctity of news routes, and the need of selling your papers on streets where there was no competition his fists couldn't meet. During his single year of schooling he learned about Lincoln, the log cabin of whose birth he drew so well on the class blackboard that his early naturalization was immediately assured. His education, in life if not in art, continued on the streets and in the shops of Cleveland, which knew him in his roles not only of newsboy, but also of errand boy, shoe shine boy, bus boy, bar checker and bartender. Between these chores he learned about art.

To give him his chronological due, Zoltan Hecht was born fifty years ago in the town of Nagy Varad, in southeastern Hungary, at the foot of the Carpathian Mountains. His people were of the lower middle class. His father was a salesman specializing in office furniture who traveled a great deal through the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Zoltan was one of a family of nine children, four of whom were his seniors and the four others his juniors. Adolph, his next elder brother, had at least an innate gift for painting and sculpture, and he it was who gave Zoltan encouragement to pursue his art studies.

In 1902, when Zoltan was twelve, the family migrated, choosing Cleveland because an uncle had established himself in that city and had been urging his brother to transplant his family to the New World. Their father having died on the eve of his departure, the eldest son took his place, emigrating alone. When he had set aside some savings, he sent for two of his sisters who, in turn, paid for the passage of their six brothers and sisters and their mother. It was with this latest contingent of Hechts that Zoltan came to the United States.

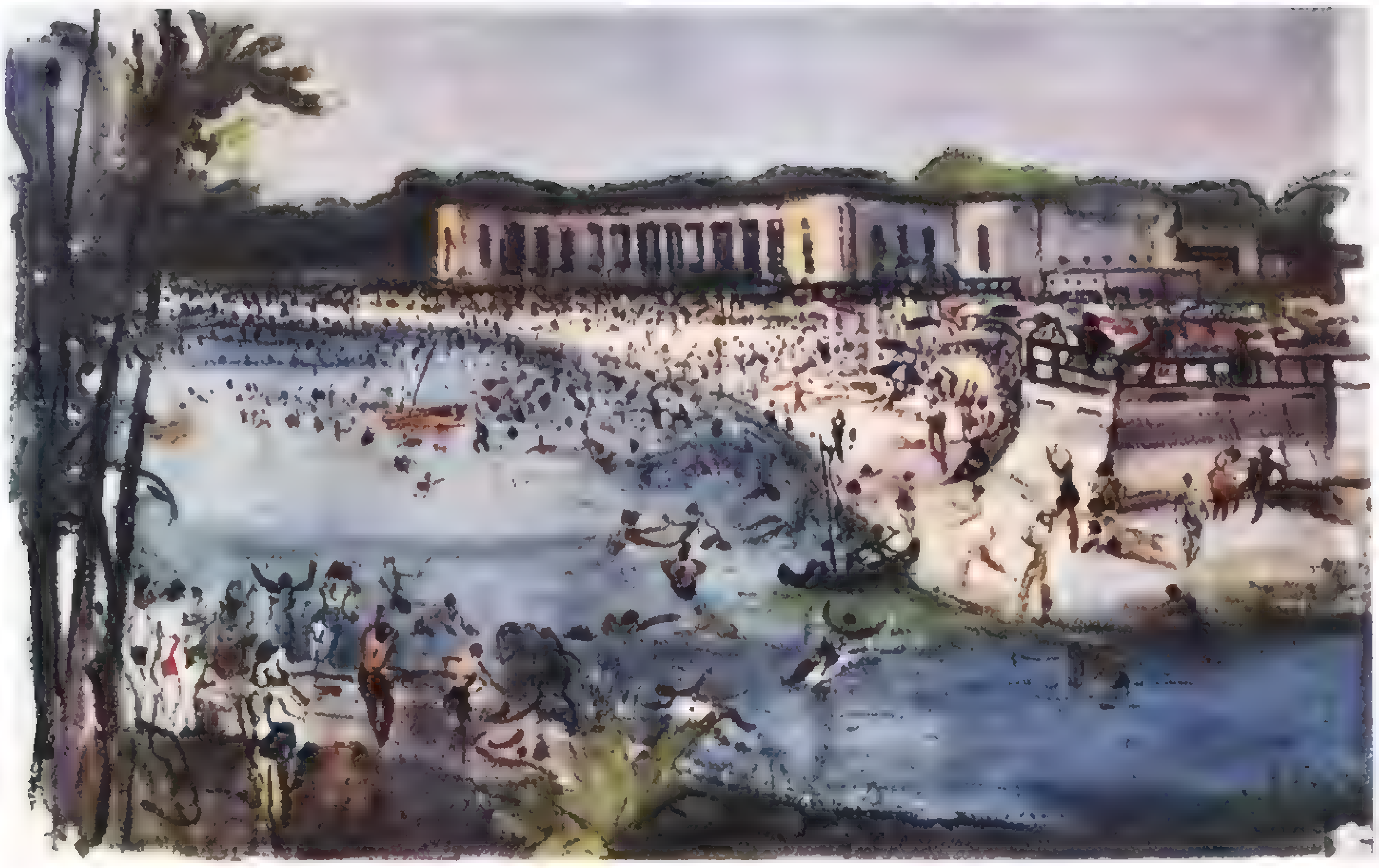
Almost the day after his arrival he was on the streets selling papers and getting his nose punched. There was a little schooling; he was uncomfortable during the educational process because he was classified with children somewhat younger, and his stay was brief. With the marriage, in the same year, of the eldest brother and two sisters, the responsibility of caring for their mother and the younger children fell the more heavily upon Adolph and Zoltan.

Out of school at the age of fourteen, the young burden-bearer found work in an art shop, alternating between helping the frame-

Continued on page 104

Chas Cartwright

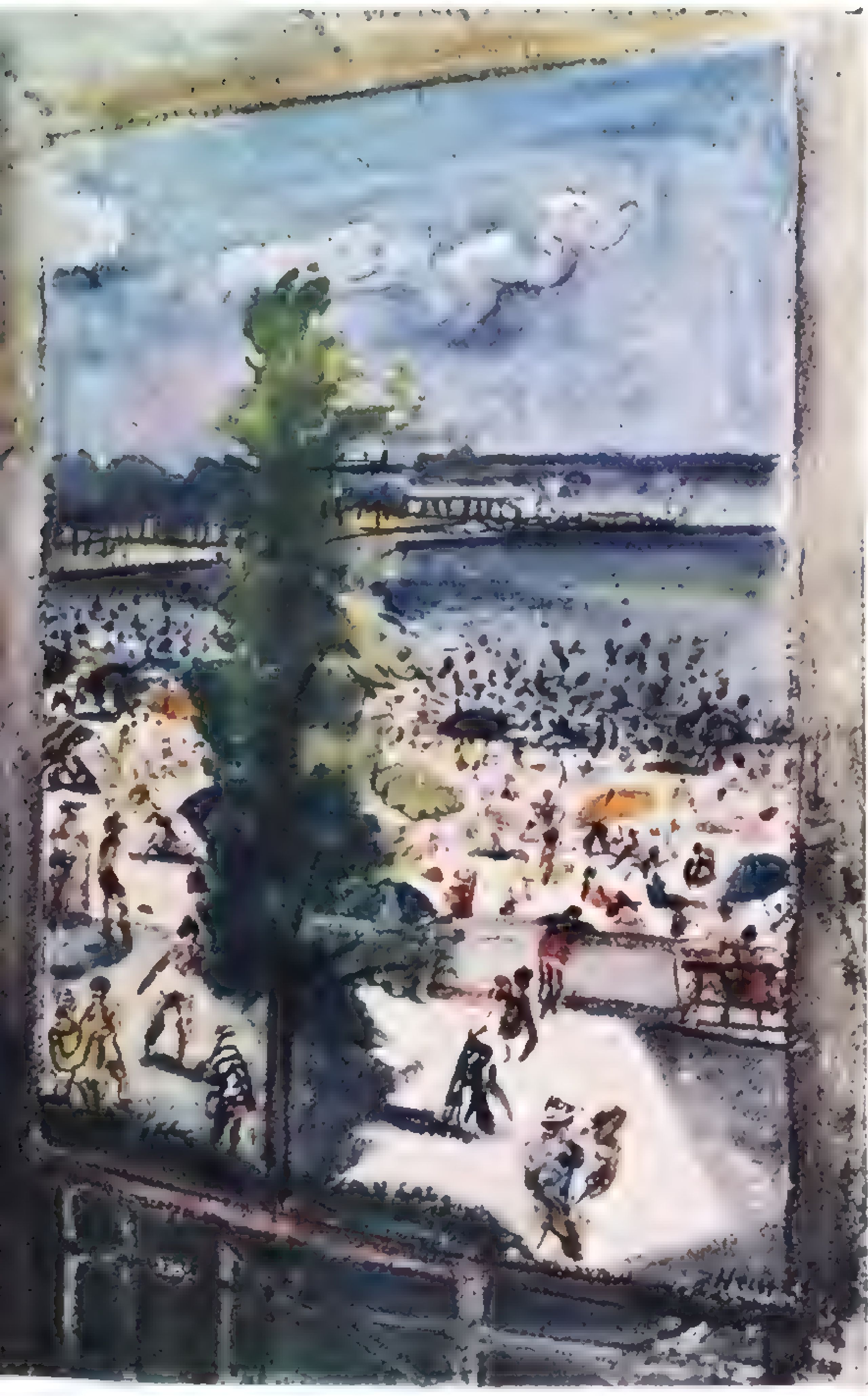
"Don't pay any attention to them, Victor—you just go on and create something beautiful"



BOARD WALK

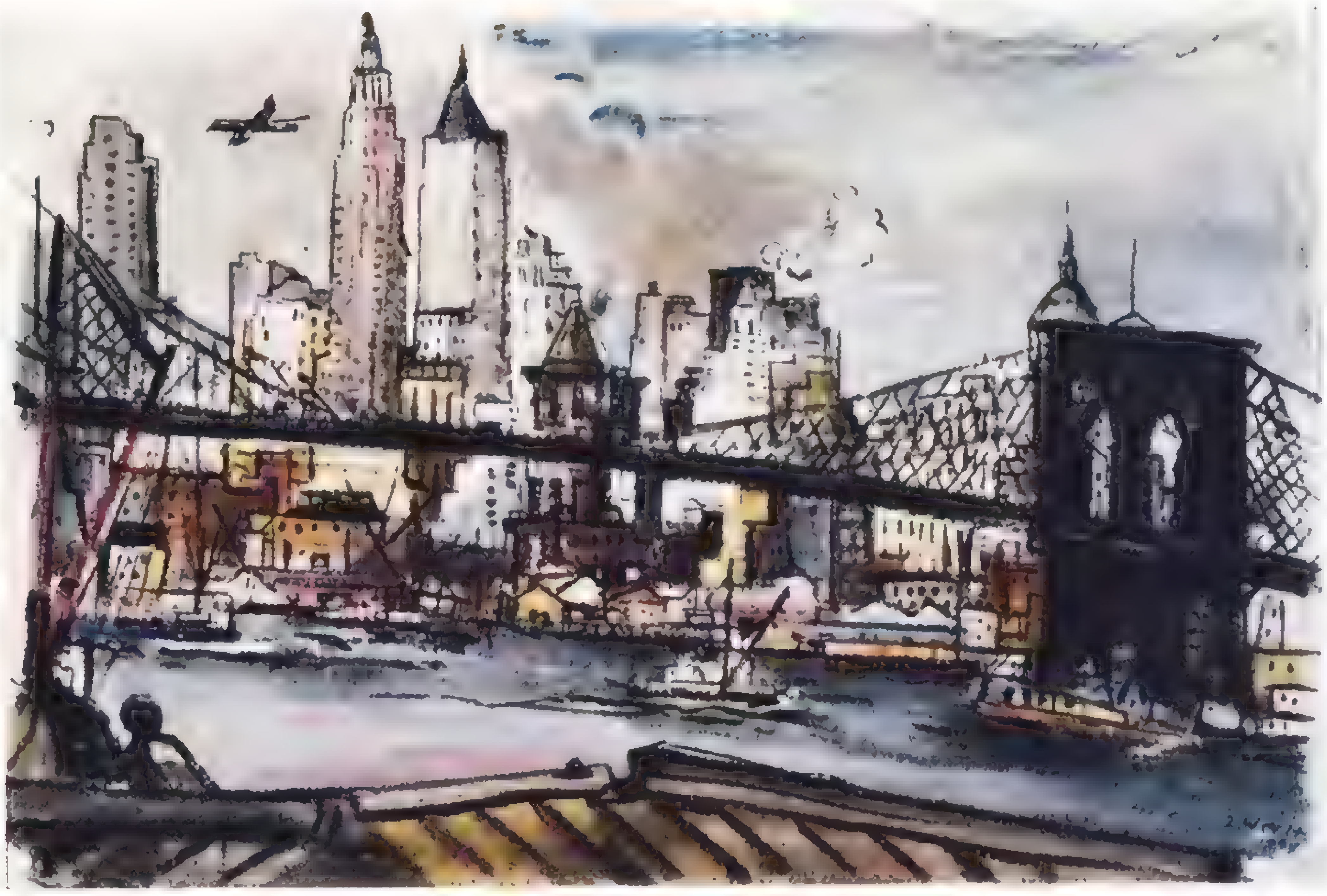
A Group of Paintings

by ZOLTAN HECHT

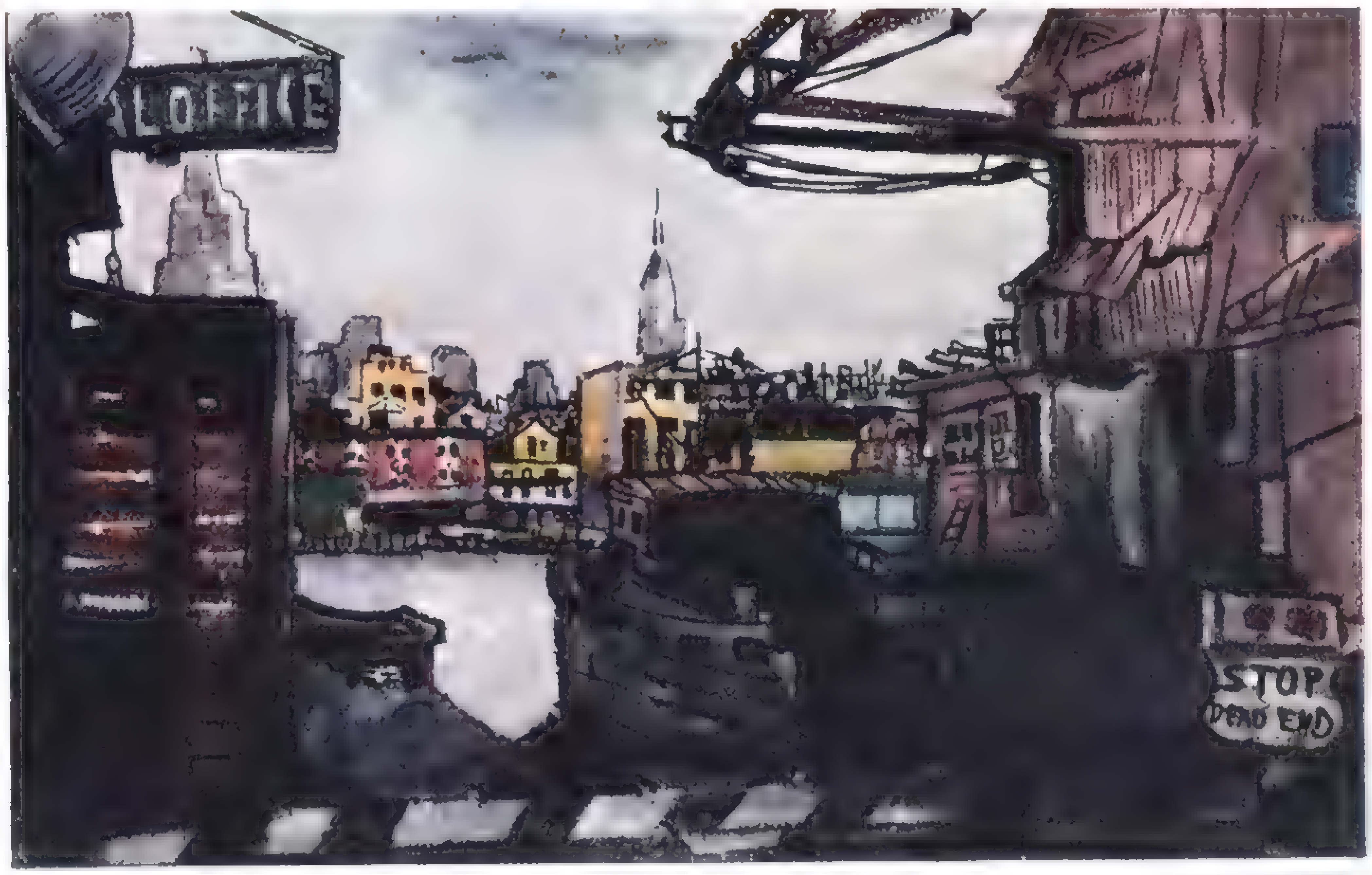


FOURTH OF JULY

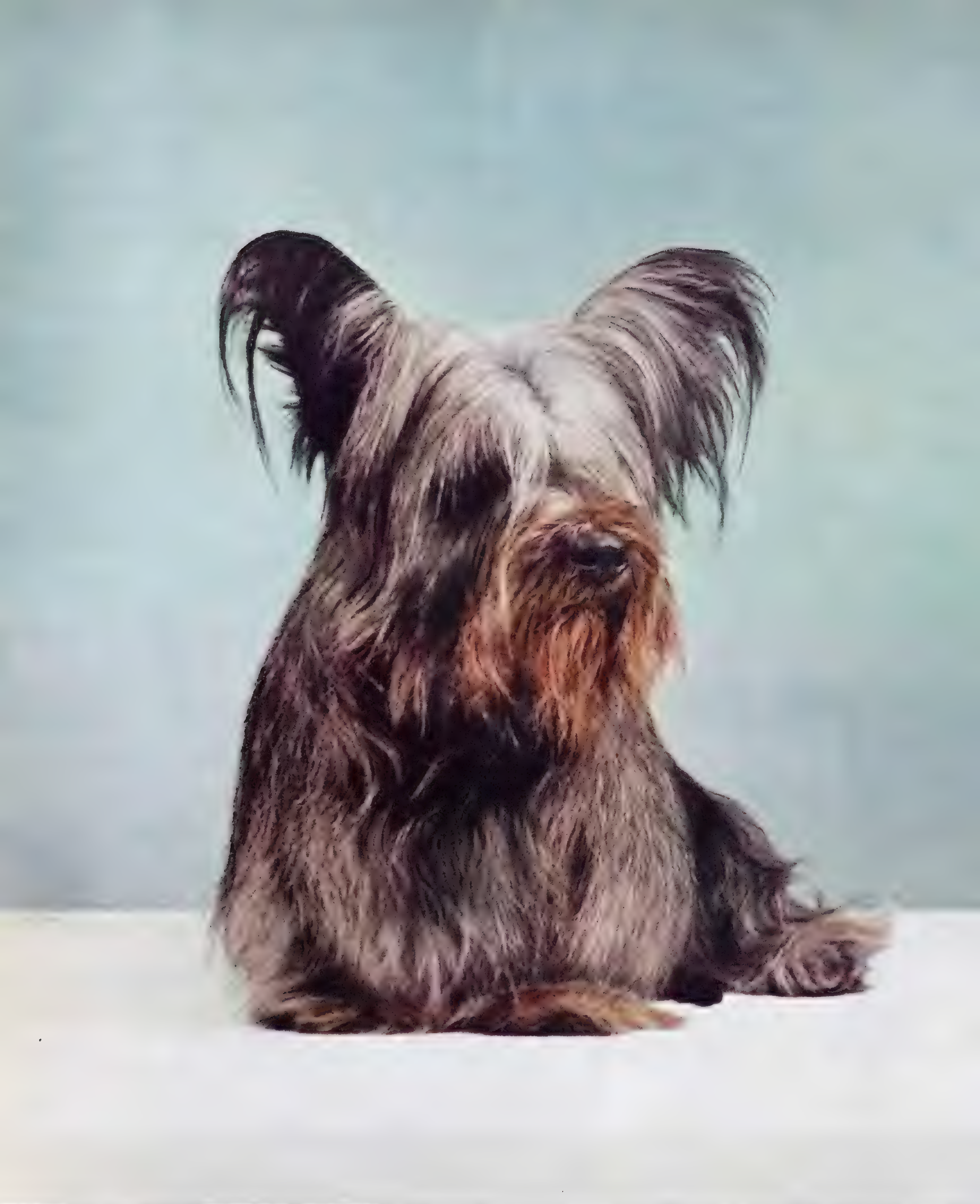
These paintings were reproduced in Chicago through the courtesy of Babcock Galleries, Inc., 38 East 57th Street, New York City. Lower Manhattan *and* Fourth of July *were recently purchased by the Carnegie Foundation for the Federal Procurement Division for the Carville, Louisiana, Marine Hospital.*



LOWER MANHATTAN



COAL BARGE



CH. ANTINEA V. REGENTENHOF OF IRADELL, OWNED BY MRS. CONSUELA FAIR

PHOTOGRAPHED IN COLOR BY HENRY WAXM

THE TERRIER FROM THE ISLE OF SKYE

The Skye Terrier—"which by reason of the length of heare makes show neither of face nor body." The Skye has an extraordinary appearance. It's difficult, because of his long coat, to tell where he begins or leaves off—making him a misunderstood dog. No one who isn't informed about the breed can be expected to know that the Scotchman of the quaint shape (two and a half times as long as his shoulder height) is a dog of great character. But the truth is, the Skye retains those admirable characteristics which were his four centuries ago when he earned his bread as a hunter of vicious game. The Skye's looks and personality have remained the same throughout the years—and down to the end of the 19th century, he was the best known of all terriers—and now although his popularity has waned, his few understanding admirers are reluctant to change him in any way. They are proud to stand by the motto of the Skye Terrier Club—"Who Dair Meddle Wi' Me."—Chase Herendeen.

Horse Most Likely to Succeed

Having won or placed with five out of six predictions on the Kentucky Derby, your dopester guesses again

by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST

• SPORTS •

Late in 1939 it was impossible to select any two-year-old colt of that year to win the Kentucky Derby of 1940 other than Col. E. R. Bradley's Bimelech. Not only leading money-winner of the year, but also undefeated as a juvenile, Bimelech stood out head and shoulders among the other three-year-old eligibles for the race. In the trifling detail of its actual running he was second to Mrs. Ethel V. Mars' Gallahadion, which he had beaten in Kentucky just before the race, and was to beat again after it in the Preakness in Maryland and the Belmont Stakes in New York. But off the cold past performances of all eligibles it would have been mere lunacy to select any other horse, as the Bradleyite's price in the winter books and in the machines at post time plainly indicated.

Now—late in 1940—the matter of picking the Kentucky Derby winner of 1941 from among the two-year-olds of the past year is another kettle of fish entirely. Whether good or bad as a class, the two-year-olds of 1940 have been beating each other all summer and fall with bewildering monotony. No sooner would one begin to stand forth as a leader than another would come along to defeat him, and then in turn that other would be humbled by a third which later would be licked by the first.

Probably the best two-year-old of 1940, all things considered, was a filly. Level Best, a chestnut daughter of Equipoise out of Speed Boat by Man 'o War, won eight of her eleven starts and never ran out of the money to earn over $40,000 in purses. She beat colts as well as fillies and was a model of consistency, speed and gameness. But fillies do not often beat colts and geldings at a mile and a quarter in May when carrying 121 pounds to the males' 126, and I am forced to go beyond the lady in seeking the Derby winner of 1941.

Incidentally the high quality of a number of Equipoise 1940 two-year-olds showed what a loss American breeding and racing sustained in the untimely death of that great horse. In addition to Level Best, certainly the best two-year-old filly, he had sent up one of the better two-year-old colts in Attention, out of Fizzaz by Bubbling Over. This one ran first three times and was second twice in seven starts to earn $35,940 in purses. He won the U. S. Hotel Stakes and was second to Whirlaway in the Hopeful Stakes, both at Saratoga.

The leading two-year-old colts of 1940 were Attention, just mentioned, Blue Pair, by Pairbypair out of Eva B., Bold Irishman, by Sir Gallahad III out of Erin, Bushwhacker, by Chance Shot out of Masked Dancer, King Cole, by Pharamond II out of Golden Melody, Little Beans, by Mirafel out of Florhi, New World, by Discovery out of Sunny Sal, Omission, by Jock out of Neglect, Our Boots, by Bull Dog out of Maid of Arches, Porter's Cap, by The Porter out of The Blonde, Stimady, by Stimulus out of Beclady, Swain, by Ladysman out of Doubtful Hours, and Whirlaway, by Blenheim II out of Dustwhirl. The Derby winner may not come out of this group but certainly should. And the only trifling detail left to determine in advance is which one will carry the blanket of roses next May at Churchill Downs.

Let's take a look at the record. It's sufficiently mixed up, as suggested, but it's all we have to go by.

Attention ran in the ruck in the Belmont Futurity, was second to Bushwhacker in the New England Futurity, ran second to Whirlaway in the Hopeful, beat Whirlaway in the U. S. Hotel Stakes, was sixth to Swain in the Arlington Futurity and won the National Stallion Stakes.

Blue Pair was beaten by Whirlaway in the Breeders' Futurity and won the Mayflower and Myles Standish Stakes in New England.

Bold Irishman won the Pimlico Futurity at a mile and a sixteenth late in the 1940 season, beating Our Boots, Whirlaway and Swain. Previously he had been beaten by Stimady in the Ardsley Handicap, in the Babylon Handicap had led Stimady but had again been beaten by King Cole, had led Stimady in the Remsen Handicap, had been beaten by Swain in the Spalding Lowe Jenkins, but in the Champagne Stakes had finished ahead of Swain, King Cole, Bushwhacker and Porter's Cap.

Bushwhacker won the New England Futurity, beating Attention and Swain of this better group, but in the Champagne Stakes finished eighth, with Bold Irishman, Swain and King Cole ahead of him.

King Cole won the Junior Champion Stakes, beating Stimady, also the Babylon Handicap, leading Bold Irishman and Stimady. In the Champagne Stakes he finished fourth, with Bold Irishman and Swain of this group ahead of him but Bushwhacker and Porter's Cap behind him, and in the Belmont Futurity he finished second to Our Boots, ahead of Whirlaway, New World, Bushwhacker, Porter's Cap, Swain and Attention.

Little Beans in two races beat Porter's Cap and Swain but in one of them was whipped by King Cole.

New World won the Maryland Futurity, for Maryland-bred horses only, not much of a feat, beat Whirlaway in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, was beaten by him in the Saratoga Special and finished fourth in the Belmont Futurity, behind Our Boots, King Cole and Whirlaway but ahead of Bushwhacker, Porter's Cap, Swain and Attention.

Omission won several stakes, beating none of this group, and was whipped in the Ardsley and Remsen Handicaps by Stimady and Bold

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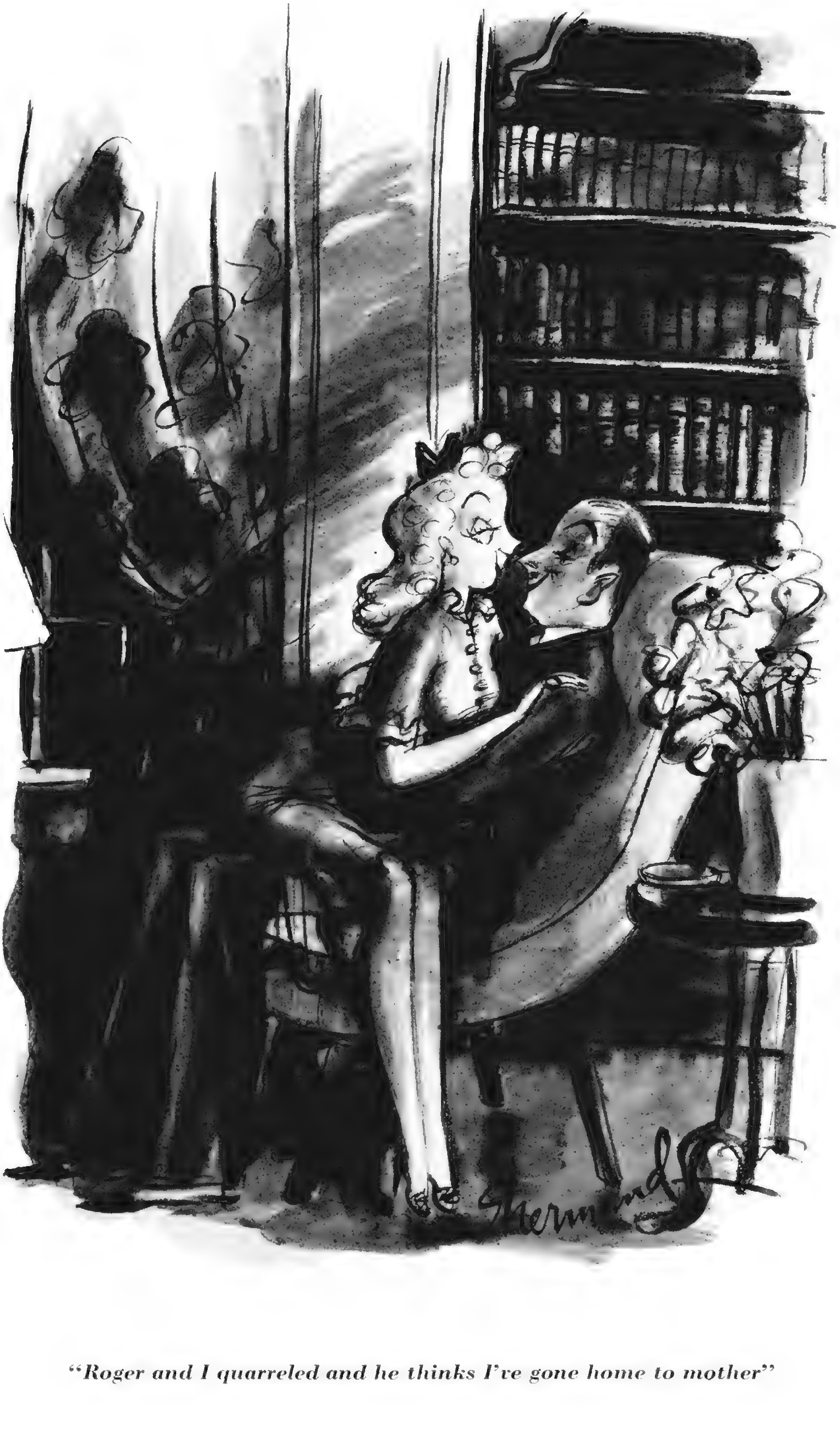
"We'll call you the minute your son is born, Mr. Watterman!"



"Roger and I quarreled and he thinks I've gone home to mother"

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Giving the nod to the musical, *Pal Joey*, and two current plays: *Old Acquaintance* and *My Sister Eileen*

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

HEREWITH, sparing you the customary fancy time-killing introductory paragraphs, is a retrospective critical appraisal of various happenings in the theatre.

I

There was a period, antecedent to the reign of Adolf the Bastard, when travelers returned from Germany were agog over the wonders of the stagecraft on view there. They mentioned Reinhardt and swooned from sheer excess of awe. They uttered the name of Jessner and fainted from enthusiasm. They spoke of Piscator and fell weak from over-ecstasy into their beers. And so, too, in the case of one or two other such *regisseurs*. Nor was the excitability altogether on the dummkopf side. There was some justification for it, though hardly for the intensity it here and there achieved.

The stages of England, France and America during that era were conducted so very unimaginatively that what the voyagers saw on the German, to say nothing of the Russian, stages, albeit it was occasionally eccentric to the point of screwiness, naturally made a deep impression upon them. For here, at least, was a valiant attempt to break away from the flat, fanciless and dull staging that for years had made the English, French and American dramatic platforms pictorially indistinguishable from so many displays in Siegel and Cooper's show windows and the musical almost equally indistinguishable from those in Schwartz's at Christmastime. To a people fed up on such routine the German directors seemed veritable geniuses. For they had contemptuously thrown aside all the old conventional décor and all the old stereotyped direction and had substituted for it something that, for all its periodic bughouse quality, seemed to inject into drama and the stage in general a new throb and vitality and color.

Some of them did some good work and deserved not only the public but the critical regard that was liberally meted out to them. One or two of them, indeed, now and then did excellent work. But even at their best these and the others always indicated their belief that they, the directors, were infinitely more important than the dramatists they served. And this fact, together with the circumstance that as the years passed their staging became in its expressionistic, constructivist and similar departures as conventional and routine as the manner and methods they had cast aside, conspired gradually to put them in turn into the discard.

With the epiphany of the Little Mustache, these gentlemen sought refuge in America and some of them have tried to regain a producing hold in this land of ours. Their efforts, as I noted in these pages eight or nine months ago, have been pretty sad. But none of them has been quite so sad as Erwin Piscator's. This Piscator, you will recall, is the man who, though seeking sanctuary in this country, has made numerous ungracious remarks about it and its theatre and drama. As his idea of what things should be he accordingly not long ago offered us a Piscator presentation of *King Lear* and at once proved himself not only the most preposterous hand at Shakespeare the American theatre has seen in many years but the most throughly incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial of all the refugee directors.

This *Lear* of his, filtered through his directorial vanity, self-assertion and mental obfuscation, amounted to atrocious and offensive burlesque. Setting it upon a stage that resembled a revolving Tower of Pisa topped by a Lilly Daché hat and utilizing loud speakers and enough reverberating movie sound effects to engender a Los Angeles earthquake—and further indicating an ignorance of important elements in the drama's text—his contribution to American theatrical art was so ridiculous that even the more sympathetic and hospitable reviewers couldn't believe their eyes and ears. From his absurd induction showing Cain and Abel symbolically licking the daylights out of each other to his incorporation of a group of eccentric dancers and from his four level turn-table platform that converted his poor actors necessarily into acrobats and ski-jumpers to his projection of the dramatic action into the laps of the audience and his Broadway night-club lighting, the enterprise in its entirety indicated not only a throwback to the old German production antics at their very worst but also that such refugees as Piscator, God bless them otherwise, are not worth a plugged nickel to the American theatre.

II

About a year and a half ago Paul Vincent Carroll and I sat over the Scotch and sodas the while he meditated what his next play should be. Why not, I made bold to suggest, take your character of Brigid from *Shadow and Substance* and transform her from a St. Joan of religious faith into a St. Joan of romantic love? Carroll thought it a pretty good idea (maybe it was the Scotch and sodas) and set to work on the theme.

Some months later he sent me his script. I read it and made bold again to impart to him the opinion that it was very bad. He reluctantly agreed and proceeded to rewrite it. A month or so later he gave me the revision and I made bold still again to convey to him the criticism that, while it was an improvement over the first script, it remained a lousy play. After some doubt over both my sagacity and certainly my manners, which he was not wholly backward in confiding to

Continued on page 157

"It looks like the real thing between Eddie and me—from a whistle it's blossomed into double feature movies seven nights a week"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Reviewing Maynard's biography of the Virgin Queen and offering a solution to her enigmatic career

by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

• BOOKS •

The late Lord Tweedsmuir, in his charming autobiography, *Pilgrim's Way*, describing his friend the publisher Nelson, says, naturally enough, for it is a typical British quality, that he was very serious in his attitude toward life, but very shy of talking about it, for he "had a horror of anything like rhetoric and grandiosity." He could never forget what Carlyle has put into famous words: "It is a sad but sure truth that every time you speak of a fine purpose, especially if with eloquence and to the admiration of by-standers, there is the less chance of your ever making a fact of it in your own poor life."

Well, that has just enough truth to make it impressive. But it is far from being a universal truth. All it really means is that example is better than precept; that witnesses are more efficient than advocates; "let your light so shine before men," etc. But Carlyle himself spent his whole career in talking (in print) of a fine purpose, with eloquence and to the admiration of thousands; even as he spent many words in urging the value of silence. Yet no one has ever called him a hypocrite or doubted his sincerity.

That quoted remark of Carlyle's is good to read even if it hurts, for the obvious reason; yet it is cynical; and cynical remarks are never more than half true. Was it Oscar Wilde who said that every time a prophet made a convert, it lessened his own faith?

Bernard Shaw said (in print) that he always preferred to live with and to have as his personal friends those who held opinions contrary to his own. This is perhaps why he has always loved living in England. I suppose every man of genius who teaches in daring paradoxes, like Shaw and Emerson, is bored by enthusiastic disciples who have zeal without knowledge. We enjoy reading such men not because what they say is true, but because their expression of it is inspired by literary genius. The late Henry Arthur Jones told me that Shaw was corrupting the minds of Americans and that we were fools not to realize the danger. Actually, he never has corrupted us; he has continually delighted us. We know that after he is gone, the world will be duller.

I am writing on the last day of the Old Year; and though I am glad to see the end of 1940, there is always something akin to sadness in leaving many places, many persons, many spaces in a calendar. No one in recent years has expressed this sentiment more accurately than Noel Coward, in his admirable autobiography, *Present Indicative.*

> In looking back now on those months . . . I can detect a glow of nostalgia upon them. They mark in my life such a definite end to a chapter. . . . Yes, the nostalgia is there all right, I can feel it strongly. It is like a sensation that every traveler knows when his ship steams away from a place to which he is sure he will never return. Not perhaps that he wants to. Not perhaps that he has been particularly happy there, but he feels a pang as the land slips down below the horizon. The little café where he used to have coffee. That boring walk along by the sea and back. The view from the balcony. The conversations with the barman. The hotel wallpaper. All part of living Time, never to be known again, the closing of a phase.

One day many years ago I was walking in Boston, when there came a tremendous downpour of rain. I happened to see a branch of the Public Library, took shelter there and drew from the shelves Turgenev's novel (in Eugene Schuyler's translation) *Fathers and Sons* (as Mr. Schuyler named it), the greatest novel I have ever read on the subject of the Younger Generation. I began at the first page and did not stop until I had read through the entire book. The gloom of the afternoon and the tragic close of the story seemed to overwhelm me utterly. I remember particularly the conversation with Madame Odintsov, where the subject was happiness, and it was suggested that often, when listening to music, or engaged in conversation with attractive people, or looking at a sunset, or being alone on a calm evening, instead of actually being happy, we seemed to be near some wonderful happiness that was just beyond our reach.

Everyone to his taste. I observe that the New York Film Critics awarded to *The Grapes of Wrath* the honor of being the best motion picture of the year. I found it such a terrible bore that I walked out before it was over. But I agree heartily with them in voting for *The Baker's Wife* as the best foreign-language picture. It is indeed a masterpiece and Raimu's acting was magnificent. Two good awards also were to Charles Chaplin in *The Great Dictator* and to Katharine Hepburn in *The Philadelphia Story*. And it was good to see a special award go to Walt Disney, Stokowski and their associates for the production of *Fantasia*. No doubt John Ford deserved the prize for directing two of the year's pictures; for in 1939 he directed *Stagecoach*, one of my favorites for that year. And I was glad to see *Our Town* in the honor list.

As the vast majority of Americans are unable to see the current plays of the legitimate stage, let me remind them that nearly every one of them is published separately; and that Burns Mantle's invaluable annual volume, *The Best Plays of 1939-40* (the latest) contains everything necessary for a familiar acquaintance with the American theatre.

The most recent publication of the playwright William Saroyan is a novel called *My Name Is Aram.* I enjoyed every page of it. The humor is irresistible and wholly original. I know of nothing like it. The story itself is so interesting that I was always

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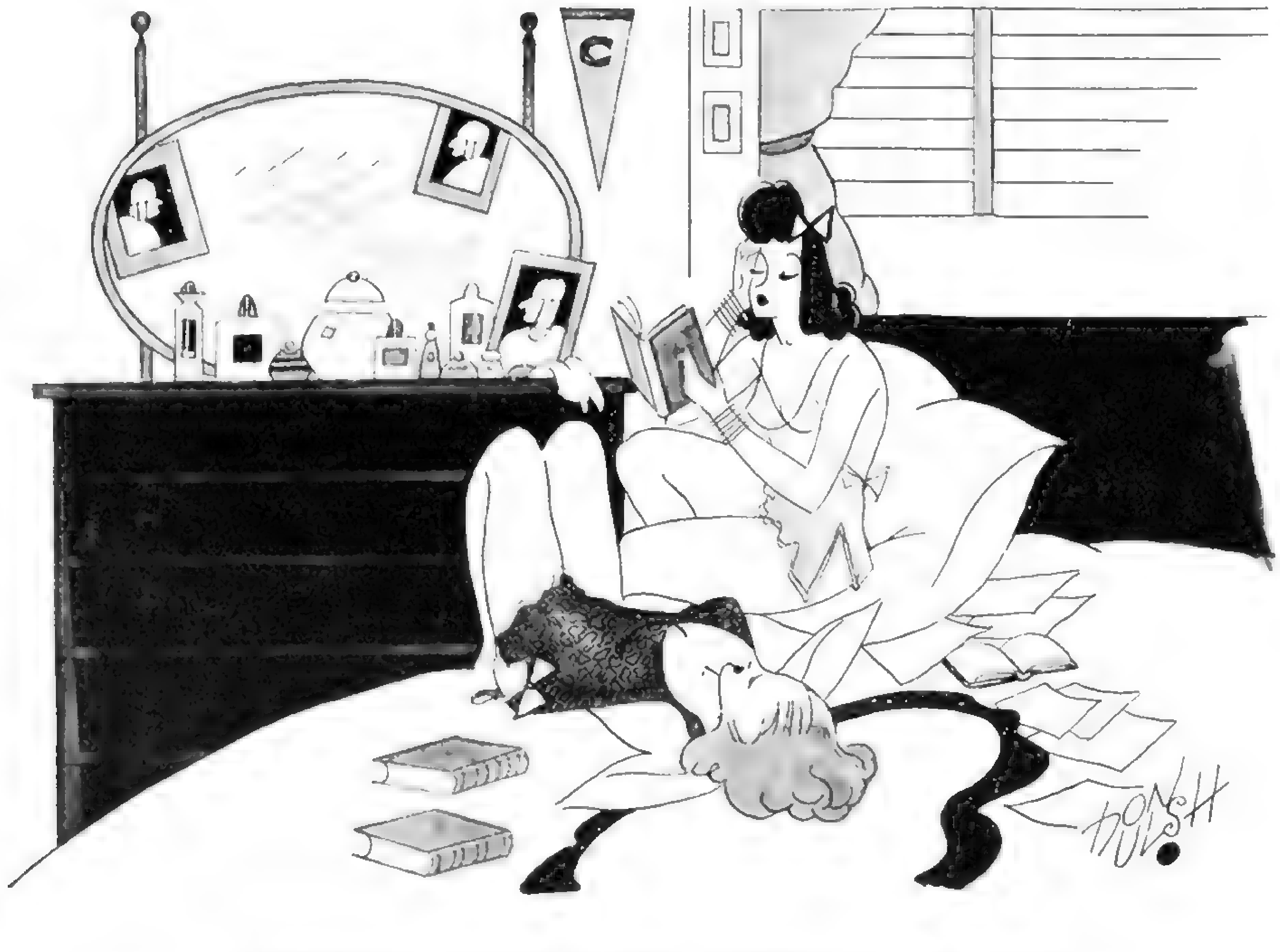


"I wish I were dumb—then I wouldn't have to worry because I wasn't smart"

LILLIAN CORNELL
Hurrell Photograph

ELLEN DREW
[illegible] Photograph

Roulades and Cadenzas

Plugging the National Committee for Music Appreciation's aim to bring music to the masses and vice versa

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

The current New York music season began early—with a dinner. Eighteen hundred faces, familiar and otherwise, appeared in the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria to see Oscar, beaming and beneficent, and eat his tastiest menu. No one knew why the invitation, what in hell it was about, nor who was paying the bill.

All had received engraved bids from the New York chapter of the National Committee for Music Appreciation, heavily weighted with the town's longest names, several of them misspelled. The menu said the dinner was to initiate The New York Chapter's Inauguration of The Committee's Educational Program in Behalf of Operatic Music.

Everybody shook hands and congratulated himself on being there. Champagne was served. The guests looked for their tables, but seating lists (beyond the letter K) failed to arrive. Friends were separated and the confusion was maintained by the presence of eighteen dashing photographers who flashed and banged during seven courses.

A canvass of the guests at the table where I landed revealed an opera prima donna, a Tin Pan Alley big-wig, a famous Wagnerian baritone, New York City's Commissioner of Health, an impresario, and dowagers active in the Metropolitan Opera Guild. The dowagers came, they said, because George Sloan, the Opera's president, was to accept a donation. The Tin Pan Alley guy thought Irving Berlin was to be presented with a plaque, and the city official honestly admitted he saw his colleagues' names on the list in the newspaper and thought he ought to show up. Why he was invited was a mystery to him.

It was evident those at the speakers' table were also in the dark. Said Chancellor Chase of New York University: "My wife wants to know what in Heaven's name John Erskine has on me that I will go off dressed in tails in mid-summer to speak for him. . . This association, *I take it*, wants to broaden the base of our culture."

Poems about music were recited into posied microphones. Hendrik Willem Van Loon said smoke from Europe was getting into our eyes, that he had saved his sanity writing a life of Bach, "Because I'm safe with him; he's only been written about in such expensive books that even the critics cannot buy them."

Mme. Olga Samaroff-Stokowski gave Irving Berlin his plaque for writing *God Bless America*, remarking if she were dictator (or dictatoress) she'd make it the national anthem. Berlin said, dewy-eyed, this was the nearest he'd been to good music, that the plaque was his first award for writing a song, admitted he wrote *God Bless America* in 1918, didn't think it was very good, and probably it would be sung to death, that Francis Scott Key wisely wrote *The Star Spangled Banner* to a tune most difficult to sing.

The National Director of the National Committee for Music Appreciation told us that the Committee had brought symphonic albums into a million homes, that it had disbursed $78,684.70 among the Detroit Symphony, the Chicago Orchestra, Chicago Opera, St. Louis Symphony, Ravinia Festival, Cleveland Orchestra, and other musical organizations, had established trial laboratories of recorded music in public libraries, had sent its secretary to South America to develop cultural relations, and concluded patriotically: "America stands as the one strong citadel of the world's music."

And yet no one knew who was paying the bill nor why. John Erskine finally ended the suspense. It was a complete fluke, he said, that happened to make money for everyone connected with it. God, or one of his angels, put it into the heads of the owners of the *Washington Star* to encourage the enjoyment of music at symphony concerts in the District of Columbia, not to mention the sale of newspapers. They called in Paul Sarazen and the Publishers' Service Corporation, consulting engineers to newspapers and magazines. They decided that if you want people to hear music you must get them to listen to it. They further came to the indisputable conclusion that anyone (except perhaps a member of the United States Congress) who hears good music repeatedly will recognize it, and once he has recognized it, will like it. To make drug store clerks wish to hear a great symphony, you must first make them familiar with it. Human beings like old friends, old shoes, old tunes.

So, twelve symphonies from the repertoire of major orchestras were recorded under good conductors. The conductors and orchestras were paid recording fees, waiving further royalties. The Victor company made the records at equally generous terms, but to protect its regular recordings, names of orchestras and conductors were kept secret. At last, people bought music because Beethoven wrote it, not because a tin god conducted it.

Musicians, teachers, and music patrons in the District of Columbia helped the experiment by encouraging the purchase of albums, which sold for $1.75. The *Star* told the public where the albums were sold and ran stories about Bach and Dvorak and Debussy on the second page. Public schools told pupils of the opportunity, those who bought them told fellow bus passengers, and the guy in the next apartment heard them through the partition. Within a month Hans Kindler and the National Symphony noticed that when they programmed one of these symphonies, the house was sold out. Music dealers reported increased sale of phonographs: listeners learned the records sounded better on

Continued on page 165

AUTO HORNS
AUTO HORN CO
OIL
SPARK PLUGS
HAVE YOU HAD OUR MOTOR ...ELY
GEORGE WOLFE

"Now this one comes right to the point—it says 'Hello, Beautiful—hop in!'"

Johnny, Drink Your Cereal!

About the lore and traditions surrounding that peculiarly American drink, rye whiskey

by LAWTON MACKALL

• POTABLES •

The Swedes, calling it *rag*, baked it into crispy herring-rafts for munchwork with aquavit. The Poles, dubbing it *rezh*, pumped it up into pumpernickel. The Slavs brewed it into the folk-beer known as *kvass*. The Dutch, gutteraling it *rogge* even went so far as to distill it into the alcoholic fundamental of Holland gin. But not until Colonial American originality got going was rye's greatest possibility realized: Rye Whiskey.

Admittedly, it's one of the newly rich grains—only a few thousand years old as compared with a real conservative like barley, which is an early Egyptian tomb item. When you're dredging up pearls from a plate of mutton broth you're really going 'way back, whereas the cry of "Ham on rye" wakes echoes which emanate merely from the Caucasus in the days of the tribal migrations into Europe. As a sustainer of man it put itself across by virtue of its hardiness (it'll thrive in soils and climates which wheat and corn can't take) and its robust, zestfully palatable flavor—largely derived from the husk—a flavor which is accentuated by rye's natural tendency to ferment. For example, that hint of sourness which is to be found in a loaf of out-and-out, old-fashioned rye bread is a sly announcement that Old Man Rye is in a cheerful ferment again.

But, boy, when he meets malted barley in a mash tun! It's like rapscallion meets girl.

And this rendezvous has been going on since long before the Declaration of Independence. Nor was there any need of a Declaration of Thirst: Americans just thought of the idea themselves, and every citizen was his own spokesman, reaping his rye where he found it.

The famous sources were Maryland and Pennsylvania, in both of which colonies distilling had progressed from gentleman farmer's hobby to serious profession, though the equipment would make a modern distiller's scientist smile.

A pathetic feature of the situation was the slowness of transportation. Picture, for example, the plight of a Bostonian waking up the morning after his birthday party of the night before, and reaching for a hair of the hound that nipped him, only to find that there wasn't a drop left, thanks to the fervor of his well-wishers. Tremblingly taking quill in hand, he would begin a letter: "Dear Distiller" and state his urgent need of a couple of barrels of rye, the sooner the quicker. So in sixty-eight days the barrels arrive, by which time his tongue is hanging out clear down to the Boston Wharf to receive them. For sheer conscientiousness this would be one of the longest hangovers in song or story.

What the rye of those intrepid days tasted like we don't know but judging by the primitiveness of the equipment which produced it, quality and character must have been pretty uncurried—mellow as a wildcat, smooth as a displeased porcupine. Hence the prevalence of fire control by the punch bowl system.

Distillers might *mean* well, but by the time a mash of run-of-the-field cereals had been fermented in an open tub with any sort of yeast and cooked in a crude kettle without scientific control, that laudable intention would have got lost in the hit-or-miss. As for expecting two batches to turn out exactly alike, that would have been as unreasonable as asking Lady Luck to be regular. Nor was the whiskey maker a big enough operator to possess adequate stocks on hand for blending whereby uniformity of brand could be maintained. A rye fancier might buy the same brand fifty times and be a gambler each time.

I am rending no veils of secrecy when I say it is different now.

This uniformity abaft brand label is attained by a progressive series of controls, each as fussy as science can contrive. First, the selection of the grain along the following lines:

1. *For rye at its rye-ist*—85 per cent rye (or thereabouts) and 15 per cent malted rye. (The malting of any grain is accomplished by spreading it out on a malting floor and sousing it with water till the kernels sprout tiny shoots; then checking this springy behavior by drying, usually in a kiln.)

2. *For medium rye*—same percentages but substituting barley malt for rye malt.

3. *For counterbalanced rye*—say 60 per cent rye, 20 per cent corn, 20 per cent malt. (The malt is of the barley variety, though some rye malt may be added to the melée as an extra fillip.)

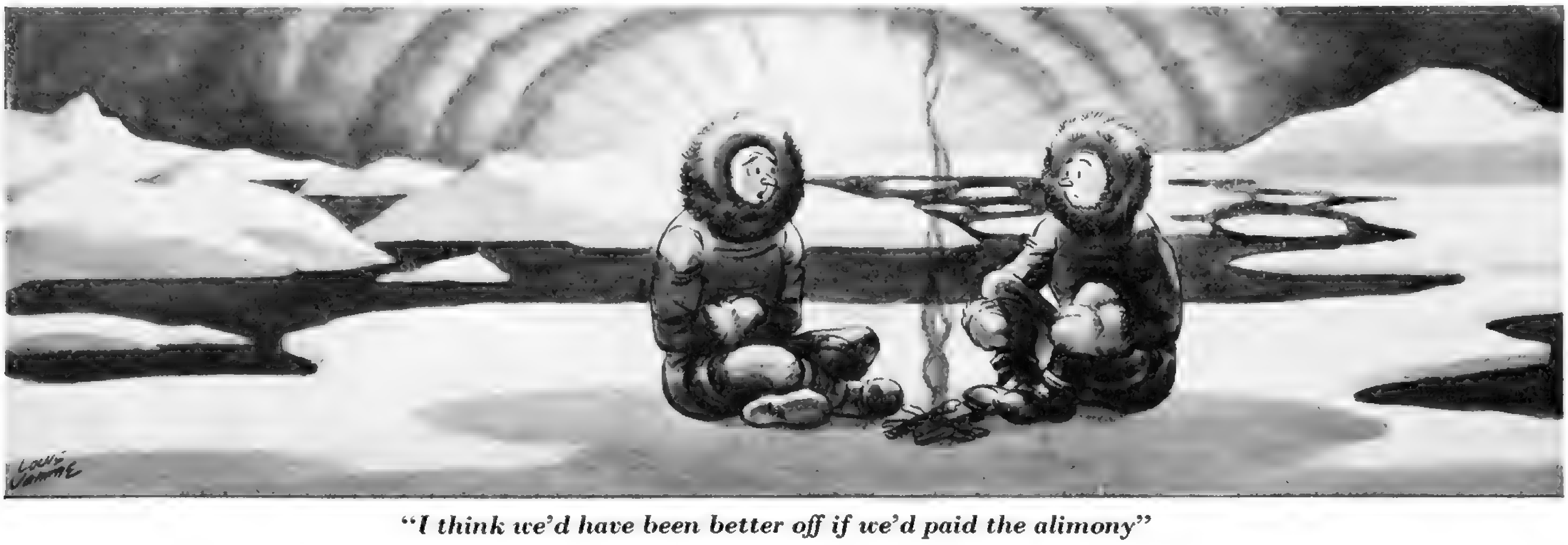
Anti-coalitionists who on principle, and without even tasting what they're talking about, object to rye's accepting the support of corn, don't seem to realize that this is not a case of leaning on a fellow-cereal out of laziness or inadequacy. Furlongs from it! It is an inspiring example of reciprocity, a return of services rendered. For rye does the same sort of balancing and buttressing job in composite Bourbons, with corn taking all the bows. Fact is, any "bitter rivalry" between Mr. Bearded and Mr. Tasseled for supremacy in whiskeydom is about as "merciless" as the feud of Messrs. Fred Allen and Jack Benny. For that matter, didn't some of Kentucky's pioneer distillers of Bourbon come from Maryland and Pennsylvania, bringing with them their rye background?

Such being the cultural complexities, our government, fearful of confusion, has set up two guiding principles which stand like lamp posts of enlightenment to which the bouquet bewildered may cling:

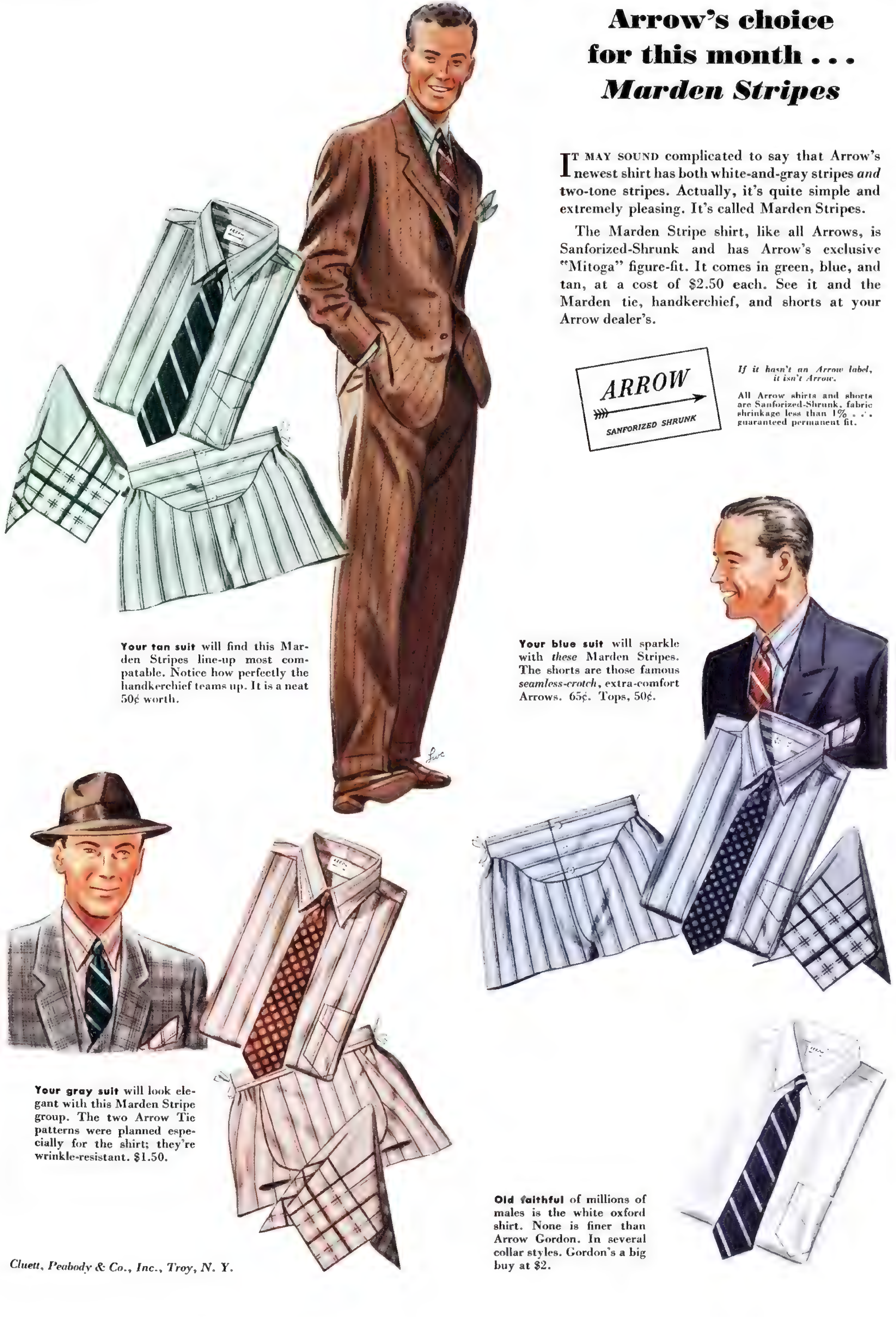
A. Where the makin's are not less than 51 per cent rye grain the resultant whiskey gets the designation Rye;

B. Where the makin's are not less than 51

Continued on page 119



"I think we'd have been better off if we'd paid the alimony"



Arrow's choice for this month . . . *Marden Stripes*

IT MAY SOUND complicated to say that Arrow's newest shirt has both white-and-gray stripes *and* two-tone stripes. Actually, it's quite simple and extremely pleasing. It's called Marden Stripes.

The Marden Stripe shirt, like all Arrows, is Sanforized-Shrunk and has Arrow's exclusive "Mitoga" figure-fit. It comes in green, blue, and tan, at a cost of $2.50 each. See it and the Marden tie, handkerchief, and shorts at your Arrow dealer's.

ARROW
SANFORIZED SHRUNK

If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

All Arrow shirts and shorts are Sanforized-Shrunk, fabric shrinkage less than 1% . . . guaranteed permanent fit.

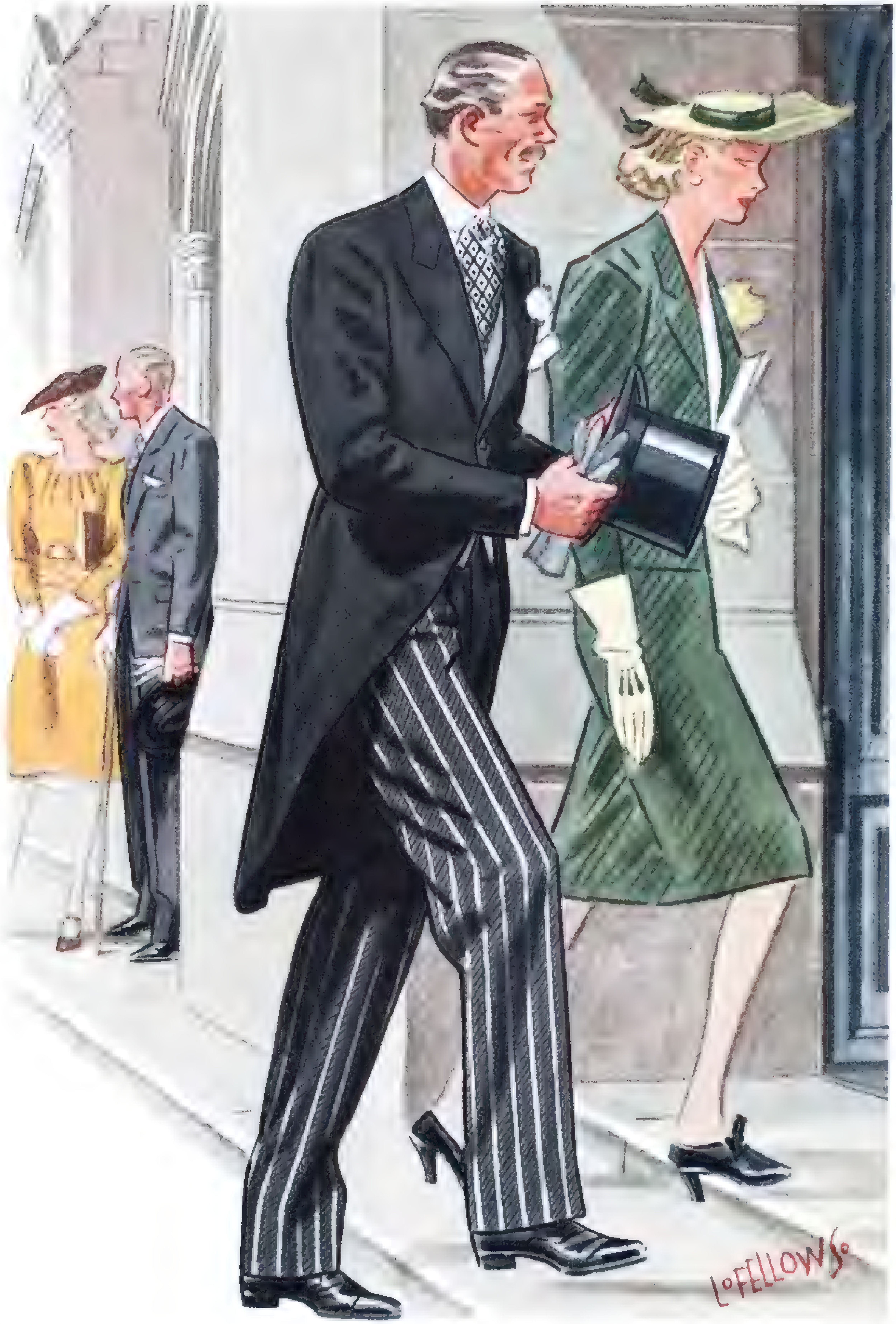
Your tan suit will find this Marden Stripes line-up most compatable. Notice how perfectly the handkerchief teams up. It is a neat 50¢ worth.

Your blue suit will sparkle with *these* Marden Stripes. The shorts are those famous *seamless-crotch*, extra-comfort Arrows. 65¢. Tops, 50¢.

Your gray suit will look elegant with this Marden Stripe group. The two Arrow Tie patterns were planned especially for the shirt; they're wrinkle-resistant. $1.50.

Old faithful of millions of males is the white oxford shirt. None is finer than Arrow Gordon. In several collar styles. Gordon's a big buy at $2.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.



Easter rabid

This handsome couple are among the marchers in the Easter Parade, and may be seen here at the member's entrance of an internationally famous church. It could be any one of many churches on Easter Sunday when men and women attend services in their best bib and tucker. All the points of the man's ensemble add up to a net of accepted correct fashions. His oxford-grey cutaway coat has one button and peaked lapels, with tails that extend to the knee. The black and silver colored heavy silk ascot is held with a white pearl stickpin. His fold starched collar and white pleated bosom shirt are ultra formal. He achieves contrast with the light grey worsted waistcoat and grey mocha gloves. The pronounced grey stripes of the Cheviot trousers stand out sharply and relieve the somber tone of the coat. His black straight-tip shoes are a good base for the outfit. If you are interested in a slightly less formal get-up, cast a glance toward the man in the background. He substitutes the oxford-grey jacket for the cutaway coat. He also wears a blue and grey four-in-hand tie, white shirt, fold starched collar, striped grey trousers, black straight-tip shoes, black Homburg hat, and chamois gloves.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Esquire on the Record

On music that woos our South American pals, what they call Chicago style, and a list of last year's best platters

by CARLETON SMITH

▪ RECORDS ▪

AMERICAN jazz is the folk music of the world. In the past ten years it has blown across the plains of Patagonia, been hummed in Lapp villages, in the Kasbah of Algiers. Bambini in Naples and kinder in Stuttgart have sung *Star Dust.* Kings in England and maharajahs in India have danced to *Tea for Two.* I have sat with Cossacks on the Don listening to *Rose-Marie.*

Latin-Americans prefer our dance music. Sophisticated snobs in Buenos Aires sit out the tango, wait for a fox-trot. Our broadcasters are at last getting the idea: they no longer play congas, rhumbas, and sambas for our neighbors, who can play them better themselves. What South Americans cannot do is imitate our Guy Lombardos, Wayne Kings, Tommy Dorseys, Duke Ellingtons! And they like their music making.

We have no considerable library of serious compositions for export. Our own cognoscenti have yet to digest Aaron Copland, Randall Thompson, Roy Harris, *et al.* And, what embryo Brazilian Beethovens write interests us but little. That will improve in future decades. But today the popular, the dance music is the easiest basis for contact between the peoples of the Americas.

Because it is transient in its appeal let us not be ashamed of it. Let us broadcast our best popular bands, our best popular music —whether ASCAP or BMI. Let us make more and better records . . . and send them South.

* * *

Twenty years ago a group of youngsters, Bud Freeman, Dave Tough, Eddie Condon, Frank Teschemacher and Benny Goodman lived around Austin High on Chicago's West Side. Their first and only love was music. They played together, usually without pay, in various dives, most famous of which was The Three Deuces at 222 North State Street. Their Gods were King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, and Bix Beiderbecke. They had only contempt for musicians who played in Big Name bands; they played for kicks and were proud of it.

Their music making was given the loose term, "Chicago style." That is inaccurate, for their style closely follows the music of the original King Oliver New Orleans band, and its most celebrated white imitator, the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. Emphasis was on driving ensemble. The extended solos of today were unknown. Each musician had original gifts but subordinated them to group playing in a way which since has not been equaled. The culmination of their style came in a record date which Bud Freeman and Eddie Condon organized for Okeh in December, 1927. Then, according to John Hammond, the four most celebrated sides of hot jazz were made: *China Boy, Sugar, Nobody's Sweetheart,* and *Liza.*

Mr. Hammond has collected material of simplicity and elemental strength from these days that made jazz history and given it renewed life in Columbia Sets Nos. 40 and 41. The first includes *Prince of Wails, At the Jazz Band Ball, Muskat Ramble, Forty-seventh and State, Shim-Me-Sha-Wabble* recorded by Bud Freeman and his Famous Chicagoans. The second, *57 Varieties, I Ain't Got Nobody, Caution Blues, Love Me Tonight, A Monday Date,* and *Down Among the Sheltering Palms,* piano solos recorded by Earl Hines for Okeh in December, 1928.

The Hines discs, several of which are pressed from second masters, until now not available, feature his "trumpet-piano style." Hines applied the theory of solo improvisation to a piano keyboard in the same fashion that a trumpet player improvised with the support of a rhythm section. He plays a melody with his right hand while his left provides a rhythmic, harmonic bass. A vibrato quality is achieved by octave tremolos. You can hear how this gets its name from comparing Louis Armstrong's trumpet and Hines' piano in their early recordings.

* * *

Ten outstanding platters of 1940 are:

Gulf Coast Blues, sung by Ella Fitzgerald, an underrated blues singer, who should be heard more often.

In a Mellotone, recorded by Duke Ellington, genuine melancholia for which there is no *ersatz.*

I'll Never Smile Again, arranged by Tommy Dorsey, commercial but then a clever mood-creation.

Hour of Parting, featuring Toots Mondello's alto, Benny Goodman's clarinet, and brilliant scoring.

In a Little Spanish Town, recording by Will Bradley, whose band has promise and whose trombone is impregnable.

It's My Turn Now, sung by Woody Herman, with a thrilling background.

Wings Over Manhattan, Charlie Barnet's superb harmonic oomph.

Flash, beat out by Harry James.

Foster Chile, gorgeous sounds from the New Friends of Rhythm.

Danny Boy, the old air well-chorded and smooth, by Glenn Miller and boys.

* * *

There's a universe of suggestions in Decca's 1941 catalogue—albums ranging from 17th Century harpsichord recitals and Ireene Wicker's *Lullabies* to Brazilian Sambas and Roumanian Shepherd Pipe Solos, too many of them, unfortunately, sloppily performed and carelessly recorded. . . . Hildegarde, whose showmanship becomes greasier as the years go by, has books of songs recorded in her rougher days: Noel Coward (Decca No. 77), Rodgers and Hart (Decca No. 112) and Vernon Duke (Decca No. 149) . . . I still en-

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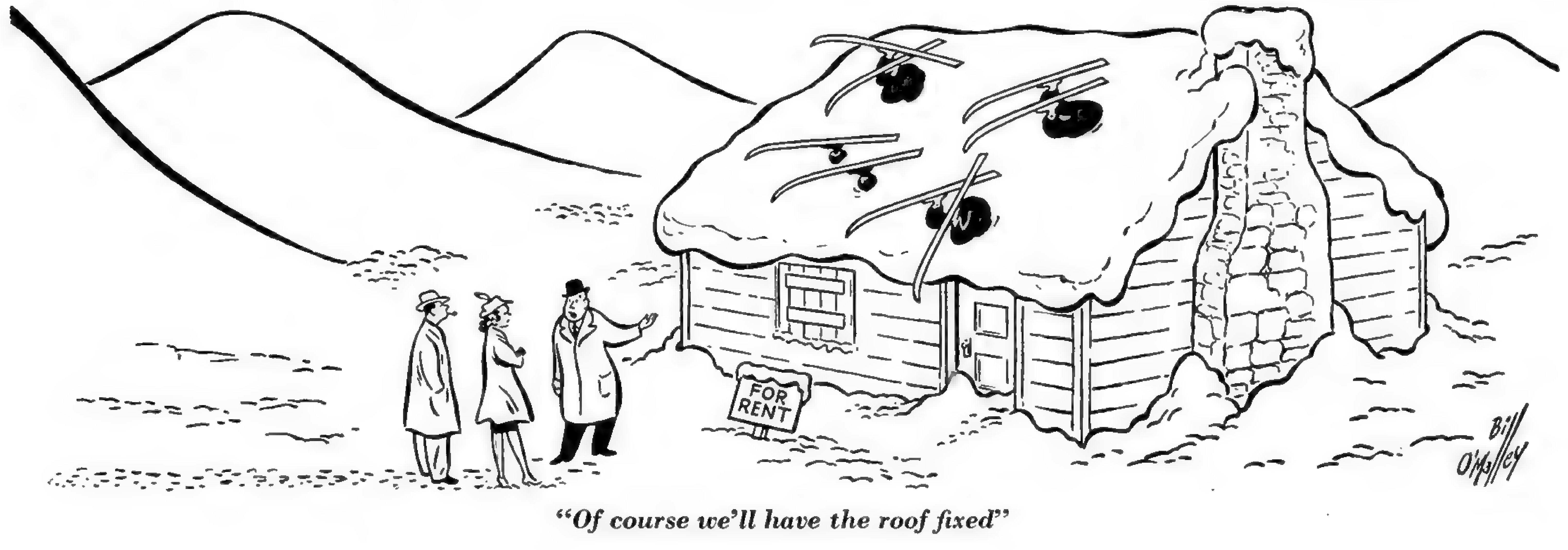

"Of course we'll have the roof fixed"

Man the Kitchenette

Case histories of culinary experts who produce amazing dinners out of hot plates, three burners or a hat

by ILES BRODY

• EDIBLES •

Most of the food I write about in this department can be prepared in a kitchenette, no matter how elaborate or sumptuous some of it may sound. Recently a gentleman wrote me that I was not helping him because the dishes I mention are much too complicated for his kitchenette. I feel, however, that he was probably a bit timid and did not actually go to work and try to make practical use of the recipes. If he would do this, he would find that they are simple enough to use, notwithstanding the fancy names. Culinary titles are flowery, and more often than not, under a noble and magnificent nomenclature a modest and simple dish is hiding.

To substantiate my words, I shall present test cases as Professor Krafft-Ebing did in his famous *Psychopathia Sexualis*. Is there such a vast difference between sex experiences and experiences of the table?

There is the case of Mr. J. B. of New York. However, doctors of gastronomy are not sworn to official discretion, and so I may give his full name—it is James Beard, well-known culinary writer and expert on outdoor cooking. Mr. Beard weighs two hundred and fifty pounds and is six feet three inches tall; he hardly fits into his very small kitchenette, and still he prepares the most delicious meals. What's more, the menus are complete from soup to nuts—an additional score for Mr. Beard, since most men are afraid to attempt cooking more than one dish even in a perfectly appointed and spacious kitchen.

Then there was Mrs. B. D., an American in Paris. Bessie Demarest is the full name—to save you the trouble of linking the initials with your Aunt Betty. It had been my good fortune to know this witty and kind old lady. To make the case more interesting I shall touch slightly on the family history: one of her daughters married Captain Lord Alastair Leveson-Gower, brother of the Duke of Sutherland, and the other daughter, Count Edward Zichy. In Paris Mrs. Demarest used to live at the Pension des Champs Elysées, in the Rue Clement-Marot, where the food was notable and figured in with the room rent. Yet seldom did Mrs. Demarest appear in the common dining room, at the *table d'hôte*, nor did she have her food sent up to her rooms. She cooked upstairs on a small oil flame. And because she was a most hospitable woman, she very often invited guests for meals. Invariably she would ask her guests: "My dears, would you like to have dinner downstairs or would you rather share my modest dish here?" And she would lift the lid of the dish she was cooking on her night table and give it a stir—that was all the self-praise she would allow herself, but it was enough. Smelling that heavenly odor, anyone with common sense stayed. Every night she cooked something different; once it would be a stew, Irish or French or English; sometimes she made Civet of Lobster; still another time frogs legs Provençal. And very often just plain stewed tomatoes, the best I've ever tasted. All this on the marble top of a small night table,next to her bed. The picture of the beautiful Lady, Elizabeth Leveson-Gower, her granddaughter whom she adored, and heiress to all the Sutherland fortunes, bore quite a few grease spots. There's the story of a great cook, who didn't even have a kitchenette, mind you, and who made chef-d'oeuvres on a tiny flame.

Everyone in New York literary circles knows about the Molnar "case." Ferenc Molnar, author of *Liliom* and a dozen other plays, lives in the Plaza Hotel, in one room. If you are fortunate enough to be invited into this retreat, Molnar will take you at once to see his "kitchenette." It is in the clothes closet, in a steamer trunk, if you please! The top drawer contains the various cheeses, the next all sorts of crackers and condiments; fruit preserves are in the next, coffee and tea and eggs fill up another drawer, and in the bottom one where ordinary men carry their shoes, Molnar keeps the silver. There is an electric percolator and an electric stew pan on a small table. The famous playwright is famous also for his *Fondue Bonne Femme*. He asked me to lunch the other day, and I tried to induce him to make this one fine dish, top it with apricot preserves and call it a midday meal. However, he was insistent on going downstairs. "There is chicken okra on the menu today and ragout de la Deutsch and I love them both." So did I, after tasting the way Monsieur Boggia, the chef of the Plaza, makes them.

Everyone knows what chicken okra is, but few know ragout de la Deutsch. The name is not of German origin; it is Dutch, and the dish was brought from Holland by early settlers. It is made with small filets of beef, beef kidneys, chopped onions, pimientos, tomatoes, flour and salt and pepper; and it's a so-called sautéd and smothered casserole creation. It's both excellent and simple. Incidentally, Winthrop Rockefeller, at the table next to ours, was enjoying exactly the same dish.

I had a long discussion on the efficiency of the amateur cook in the kitchenette with Mrs. Jeanne Owen, who certainly is one of the most competent authorities on the subject. She is Executive Secretary of the Wine and Food Society, as well as an associate and friend of Crosby Gaige, the past master on gourmet food. Furthermore, Mrs. Owen is the author of an excellent book, called *A Wine Lover's Cook Book* (M. Barrows and Company). She also cooks in a very small kitchenette, yet her intime dinners are more than excellent, being amazingly well organized and graced by her habitual good humor and pleasantness. We came to the conclusion that

Continued in center of page 163

LOCAL TRAINS
ST.
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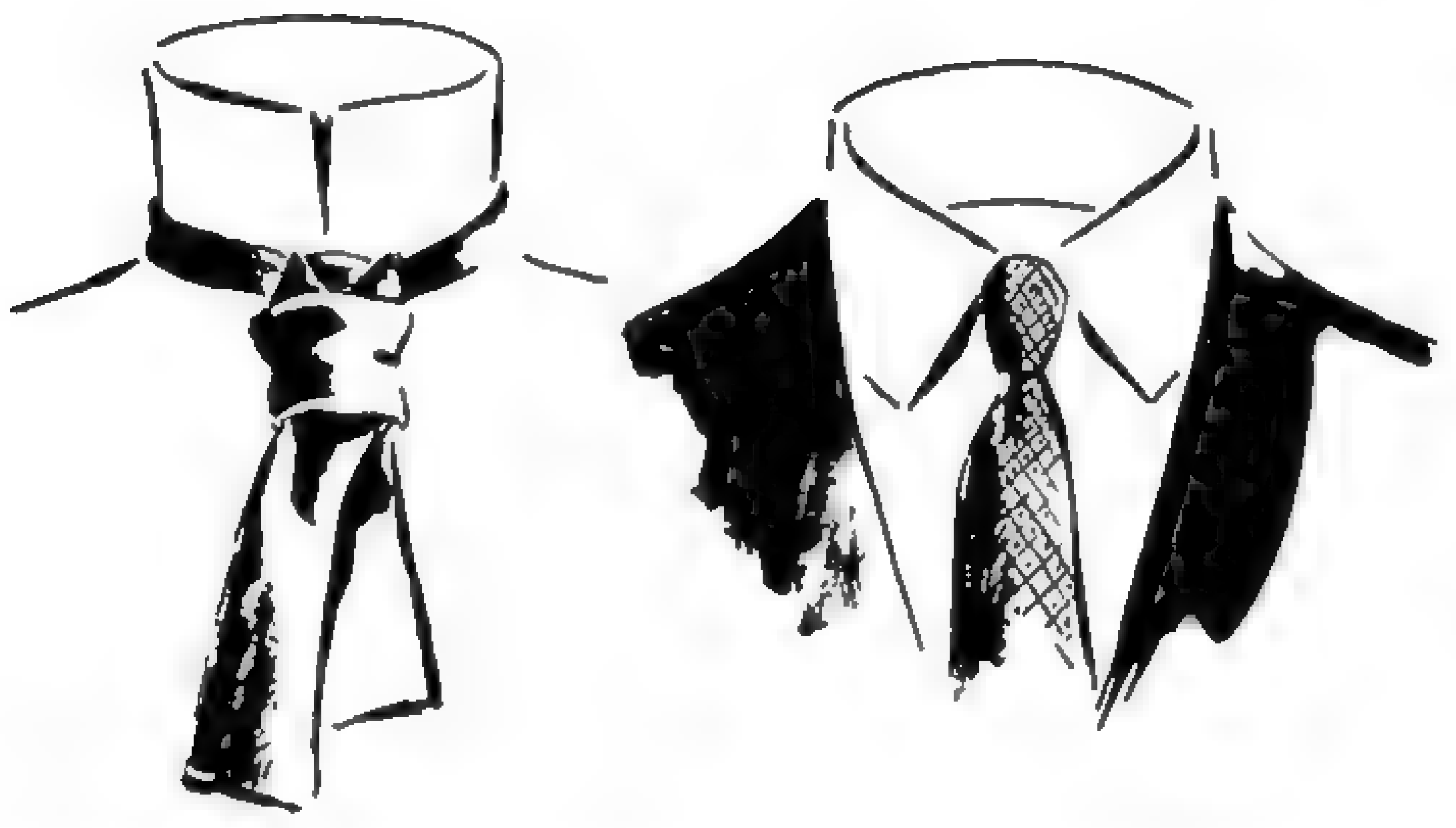
As It Was In the Beginning...

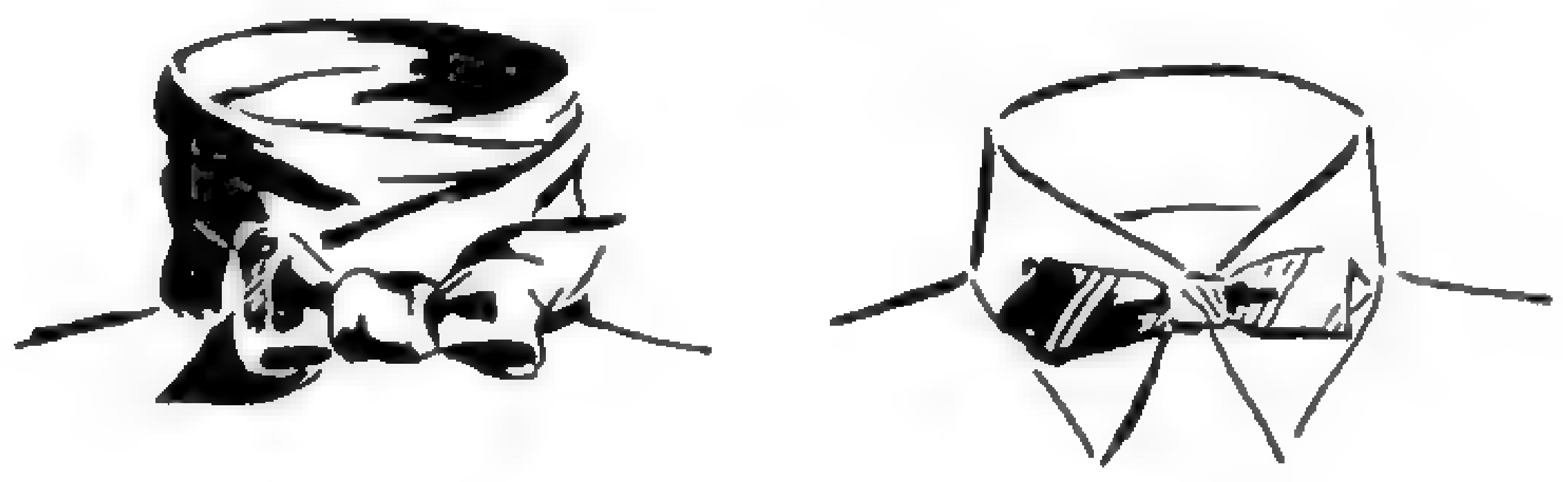
Origin of four-in-hand and bow tie, lapels, buttons on sleeves, vents and cuffs on trousers

by **FASHION STAFF**

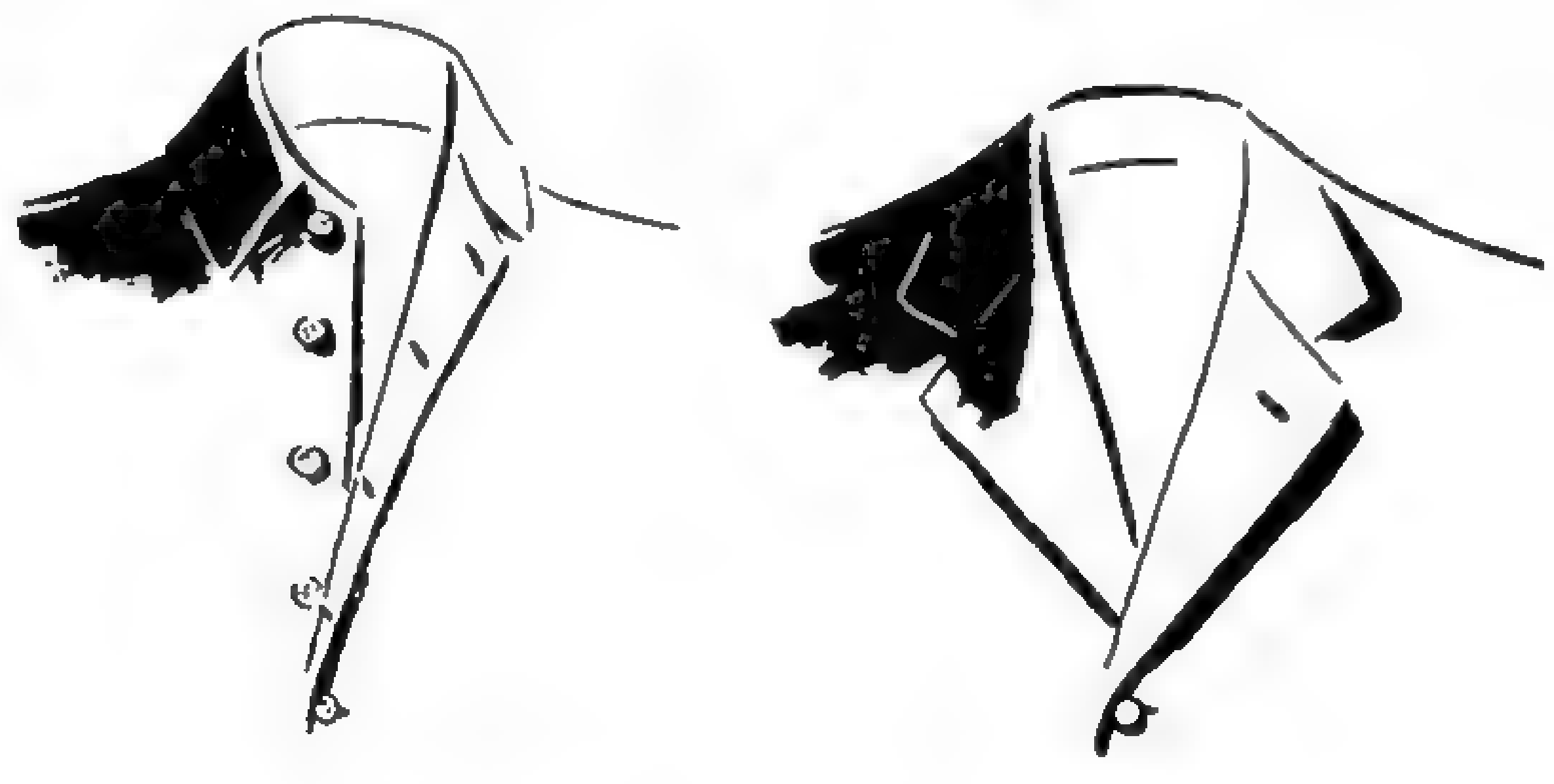
• WEARABLES •



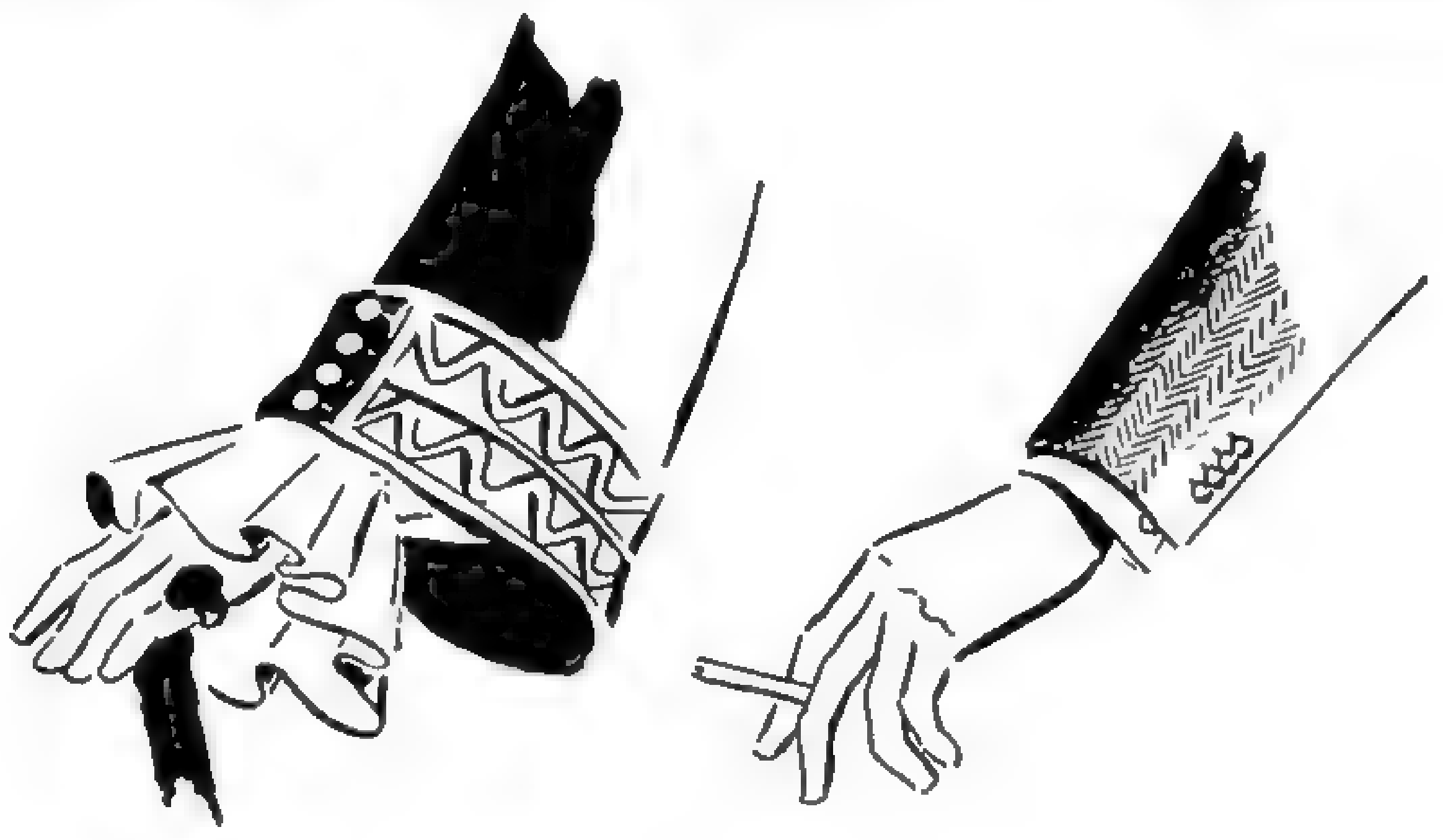
The four-in-hand tie dates back to the days of the coach-and-four in England. The men on top of the box of the coach were among the first to wear the tie knotted like this; hence, the name four-in-hand. For a small size knot, the wider end is looped over only once. For the effect of a larger knot, the wider end should be looped over twice.



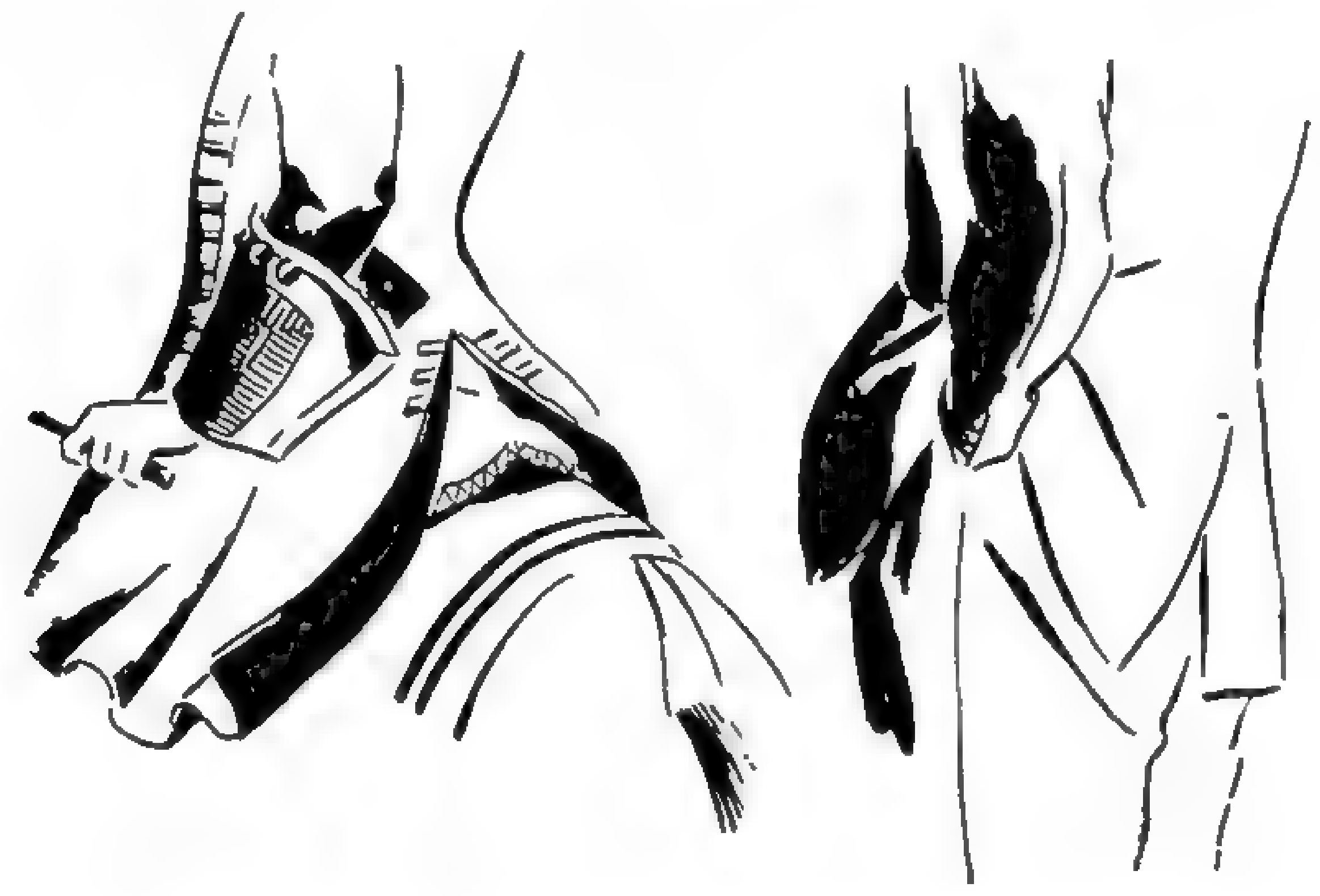
The modern bow tie, which is especially popular with university men, stems from the stock of a few centuries back. Many of the stocks of washable fabrics were wrapped many times around the neck and tied in front. The evolution of neckdress has resulted in the single band around the neck, and the ends tied in a bow knot. The bow tie in foulard-repp silk or cotton combines with spring and summer clothes.



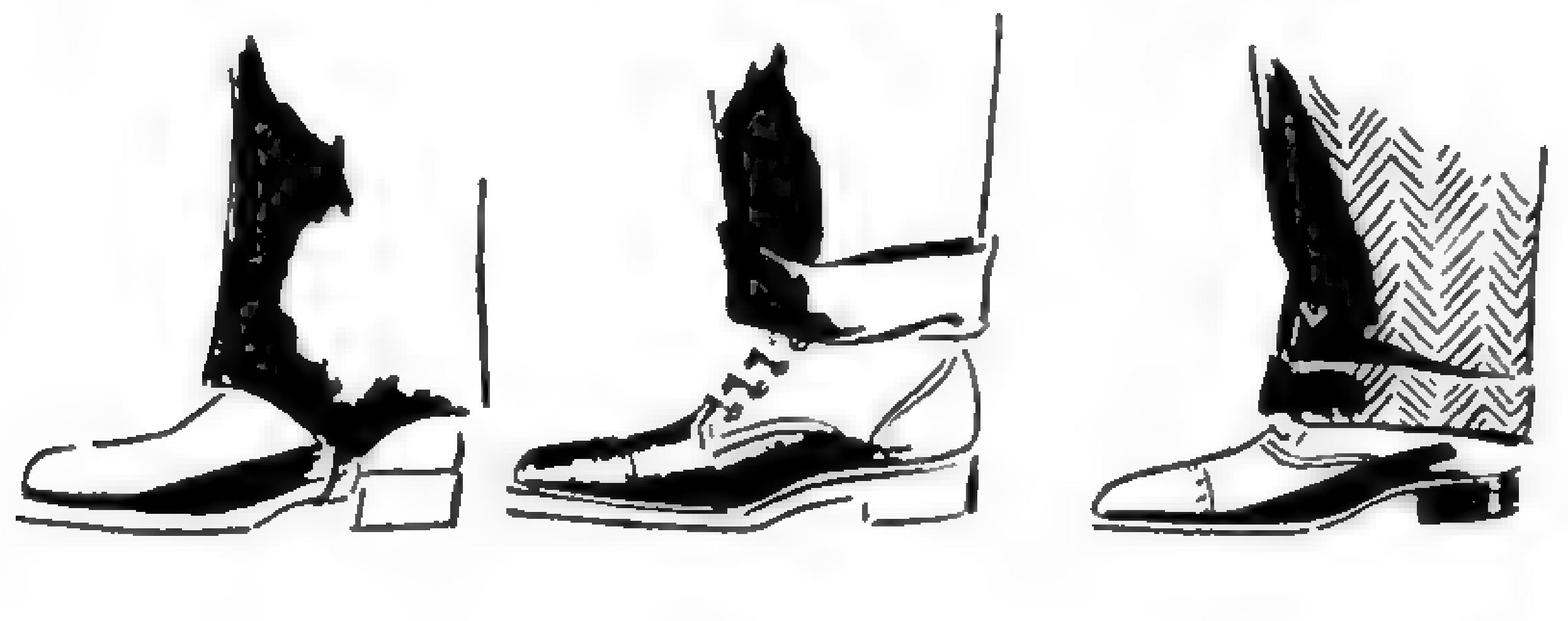
The lapels on jackets are derived from the early military uniforms. Soldiers seeking comfort often unfastened the upper buttons of the high-collared tunics and rolled back each side. This custom gradually affected civilian fashions and jackets were made with lapels. The notch indicated the break of the collar. Even the buttonhole of the tunic, which was fastened high at the neck, has been retained. Instead of buttoning now, it serves as a place for a boutonniere. Incidentally, it's always a good idea to have a loop on the under side of the lapel. This eliminates the necessity of using a pin to hold the flower in place.



Buttons on the sleeves of jackets passed through various cycles in the last several centuries. As far back as 1364, John Brandon had numerous buttons up the elbow on the sleeves of his undervest, so he could get his hands through the tight sleeves. Later they were used on cuffs of jackets so that they could be unfastened to allow the wearer to push through his ruffled cuffs. In some instances the ruffled lace cuffs were buttoned to the sleeve of the coat. These customs antedate Frederick the Great's order to have buttons put on the sleeves of uniforms to discourage the use of the cuffs instead of handkerchiefs.



Vents in jackets have a military heritage. In the past several centuries, when men traveled on horseback, the clothes were adapted to the purpose or emergency. The slit in the tails of the coat permits it to fall on each side of the horse. The vent, therefore, continues to appear on all riding jackets for this same practical reason. For other sports jackets and business suits, particularly on long jackets, vents make the trouser pockets more readily accessible. You can reach in your pockets without unfastening the buttons cf the jacket or pulling it out of place.



Cuffs on trousers came into being for practical reasons. Straps attached to the bottoms of trousers of military uniforms held them down. With the disappearance of straps, plain bottom trousers came into fashion. Men walking through the country habitually turned the bottoms up, to avoid brambles and underbrush. Gradually cuffs were adopted for town wear. Now cuffs are absent only on formal occasions.

Horse Most Likely to Succeed

Continued from page 87

Irishman twice by both horses.

Our Boots finished second to Bold Irishman in the Pimlico Futurity, beating Whirlaway and Swain, was beaten by Whirlaway and Blue Pair in the Breeders' Futurity, but won the Belmont Futurity, richest race for two-year-olds in the United States, whipping King Cole, Whirlaway, New World, Bushwhacker, Porter's Cap, Swain and Attention.

Porter's Cap won the Washington Park Futurity, beating Swain, but was defeated in the Champagne Stakes and Belmont Futurity by most of the colts in this group.

Stimady won the Ardsley Handicap, defeating Bold Irishman and Omission, but was whipped by King Cole and Bold Irishman in the Babylon Handicap.

Swain won the Arlington Park Futurity, beating Whirlaway, which had beaten him in the Hyde Park Stakes, also Attention, but in one race or another was defeated by nearly all the colts in this better group.

Whirlaway ran third behind Bold Irishman and Our Boots in the Pimlico Futurity, beating Swain. He won the Breeders' Futurity, beating Blue Pair and Our Boots, his conqueror in the Belmont Futurity. In the Belmont race he was beaten by Our Boots and King Cole, but finished ahead of New World, Bushwhacker, Porter's Cap, Swain and Attention. In the Hopeful Stakes he won and beat Attention; in the Grand Union Hotel Stakes he ran second to New World; in the Saratoga Special he whipped New World; in the U. S. Hotel Stakes he was defeated by Attention but beat King Cole; in the Arlington Futurity he lost to Swain but beat Attention; and in the Hyde Park Stakes he finished ahead of Swain.

This perhaps not brief enough resumé of 1940 racing among the better two-year-olds certainly supports my statement that the various colts kept beating one another throughout the summer and fall. Clearly there is no standout in the division comparable with Bimelech, undefeated in 1939. The win-today lose-tomorrow character of 1940 juvenile racing may be attributed to the hypothesis that the leaders of the division were not much good anyway or to the hypothesis that a number of them were very good indeed; the former assumption is more probably accurate. But these generalities and speculations do not advance our search for a Derby winner, although the mixed-up character of 1940 two-year-old racing is not nearly so great an obstacle to that search as might appear at first glance. Strikingly successful performance in few-furlong sprints as a two-year-old is no warrant at all that the horse will be able to carry his speed under weight over a mile and a quarter the next year. The presence of an outstanding colt in 1940 would not insure a Derby winner in 1941 any more than did the outstanding Bimelech last year.

Quick early speed is the requirement for a two-year-old's success in the short dashes in which he must compete until the fall of his second year. That quality of high early foot often, indeed usually, derives from blood lines and an heredity practically nullifying or prohibiting later ability to carry weight over a distance of ground at adequate speed. A potential route-horse of high class may make no showing at all in short sprints as a two-year-old. The distances are not suited to him. He may become a conspicuous performer at three, when distances are stretched out, as did Omaha in 1935. For these reasons it is entirely possible, perhaps even probable, that the winner of the Kentucky Derby in 1941 showed too little in sprints in 1940 to have forced his way into the group of more conspicuous two-year-olds whose records have just been summarized.

On the whole, and with my fingers crossed, I am taking Whirlaway to win the Kentucky Derby on May 3, 1941 at Churchill Downs. Although beaten several times he had an excellent record in 1940 and managed to wind up the season as the year's leading money-winner, with $77,275 to his credit in purses, although he did not win the country's richest race for horses of his age, the Belmont Futurity. That went to Our Boots, who amassed earnings of $72,551.

I saw Whirlaway as well as the others race a number of times, and I am taking him as my Derby choice for two main reasons other than his general racing ability as demonstrated in sprints.

The first reason is that in several of his races he showed willingness and ability to come from behind and win in the stretch, qualities in a two-year-old which may be indicative of a true route-horse. The second reason inheres in his blood lines.

Whirlaway, owned by Warren Wright of the Calumet Farms, is a chestnut colt by Blenheim II out of Dustwhirl by Sweep. His sire, now standing in this country, won the English Derby at Epsom Downs in 1930, that race being at the distance of a mile and a half and one yard. Blenheim II was by Blandford, the great English stallion that sired four Epsom Derby winners—Trigo (1929), Blenheim II (1930), Windsor Lad (1934) and Bahram (1935). Blandford was bred in Ireland and was a son of Swynford. Swynford also sired St. Germans, that gave us Twenty Grand, Lancegaye, that gave us Cavalcade, and Challenger II, that gave us Challedon.

Only three English stallions, over a period in excess of one hundred and sixty years, have sired as many as four Epsom Derby winners. They are Waxy, Cyllene and Blandford. Through his sire, Blenheim II, Whirlaway derives from a long line of splendid English route-horses whose blood already has made history on the American turf in the shape of Twenty-Grand, Kentucky Derby winner of 1931 and holder of the time-record for the race, Cavalcade, winner in 1934, and Challedon, the best three-year-old of 1939 and now a leader of the handicap division.

Whirlaway's dam was Dustwhirl, she by Sweep. Through Broomstick, Ben Brush and Bramble, Sweep derived from Bonnie Scotland, imported from England in 1859. This horse founded an American line conspicuous for ability to endure hard racing campaigns. Among famous members of the clan have been Whisk Broom II, holder of the American time-record for a mile and a quarter, Upset, The Porter, John P. Grier, Sweepster, Diavolo, Bostonian, Misstep, Boojum, Canter, Brooms, Jack High, Whiskaway, Sweep On, Golden Broom, Nocturnal and Eternal. On his dam's as well as on his sire's side Whirlaway is bred to carry his speed over a distance of ground. There is not a quarter of an ounce of inferior blood in him, and it is heredity that has made the racehorse. Sometimes you will find a magnificently bred animal that can't run a lick, but if the running ability is there the blood will reinforce it. And Whirlaway has proved that he can run and run fast. The only question now is how far.

Whirlaway last summer and fall was a neatly turned compact type, possibly a trifle light-waisted to the eye. He was—end of 1940—in Florida, and I understand on good authority that he has grown and filled out since the close of his two-year-old campaign, with the added substance correctly distributed. As a two-year-old he was a nervous sort, given to fretting and working himself up in the paddock before a race, but he has calmed down greatly and is much less excitable now, according to his trainer, Ben Jones. Having rid himself of the habit of fretting away much energy in the paddock before a race he should give a most excellent account of himself in 1941 racing, whether in sprints or over distances.

Whirlaway's last performance in 1940 was in the Walden Handicap in Maryland, which he won, beating Stimady among others. This race is at a mile and a sixteenth, and Whirlaway's victory offers some additional assurance that he should be able to negotiate more extended distances. One can never be positively sure of a route horse until he has proved himself, but this colt's breeding and actual racing performance to date afford fairly solid assurance that he will not be lost at a mile and a quarter or even more extended distances, like the mile and a half of the Belmont Stakes, the only true American counterpart of the Epsom Derby. If Whirlaway wins the Belmont he will be merely duplicating in New York what others of practically identical blood already have done in England.

Since 1940 presented no real two-year-old standout among the colts it is probable that fairly liberal winter-book prices will be laid against all the horses in the better group mentioned in this article. But such prices, although in some cases much longer than can be secured against an animal's chances at post-time on the day of the race, never are really liberal in fact. The backer of a horse by such a wager takes the chances that the animal may not stand training at all or may be injured in course of training and never get to the post. The business is full of hazard of tightening a three-year-old for a race at a mile and a quarter through the uncertain weather of early spring in an effort to get him ready by May 3 for so strenuous a contest and so severe a struggle. He may contract any one of the many illnesses to which thoroughbreds are subject, or in a morning gallop may sustain physical injury of any one of many types. The makers of future books on the Derby are taking no material risk in laying superficially long prices against two hundred eligibles for the race, knowing in advance that not more than perhaps fifteen will start and that they will bag all the money bet with them on the non-starters.

Col. E. R. Bradley usually comes up with some sort of a Derby horse, and he has had such luck in the race, winning four, that anything he starts gets a following, particularly in Kentucky. So far as I know his only probable starter in 1941 is Bryan Station, by Balladier. This one showed little in two-year-old racing, except for a spurt in the fall, and as he has been gelded since, I doubt if his owner entertains any high opinion of his chances.

This is the seventh article I have written for this magazine attempting to get the Derby winner some months in advance. The series began in 1935, when I had Omaha, which won the race, and since then I have had four horses that ran second—Brevity, Pompoon, Challedon, Bimelech—and one non-starter—Redbreast. This last was a horse of little or no quality and a poor selection. But the box score of one winner and four seconds in six tries is not so bad, as anyone will realize who knows anything about racing and appreciates the difficulties of picking Derby winners months in advance off two-year-old form. So without apologies for misses in the past I am taking Whirlaway to win in Kentucky on May 3, 1941. But if a reader likes something else better the answer is in his own lily white mitt, as Bert Collyer used to write. #

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Offensive in the Spring

Continued from page 29

head. A tremor ran over me.

She sat up slowly. "You see, Lieutenant, I have known and loved you for three weeks, although I have never laid eyes on you until tonight. I was sleeping in my bunk when you first brought your horses out to the pasture. I heard you cursing when a starved horse laid down on the grass and could not get up. You all lifted him up and propped him between four poles, working patiently, rubbing him on the belly until he got better and started to nibble on the grass. Then how jubilant you were! And I got so excited that I nearly jumped out of my bunk to go to you. Who else would be so kind to a dumb horse in wartime? But there were too many of you out in the pasture, and I would not have known what to say. When you came into the cab I recognized your voice instantly."

She embraced me passionately, her nails clawing into my shoulders. "Now you are here with me for only a few hours and we will part—maybe forever. Oh, I know many things. The field hospitals emptied all their beds, ready for the rush to come soon now. At the nearest one they have even dug a large grave and on the edge of it, covered with canvas, they have placed a small mound of lime—" she clung to me with heaving breast "—maybe for you, maybe for your men."

Her speech seemed to tire her and she started to weep forlornly, hopelessly.

I kissed her eyes and her mouth, and we lay silently, looking at the stars. An overpowering feeling of beauty and happiness possessed me, and in that timeless hour a strange enlightenment flooded my consciousness. War was an enormity and for the moment even the thought of the trench dug at the field hospital with the little mound of lime on its edge could not upset me. I realized all of a sudden the extreme youthfulness of my twenty-three years. In a close embrace, innocent, under spring skies, in a strange land, in the midst of a great war, we listened to each other's heart beats.

In that position the sergeant found us at about two o'clock in the night. I awoke shivering, and covered her with the immense overcoat. She slept on like a babe. There was no need for the sergeant to explain the interruption. A distant thunder, the explosion of a long range large-caliber cannon, reverberated, then another, then another.

"We will get going in a moment, sergeant." I woke her, and we made our way to her train. The horseskinner grinned from the cab. She cast a swift glance at the gauges, water and steam.

"Elegant," she said, smiling at the soldier. I gave him the high sign to vanish. Grateful for the darkness we kissed once more.

The sergeant started the trek with the fully loaded animals. I noticed that on each saddle the haversacks were full and the horses stepped quite lively. Bessie, the old soldier, nickered to her filly as she looked toward the firing lines with rolling eyes. I rode off at a gallop, and dismounted at battalion headquarters, where the major, looking puffy (he had just awakened from a nap) and a little frightened, asked me for the news to be heard at the railhead. We all listened to the cannonade increasing in strength and he ventured that this might be the great push we were expecting that spring. I mentioned the mass grave dug at the division hospital, with the little mound of lime neatly covered with canvas. At this moment a vision of the girl weeping in my arms struck me with such intensity that suddenly I felt faint.

Don't overlook the announcement in the May issue of Esquire giving the full details about the new form in which the Varga girl will next appear.

The major looked curiously at me and with a swift movement he pulled out a bottle of cognac and reached it over.

"Hey, what the hell were you doing all day yesterday and last night? Drink now, and drink hard. There won't be much sleep around here, sir. Gambling with the artillerymen? Well, every crime hath its punishment. You will be a sorry man tonight, sir. Even the nice bed you mentioned—you want to scare me with that lime and all —might not look too bad to you before we are a day older."

By the time his oration had ended, I recovered my composure. "I have these fainting spells, sir," said I, pulling at his bottle once more, "whenever I get near cognac reserved for gentlemen of the higher command."

He snatched away the bottle and became human. "Well, we have been here long enough, and you were here from the beginning. You ought to know the ropes . . . There are no special orders. Stand fast. Inform me as often as you can of what is going on. Send down some orderlies in case the wire connection breaks." Then, with a twinkle, "Well, old man, we have been together for a long time. I hope our luck holds." He knocked on the side of the bunk. He reached out a hand: "Good luck."

I bowed and returned his good wishes.

The following three days were the greatest offensive of the whole war on the Eastern Front. We were not in the center of action, but had to withdraw and counterattack whenever we could muster enough strength. Whole divisions were wiped out by artillery fire. Our total losses were about 400,000 men. But for three days and three nights the water never cooled in the jacket of my machine guns. Still, what stopped the Russians from ending the war or at least making a Russian Tannenberg over the Austrian and German armies (and this I found out from Winston Churchill's book fifteen years later) was that they were absolutely out of ammunition of all kinds, from the rifles on to heavy artillery. That, and only that, gave us time to fill a hole close to seventy miles in width. For the last time the Russian steamroller had worked effectively.

Our horses filled out beautifully on the summer pasture. The losses in men were great but they were replaced. Once more we dug in, hardly more than eight miles from our original position. The dead of the engagement, some hundred and thirty officers and men from the battalion, were buried near where my horses had grassed in the still of that June night.

I went down to the railhead again and again, but it was no good. An armored military train brought in the supplies. With the persevering romanticism of youth, I could not forget the girl, the night under the willows.

In the fall, Sergeant Kerekes went off on a well-earned leave of absence of fifteen days and returned to duty just a couple of days after the expiration of his leave. I had felt lonesome without the old soldier. The platoon officers were good fellows but we, Kerekes and I, were professionals. To us, the company in the field was home and career and our friendly relationship was based upon mutual respect and liking. He had done some small errands and shopping for me, and as he put the eau de cologne, shaving soap and the few books on my desk, his greying waxed mustache twitched a little. That was as close as he would get to a smile.

"I have some news for the lieutenant."

My heart started to pound and I stood up, filled a couple of tumblers half full of the issue rum.

"A drink, sergeant."

"To your health, sir."

"Welcome home, Kerekes."

He poured it down in one gulp and wiped his whiskers. He reached in the pocket of his tunic and pulled out an envelope.

"I thought you would like to know what happened to her, sir. So when the company clerk made out my marching orders, I had him insert Kattowitz. I knew her folks lived there; I had one of the Bible texts her crazy uncle, the engineer, handed out before the offensive."

I poured another drink.

"Thank you, sir." He gulped. The sergeant was not a man to shorten my agony. He spoke with deliberation.

"First I inquired of some noncoms among the engineers who took over the rail service. They did not know, but guessed that she was sent back with her uncle to work in their home district. I ran the crazy Bible-pusher down in the round house of the Kattowitz depot. A vile old man, sir, but I kept my temper. Through him I located her. Would you believe it, sir, she recognized me instantly. Asked me kind of breathlessly whether you sent me to find her. I wanted to please her, so I said yes."

"How is she?" I blurted out.

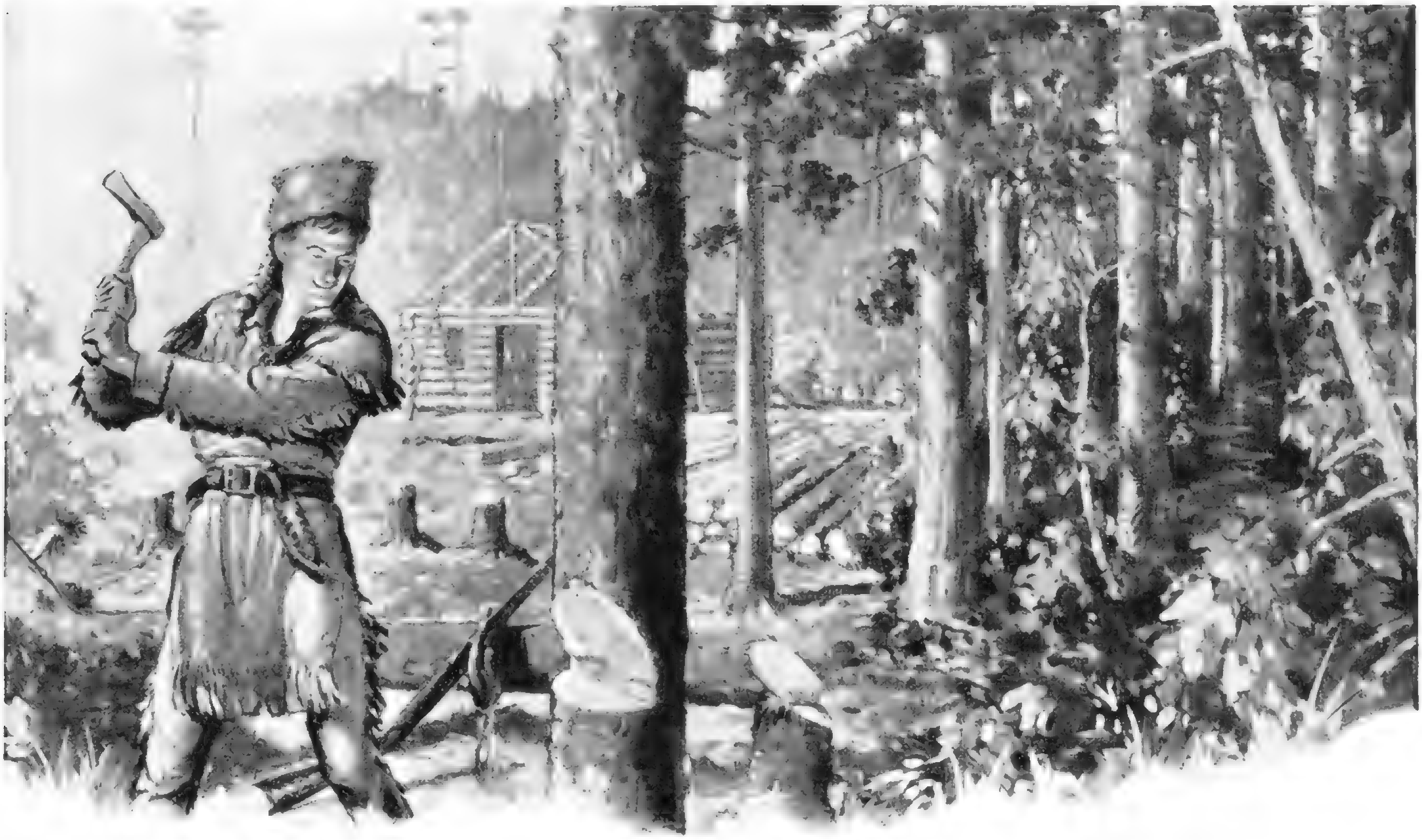
"Well, sir, very well. A lovely little filly, as I think you recall, sir. And quite the mademoiselle when she wears what a woman should. But," and Kerekes held up a knobby forefinger, "she's gotten into bad company. The crazy blood of her uncle is coming out. Distributing them socialist leaflets. Says she is working for peace and the equality of men. She told me proudly that they had jailed her for thirty days. The gang of hoodlums in the munition works think a hell of a lot of her," the sergeant digressed. "But she said she will never forget you."

I fumbled with a cigar.

The sergeant continued. "She asked would we shoot at the workers if they struck for higher wages." His teeth showed in a cruel grimace. "I assured her that nothing would give me greater pleasure than to shoot at them yellowbellies. What right have they to talk, sleeping safely in their warm beds with their women, while we do our duty here? She became very sad and as I seen tears in her eyes, I relented and made out as if I had joked. Then she gave me this picture. She must have intended to send it a long time ago, because it was addressed and ready in her pocketbook."

He lowered the envelope onto the table. "That's all I could do, sir." He looked at me and suddenly embarrassed by what he saw, he quickly said, "No need to worry much though, sir. I heard we are traveling south soon to Italy and thank the Lord our animals are in good flesh now—I looked them over coming in—for I hear that it's one hell of a mountain country."

He saluted and left me with the picture in the envelope. ##



Today, you can't find a place to park

A LEAF floating lazily to earth in a sleeping forest. Brilliant patches of sunlight stealing across deep shadows.

The tempo of life so patient that change is imperceptible.

Solitude!

Today, on that same spot, throbbing crowds, eager and determined faces, impatient traffic. You can't find a place to park. The pioneer has built a city!

His achievements sprang of ambition. His goal was worth the hard work with crude tools, against merciless odds.

* * * *

Now a *new* goal is on the horizon. Industry is being challenged to reach it. The challenge is being accepted.

America is stepping faster—better ideas, more raw materials, more finished products. Science is doing its share, laboratories are discovering new methods—all in a spirit of determination that will fill the world with wonder. Have we not always been a nation of workmen, with a confidence in our ability to surmount obstacles that only strong men would tackle?

* * * *

People who get results agree that there is no substitute for hard work—that recreation and relaxation are staunch partners of prolonged effort.

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Zoltan Hecht: Artcraftsman

Continued from page 84

maker in the basement and running errands. This, and similar jobs, put him somewhat in the atmosphere of art, for he was living in the sight of pictures, many of which he attempted to copy from memory when the day's work was done. He was errand boy in a print shop and in an engraving plant. None of these jobs opened the way to a career. Intermittently he sold papers and shined shoes. During the dull moments between customers he would sit on his shoe shine box and sketch. You might with justice say that Zoltan Hecht's early years represented the dreary and unpleasant part of a Horatio Alger novel.

Unlike any of that moralist's heroes, Hecht wasn't getting anywhere. He was approximately in his seventeenth year when he took counsel with himself and decided that the only way in which he could study art and make a living was to find a night job and study during the day. He achieved his solution through the Hofbrau Haus in Cleveland, for which he busboyed at the rate of six dollars per week, for several months. One payroll night he found a seventh dollar in his envelope. He reported this unusual circumstance to the head waiter and discovered that the unexpected dollar was a test of his honesty which, having passed with credit, he qualified for a higher post, that of bar checker. When he had entrenched himself in this job, he enrolled in the Cleveland School of Art. He was then eighteen. From plaster casts and similar elementary problems during his first year he moved on to the life class in his second, and because of the excellence of his drawings from the model he won tuition-free scholarships for his third and fourth years. He did not, however, remain for the full time. He found that he could learn more by sketching in the open air in the cemetery near the school than by emulating the dead, tight and literal painting of his teacher, who had been brought up in the stultifying tradition of the Munich school. In a small way Hecht was a trail blazer, for other students were led by him to discover the charm of painting and sketching in the open air, and cut their classes. Early in his fourth year he quit the Cleveland School of Art.

During rush hours at the Hofbrau Haus, he used to be drafted to help the bartenders mix drinks. He learned all that there was to know about ingredients and proportions, and thus qualified for a part-time bartending job at a summer resort on the Ohio coast of Lake Erie. When he wasn't mixing drinks he was mixing paints, and he produced enough gouaches that summer (1911) to justify a one-man show in a Cleveland gallery. He doesn't remember whether he sold any pictures, but he does know that the show led to a job as apprentice in a lithographic shop at the actual wage of one dollar a week. The place was full of promising young artists, among them being the sculptor, William Zorach. Hecht was receiving more than a dollar a week out of his job. He learned much, chiefly a certain directness in attacking a medium, taking his cue, as did other artists of that time, from the poster and lithograph style of Toulouse-Lautrec. Noon-hour and after-work discussions broadened his horizon more than art school ever had done. It was then that the world of Cézanne and of Impressionism swam into his ken. Sundays the boys went out sketching together and they held a group show in one of the Cleveland department stores, which led to an offer for Hecht's services from a competing lithographic plant. After six months he was earning the comfortable sum of twenty-five dollars a week.

Next month's art portfolio will be devoted to a selection of paintings by Adolf Dehn, along with an article about the artist by Harry Salpeter.

Modern art and Zoltan Hecht came to New York in the same year; modern art through the now historic Armory show of 1913, Hecht to work in a lithographic plant. He was now receiving a man's wage and he prospered and saved money, although he was continuing to contribute to the support of his brothers and sisters in Cleveland. He might have been able to continue indefinitely in commercial lithography but the introduction of machine methods shortly after his arrival in New York posed a problem for him. The job had ceased to have any interest. It was a mechanical task which produced no satisfaction beyond the week's pay. Repetition dulls that kind of satisfaction, but it cannot dull the creative kind. Was it possble for him to have his cake and eat it, too; that is, earn his good pay and create art during his leisure hours? He didn't believe he could do it. Therefore, he sacrificed his job and that summer (1914) indulged himself in a feast of painting.

Around that time he became interested in other arts than that of painting, and in the relationship of the arts to each other, as well as in the philosophy of art. The word art came to have more pervasive meanings, it had more facets of expression than he had thought it possessed. He bought and read Kandinsky's *The Art of Spiritual Harmony* and became particularly interested in the modern dance. He was led into these related fields of art partly through the interest of the young woman, Rea Pringle, who later became Mrs. Hecht. He was brought to the realization that even the human body may be used as an instrument toward the creation of art, in time. He joined a class in the Delcroze School of Eurythmics, and subsequently organized a class of artists and writers to learn to use the body rhythmically. In collaboration with his wife he helped to create a number of dances, visualizations of rhythms, in which phrase he may be said to have anticipated the intentions of Walt Disney in *Fantasia*. Hecht composed the music and choreography for several modern dances as well as designed the stage settings and costumes. This kind of activity helped to enrich his painting, endowing his pictures with more movement and deeper color. During this period also he designed the costumes for Michio Ito's *Pinwheel Revue*, at the Earl Carroll Theatre, and for the first dance of Angna Enters.

From the dance he moved to textiles. During the 1914-18 World War textile firms saw the need of new designs to replace those from abroad which were no longer accessible to them. The need arose for American artists to create designs applicable to textiles of all kinds. Hecht discovered a profitable aptitude in himself for this kind of work. He entered competitions and won prizes, which were valuable not only in themselves but also for the lucrative commissions to which they led. Relatively speaking, he was in the money. With part of it he bought a summer home at Saluda, North Carolina, in which, subsequently, he established a summer school for visitors, for the creative indulging of idle hours. As the father of growing children he was interested in modern education, especially through art, and was active in the progressive education movement. He built a kiln to enable those of his students who were interested to shape and glaze pottery, while he himself built figurines, and he encouraged others in making linoleum print blocks, as well as oil paintings and water colors.

To this practically impromptu school came natives from seven counties round about, offering their handiwork and handicraft, their furniture, their rugs and their carvings. He was struck by the untaught beauty many of these objects attained. He bought enough of them to encourage the more gifted craftsmen but refused to force their imaginations into the channels of formalized design. To those who asked for guidance he replied that he wanted to see only what their imaginations could contrive. To those, for example, who enjoyed making butter churns he made his kiln available and urged them to make such things as pottery bowls. He had started a minor applied art renaissance among the hill people of North Carolina.

Hecht now was to discover in himself a great aptitude for promotion and salesmanship. This grew out of a desire to make generally known the various forms in which the art impulses of these hill people of North Carolina had found expression. During the Summer of 1925 he had been mulling over the possibilities of exploitation and at the season's close he packed a touring car full of their handicrafts and moved on to New York. He visited stores and shops and artists' studios. In two days he had sold every item of his precious cargo and was taking orders for new consignments of goods.

The idea grew and developed in the few years of prosperity yet remaining. In 1928 Hecht organized an exhibition of native arts and crafts at the Art Center, in which exhibition he showed work in the same field done by such trained artists as Thomas Benton and Henry Poor. Incidentally, Hecht was himself making rugs and shaping household objects. Hecht brought the enterprise to such a point that in 1928 he had a New York distributor who had twenty salesmen, part of whose time was taken up selling the products of the hundred families who were bringing their work to Hecht. He tells me that many of these North Carolinians who formerly had never earned more than five dollars or, at most, ten dollars a year in cash were receiving from fifteen dollars to twenty-five dollars a week for a period up to two years. The Russell Sage Foundation heard about Hecht's work, investigated and reported that the effort at Saluda represented the finest example of collaboration between native talent and a trained artist. Hecht kept his enterprise going until 1931 when the failure of the local bank compelled its abandonment. In the fiasco Hecht lost everything—his land and buildings and equipment—and returned to New York with his family to start afresh.

There isn't much to tell now because Zoltan Hecht has resumed the practice of that art which it is so difficult to dramatize. He paints pictures, chiefly watercolors. They are skilful and vivid, filled with evidences of living people, in the spirit of the four watercolors reproduced in connection with this article. He is one of the good artists whose work is the justification of the Federal Art Projects and an argument for its continuance. ⧺

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—and choice of either the "glamour-galluses", or the belt, for only **$4.95.**

As a practical man, you will appreciate what a big money's worth this is—as a busy man will appreciate how easy it is to get them. Just phone for a Realsilk Representative (under Real Silk Hosiery Mills in the phone book) or send the coupon.

Territories available for men and women of character. Write Dept. E., Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Indiana.

ORDER TODAY BY PHONE OR COUPON

REALSILK

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Inc. Dept. E-441, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please send me the following merchandise, in sizes and colors as indicated, with the understanding that I may return them and get my money back if not satisfied.

3 pairs Realsilk's nylon socks, and choice of			..............Suspenders..............		.... or Belt	
Colors: Gun-metal, Blue, Brown, Black	Foot Size	Additional (with 6 pairs you get both suspenders and belt)	Colors: Clear, Maroon, Blue, Brown	Size	Colors: Clear, Brown, Black	Size

Send Representative ☐ Send C. O. D. ☐ Check or money order for $4.95 (or $9.90 for 6 pairs) enclosed ☐ Do not send cash with orders.

Name.................................... *Street address*....................................

City.................................... *State*....................................

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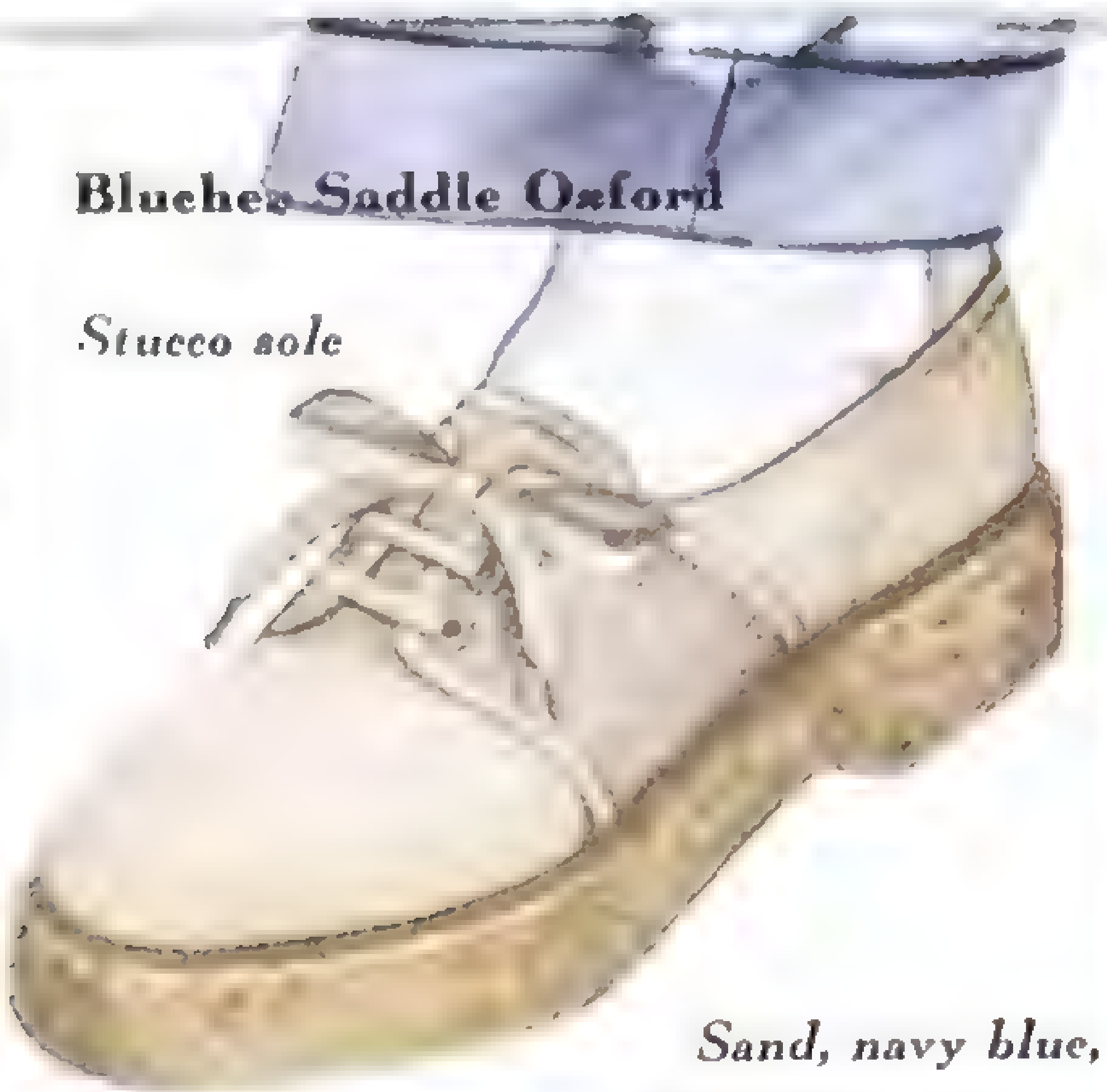
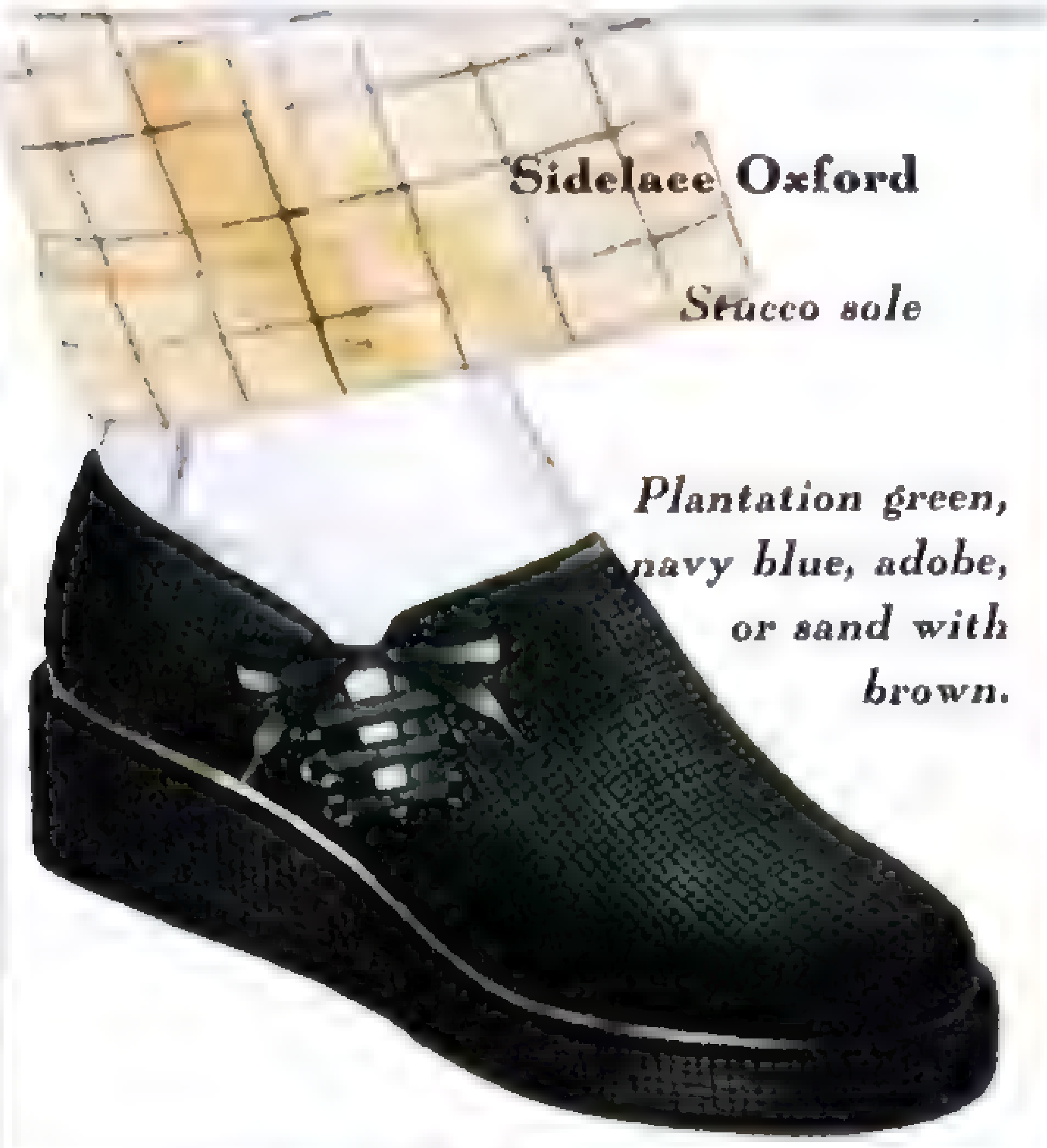


Blucher Saddle Oxford

Stucco sole

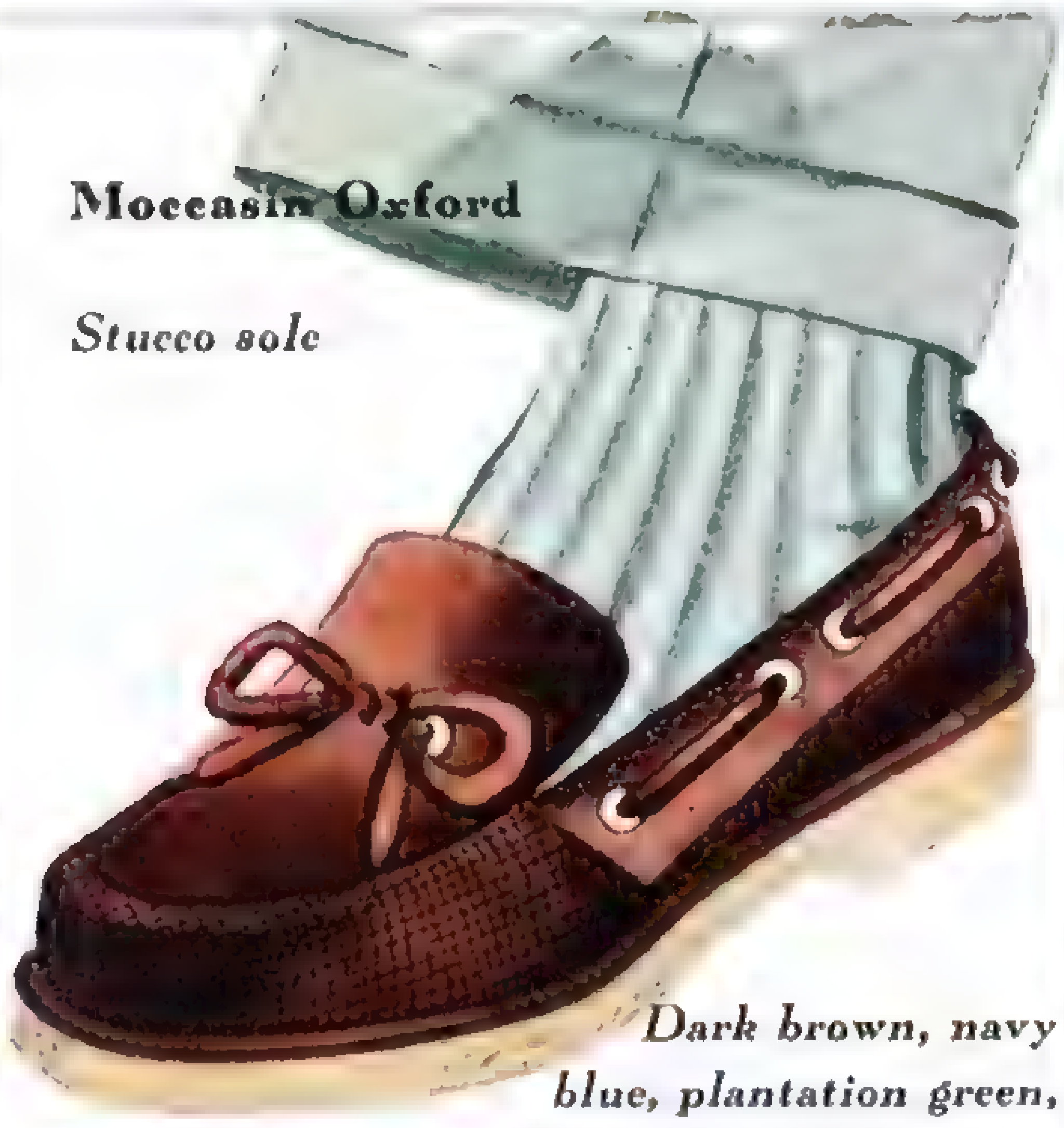
Sand, navy blue, plantation green, or white with saddle brown.



Sidelace Oxford

Stucco sole

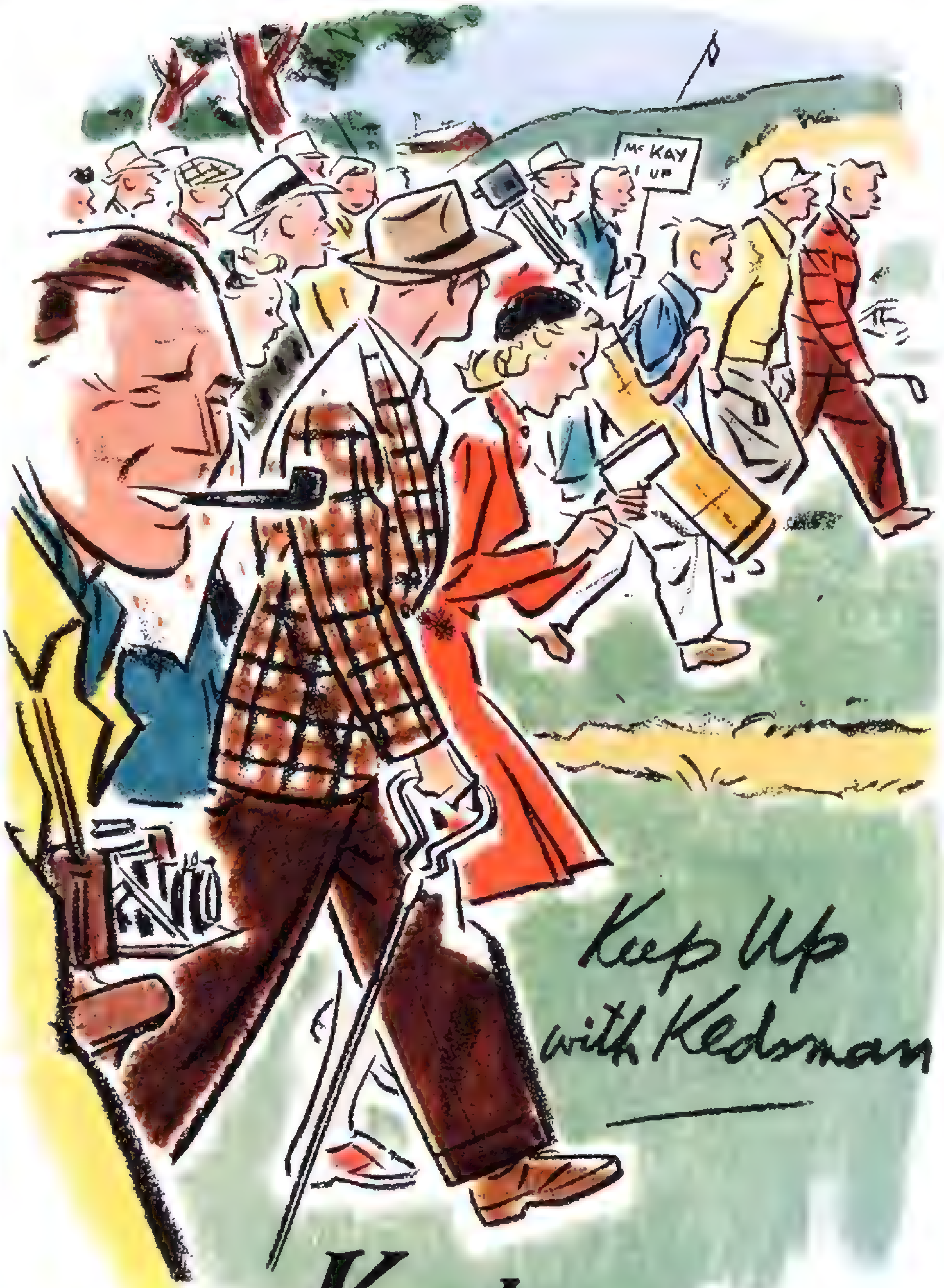
Plantation green, navy blue, adobe, or sand with brown.



Moccasin Oxford

Stucco sole

Dark brown, navy blue, plantation green, sand with saddle brown.

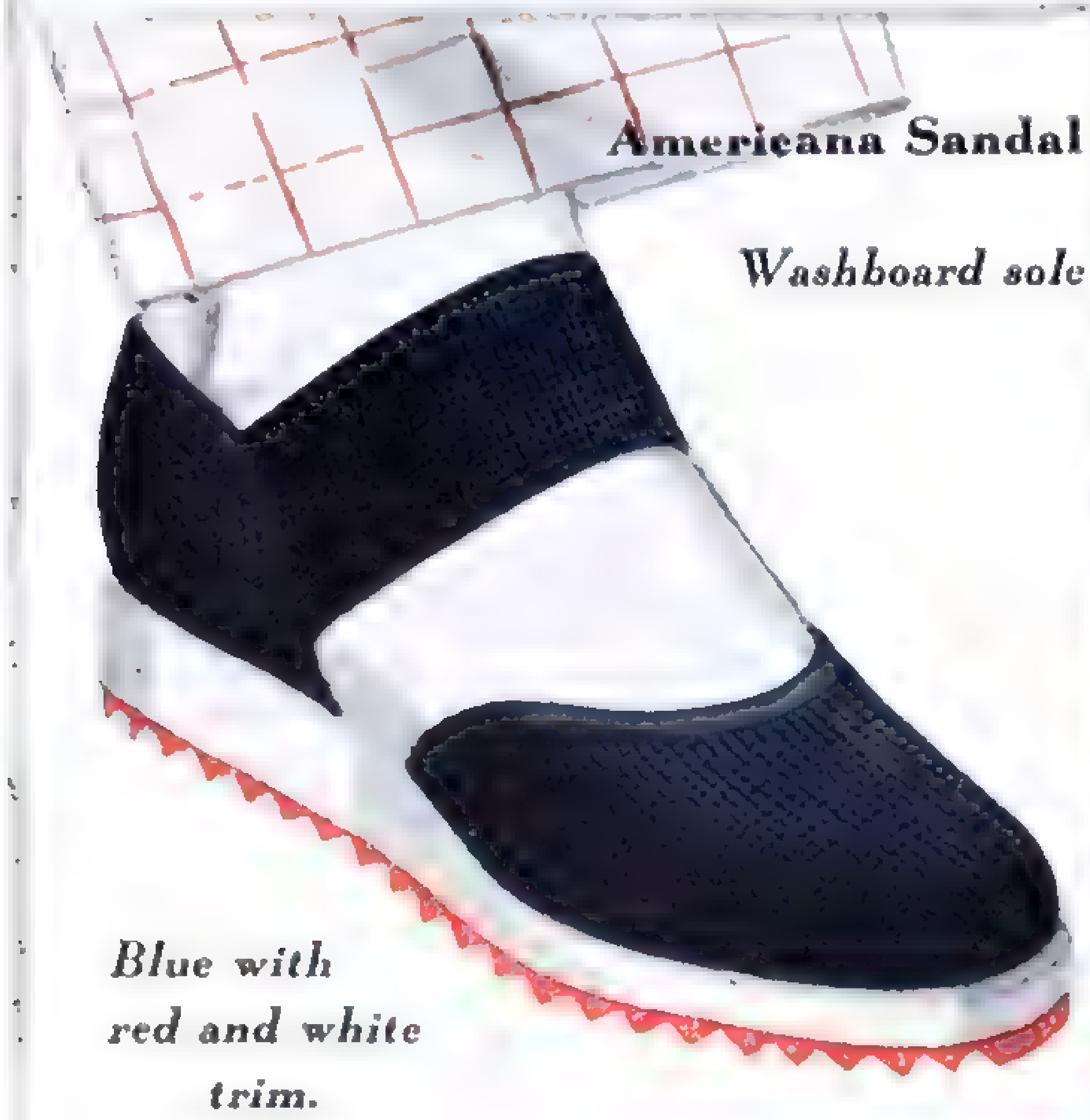


Kedsman

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

YOU CAN HAVE THEM WASHED WITH SOAP AND WATER **2.50—3.00**

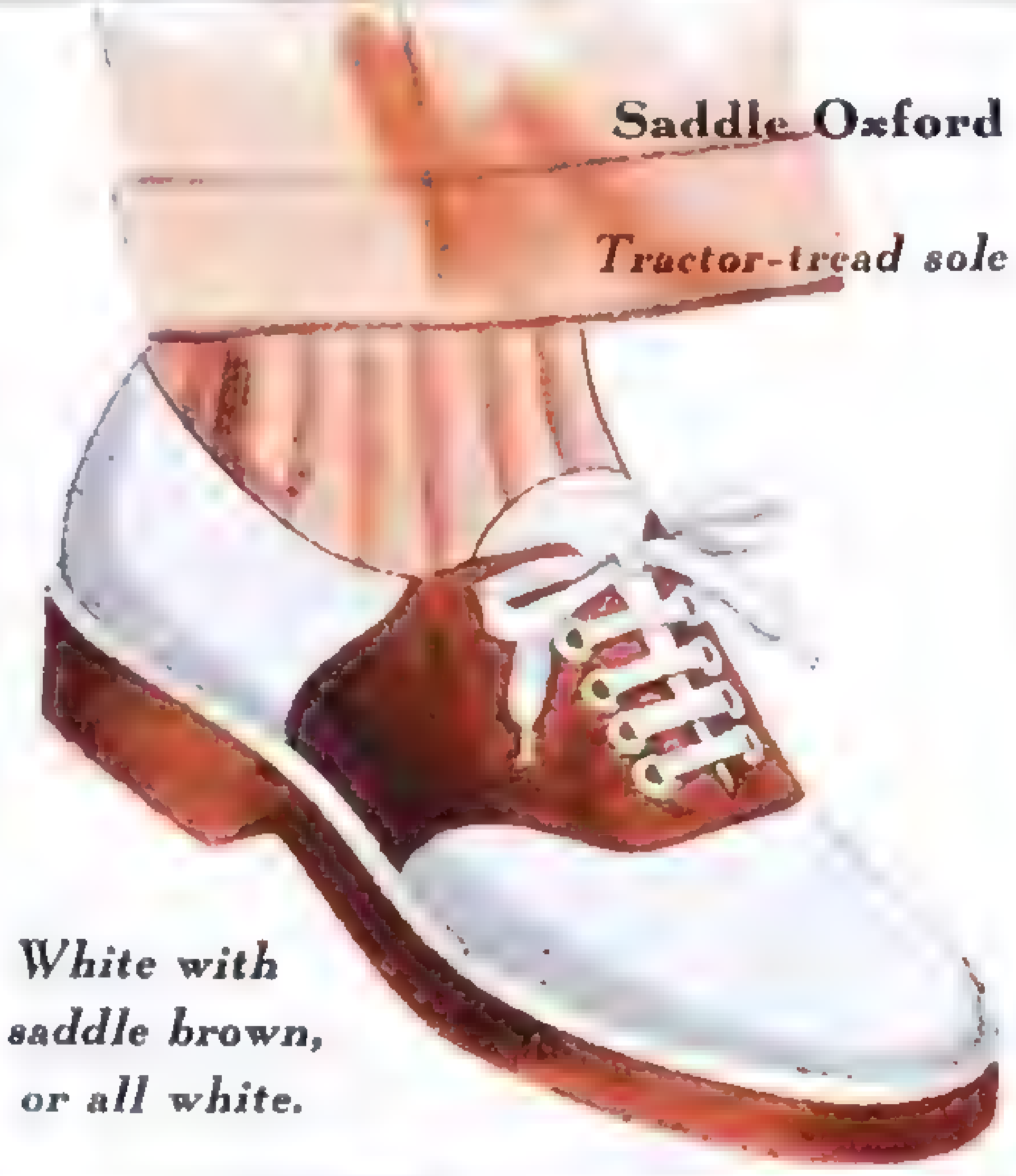
United States Rubber Company · *Rockefeller Center, New York*



Americana Sandal

Washboard sole

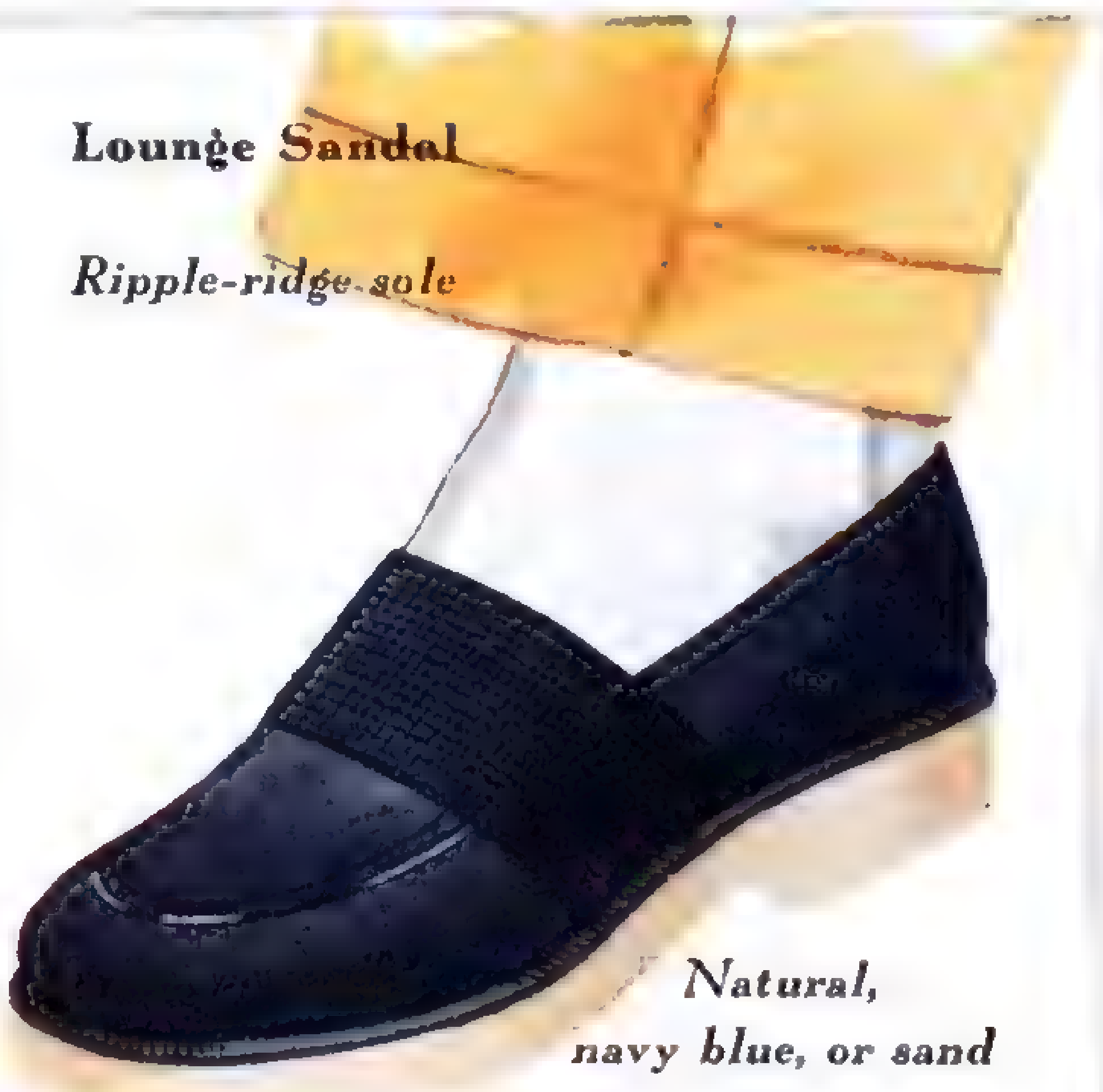
Blue with red and white trim.



Saddle Oxford

Tractor-tread sole

White with saddle brown, or all white.



Lounge Sandal

Ripple-ridge sole

Natural, navy blue, or sand with saddle brown.

Soldier of Occupation

Continued from page 41

above the battery and dropping well aimed bombs. So they had reached the ground safely . . .

Rudolph started and listened carefully; were there footsteps behind the door? Simultaneously, a confused screaming arose from the end of the street, followed suddenly by a discordant noise of shattering glass. He strained his eyes. For a second he could distinguish something dangling on the façade of a house; it tumbled straight downward, bounced twice from two successive balconies, and then, together with the splash, he heard Sergeant Coblenz swearing, "One less of those filthy bastards!"

Now Rudolph had to hurry. Coblenz would come back into the alley and blow his whistle to call the men together. Then he would inspect everyone's beat to see if a "neat job" had been done. "Try not to waste cartridges," he had cautioned them. That was why the man had been thrown out of the window.

Rudolph calculated that more than half an hour had gone by since they had left the bakery, and that surely the others had finished up their jobs with dispatch. He remembered Sergeant Coblenz slapping Parker for forgetting to heat the coffee. He gripped his gun and bashed in the central panel of the door, right through the peephole. Although he was fairly certain that the house was empty, he felt for a moment that a shower of bullets might greet him. Maybe he could wait for Sergeant Coblenz to come and share the job with him. But Coblenz was always asking, "Are you yellow, you big baby?" and if you made a stammering reply you could expect the worst to happen.

He pushed the door open with his shoulder and then he quickly flattened himself against the wall. Three shots rang out above his head, and several big pieces of plaster fell near his feet. Rudolph crouched between the door frame and the wall and pointed his gun upward—they had fired from the top of those wooden stairs. The banister prevented a straight aim. A fourth shot broke a large splinter off the door. Something was rolling down the stairs. Rudolph pressed the trigger lightly and kept his head down. Whatever it was, it came to an abrupt stop at the bottom. It was a big revolver with a bent handle. Rudolph rushed up the stairs, drawing out his dagger, a square knife that left a gaping wound, one of the knives that had been given out only to the storm troopers, before they had been loaded into the airplanes. At the head of the stairs was a woman, hanging on to the banister with both hands. Rudolph rammed into her with his head, seized her arm and twisted it. Both of them rolled over on the landing, and Rudolph felt her soft breast against the hard surface of the grenades he carried.

A sound of shooting arose from the alley below. Perhaps Sergeant Coblenz was mopping up somewhere and was meeting with resistance. But this girl didn't resist.

"I'm going to kill you," said Rudolph.

He couldn't see her face because he had fallen on top of her, and his knees were digging into her stomach. Suddenly he had a clear vision of Hilda's face, Hilda, the girl he was going to marry. Her house was only ten miles from the Westwall, and the French were fighting there. Surely Hilda would die rather than give in.

"Stop crying," he muttered between his teeth and, without relaxing his grip on her wrist, he slid over to one side of her. "Let me see your face " She did not move. Rudolph put his dagger back in its case, plunged his hand into her blonde hair, and pulled it hard. Now he could see her pale face with its bloodless lips.

For a clearer understanding of the bottlenecks of national defense production, read *Time and Detroit Can Do It,* in the May number of Esquire.

"Open your eyes," he said harshly. Still she did not move. Her skirt was caught on the hook of his haversack; her legs were white and fleshy. He thought "Tomorrow I'll have to make another parachute jump, and sometimes they don't open up . . ."

"Listen, are you going to open your eyes?" Perhaps she had fainted, or was pretending to faint. Perhaps her own shooting had frightened her, and she had been paralyzed by the footsteps on the stairs.

Again he saw Hilda. The French soldier would enter her house through the hayloft. Hilda's mother was old, she would cry. And the gun that hung in their kitchen was completely rusted. So the French soldier would push Hilda into the bedroom.

"Listen, I won't kill you, but you come to me," said Rudolph with anger, bending closer to speak to her. "Don't be foolish."

The girl opened her eyes. Rudolph burst out laughing. "Now you understand, damn you! You are afraid for your skin, eh!"

More shots echoed from the alley. Well, Coblenz didn't waste his time. What would the sergeant have done with this girl? Recalling stories of the last war, he used to say, "First I had them, and afterwards, if they didn't stop screaming . . ."

"Don't start screaming," whispered Rudolph, lifting her skirt.

The girl closed her eyes again. Nevertheless, Rudolph felt her still staring at the wall. Maybe at that very moment the French soldier was turning Hilda on her back, and she too was not struggling she too would rather live. He kept listening; the alley was quiet. Then he heard the distant buzzing of a pursuit plane, and he knew it was diving at breakneck speed. In fact, the buzzing suddenly stopped and started again, very loud and close.

He wanted to look at the girl's face. And yet, he had never seen her before. He was very much aware of her, his rough trousers against her thin skirt, but he seemed to have no will; even his fingers had stopped over something metallic along her thigh, and had not dared to go on. He put one arm under her neck and lifted her head. As he fumbled in the haversack to find the cognac, he remembered the words of Captain Keller. They were funny, as though they were being said by an insane man: "Our Leader will give our great country a thousand years of firm domination over the world." For those thousand years, they, eighteen years old, had learned how to jump with parachutes and how to shoot. The patrol was to dominate the alley (the alley was her world), and in order to do so they must kill everybody.

Coblenz's whistle was summoning the soldiers to fall in. Rudolph let the girl slide back and stood up. Once again he drew out his dagger, for he wanted to avoid trouble with Coblenz when he inspected the job. After all, the girl had fired at him; it was only fair to give her tit for tat. With his foot he pushed her until she lay with her face against the floor. He wouldn't look at her, so pale and young. To strike her he had to bend down, and bending, he heard her sobs.

"Listen . . ." he said. But he was afraid to speak; he couldn't do anything but strike. Raising his arm, he again saw Hilda, alone, on the floor of the barn. There were no French soldiers. There were a great many sheaves and a roar of threshing machines. All over the world were sheaves and threshing machines.

"Don't cry," he mumbled, "I won't hurt you . . ."

He carried her in his arms and with a kick pushed open the door. He sensed Hilda's soft breast against the grenades. Their wedding night would be the same way. In the alley Coblenz whistled twice. Rudolph laid the girl on a bed, thrust his dagger into the scabbard, and ran out. When he reached the alley he saw the soldiers gathered in an entrance hall. Just then Sergeant Coblenz came out of the opposite house.

"A neat job, Kurz!"

Kurz nodded modestly, adding in a low voice, "He was much taller than I . . ."

"Well, Rudolph," resumed the sergeant, "did you clean out the place thoroughly?"

"Nobody in," Rudolph answered firmly.

"Nobody? Did you nose around everywhere?"

"Everywhere."

"In the cellar too?"

"In the cellar, and even in the attic. Nobody."

"Do you think they could have fled across the roof?"

"Maybe they left before we arrived."

"Listen, Rudolph," and the sergeant tapped him on the shoulder, "by the door I saw a basket of bread, and if nobody is in, who ordered the bread? All right, I'll go in myself and check up."

The soldiers sat on the sidewalk. Kurz waited until the sergeant had disappeared into the house, then muttered harshly, "He does not believe anybody, and when he is wrong he is a bully about it just the same."

Rudolph was silent. Now he didn't give a damn what happened, he would remain silent even if Sergeant Coblenz became insulting. Captain Keller's words were floating like bobbing corks on the surface of his memory. He could no longer understand why he had to jump with a parachute and to kill people he had never seen before. Fields and corn, Hilda and threshing machines, those were the things, clear things. All the rest was mixed up with the weariness, the hunger, the drowsiness. So he began to chew the strap of his helmet. Some day the war would be over, he must be patient.

Coblenz came back in half an hour. He said only, "She didn't even scream . . ."

Then he ordered the soldiers to march in single file close to the walls. They reached the meadows, by the shore. The same light of an endless sunset was still in the sky.

"Rudolph," commanded the sergeant, "lead the patrol and watch for snipers . . ."

The soldiers cast quick glances at one another. Rudolph walked a few yards in front of the patrol. He was thinking of Hilda and the French soldiers, who certainly wouldn't hurt her.

Sergeant Coblenz stopped the patrol and said something. Rudolph went on walking. Then Sergeant Coblenz aimed and fired. Rudolph stumbled three or four times and fell down, his face in the grass. #

The Calling Cards of Mr. Engle

Continued from page 47

my pocket read, "William S. Engle."

I walked down the two flights of stairs, descended by foot into the basement, then strolled inconspicuously out of the hotel at one of the service exits. My valuable stomach felt quite queer as I taxied to the station, picked up my bag, drove to the airport, and boarded the east-bound plane. My thoughts were a pleasant accompaniment to the rhythmic hum of the motors as the topography rolled beneath me like an unfolding map. The plane bumped down at Newark Airport just as daylight was fading. Arriving at Penn Station I boarded an electric for Jamaica. I traveled the rest of the way to the shack by trolley and bus. In the morning I drove my old flivver into the city, where I engaged a room at a small residential hotel tenanted mostly by out of town business men and buyers. I said I was an egg farmer from upstate taking a little vacation. Meanwhile I waited with inner excitement for the afternoon papers.

The headlines screamed the news of my embezzlement. I sat in the lobby of my apartment hotel and nonchalantly ran through the various accounts. Poor Krakauer had been suspended pending an investigation. The authorities were confident I had left the city. They said it was known that I had bought a one-way trip to Chicago at 5:29 P.M. on the third. One H. Campbell, ticket seller at Window No. 3, said the man answering my description acted nervously and seemed to be in a great hurry. The conductor on the Flyer recalled me easily, and the room clerk at the Empire was sure I was the same person who had registered there on the Fourth under the name of P. Wilson. Inspector Elliot told reporters he was checking up on all steamship lines and traffic highways and terminals. My fellow workers could tell detectives little about their assistant cashier. I thought how convenient it was to be so completely informed on movements of the police.

I tossed the newspapers aside and lit my pipe, to which I had not yet become entirely accustomed, and went over in my mind the details of the forthcoming campaign. I was, of course, not satisfied with my impersonation of an egg farmer as a permanent disguise. Therefore the following morning I engaged another apartment in a different location under the name of Henry Pabst. I was an accountant sent by an out of town machinery firm to audit the books of the eastern branch, and would probably, I told the superintendent, be in the city all summer. Thus, in an extremity, I need not dash for a train or bus—the suicidal move of the cornered fugitive. I made a practice of going to the apartment frequently, where I kept a duplicate set of cosmetics to refurbish my appearance.

The newspapers were full of strange reports. The authorities were on my trail in Boston, Louisville, Des Moines, and Los Angeles. Austin, Texas, held a P. Wilson for thirty-six hours. Twice a week I made a practice of driving my flivver to the shack on Jamaica Bay, taking with me stocks of flour, canned goods, concentrated beef, condiments, and other dry foods. If William S. Engle were actually discovered and his appearance broadcast I would have in store this third hideout. Beside my flivver I had installed a highpowered motor in a dilapidated and unpainted launch. Even if, then, by some miracle, this place became known, I could put out to sea. I was familiar with the innumerable islands and coves in the Chesapeake Bay region. With any kind of start I would be as hard to find as the proverbial needle in a haystack.

I did not rest with these precautions, but purchased by wire an upstate egg output, going out to seek clients. This activity gave me an opportunity to receive mail. I then bought through a real estate firm a small residence in northern New Jersey. I had no hesitation in talking about myself to the real estate agent, saying I was an egg broker with a small competence whose wife had recently died and who wanted to live away from the city.

The neighbors in the small town got to recognizing this newcomer. This was to be my permanent base, the identity I was to establish before I could enjoy the fruits of my robbery. I bought a used car of moderate price, was introduced around by the real estate man, and had several invitations from friendly neighbors.

This, as I had long ago conceived, was the true critical state. Other news had taken precedence over the unsolved bank embezzlement. In the dark concerning the activities of the police, who I knew doggedly pursued the minutest clue, I realized that when no trace of me was turned up elsewhere they would again concentrate their vigilance on New York. Beginning my second campaign, I packed a few things and at night slipped out of town in my flivver, traveling only between dark and morning. When I reached my destination, a little town in Ohio, I parked my car and walked to the post office just as the bright August morning was dawning. I had removed my makeup, as far as possible. I now dropped a letter in the slot, having first purchased a stamp nervously from the clerk. Returning to the flivver, I sped eastward, refurbished my Engle personality, and finally entered my hotel about eleven P.M. that evening. The letter would not be delivered until morning. My ruse had worked excellently, as attested by the afternoon papers.

Again the police were scouring the countryside. A postal clerk in an Ohio town had recognized me from an old newspaper photograph, too late. Meanwhile the bank officials had received my letter. It protested the innocence of Mr. Krakauer, the cashier. Some accounts had me working with an accomplice who was successfully hiding me somewhere in the Middle West. When the sensation my letter had caused had worn thin I permitted the element of silence to heighten the effect of the next move in my campaign. At the end of five quiet weeks I terminated my stay at the small apartment hotel. I told them it had been an awful year for eggs. I then informed the superintendent of the apartment house where I was known as Henry Pabst that I was returning to the home office. I then proceeded to engage at an automobile tourist agency a passage with four young men traveling west to San Francisco.

I had acquired such an excellent reputation in the suburban town in New Jersey that it seemed almost a shame to bring Ogden Clark back into the headlines. But, having carried out my well-rehearsed plans for confusing myself with the various identities I had established, I could not now hesitate to initiate my final coup. Unless I carried through my final campaign I would never feel secure. Once enough time had passed, my appearance and personality would assume a permanent change. I could then settle down to a life of ease. I should have executed the perfect crime.

I left the young men with whom I had crossed the country at Sacramento and rode a bus the remainder of the way to Los Angeles. There I rested for a time. Finally I scribbled a note to the president of the bank. I said I could no longer endure the terror of being a hunted man. As I could not face my future as a convict, I was taking this way out. I was returning the few dollars I hadn't spent or lost. I enclosed the letter and a package containing ten thousand dollars in an envelope, mailed it to the bank, then took passage on a coastal vessel. As the ship steamed through the Golden Gate I dropped a coat carrying not too obvious identification overboard, unobserved. I took a cab from the Embarcadero to the Ferry Building, crossed the Bay, procured reservations and boarded a New York plane at Oakland.

I was home in New Jersey three days before the story broke. My coat had washed ashore at Presidio and was found by an army corporal on the beach below Fort Scott exactly seventy-nine hours after I had dropped it over the side of the ship. The receipt of my letter and the cash came but a short time later. I made free to discuss the sensational case with my next door neighbor, Mr. Peters. Mr. Peters waved to me pleasantly from his porch, nodding for me to come over. He said he understood my wife had passed away recently and thought perhaps I might like to drop in and gab a bit of an evening now and then. He introduced me to a friend of his, Mr. Sullivan, as the best shot in the golf club.

Sullivan remarked that he and my neighbor had been discussing the Clark case. I asked if anything new had developed. Sullivan shook his head and said the police believed it was suicide, but that his own private opinion was that Clark might still be alive. They had not succeeded in finding the body. I volunteered the idea that the body had probably been washed out to sea. Crooks were funny people, I said. If his conscience hadn't got the better of him he'd probably have got away. Sullivan disagreed, saying the best of them slip up. He said he'd show me what he meant if I had a calling card on me. I fished in my pocket and brought up one and handed it to him. Then he said, "Here you are. This is what I mean," and handed me two calling cards, duplicates of each other. They both read, "William S. Engle." As I stared at them, puzzled, I felt a cold sensation on my wrist. Sullivan had clapped handcuffs on me, and I realized I'd been taken into custody.

I knew it was useless for me to deny my identity. If it had been possible for the police to follow my trail and discover my whereabouts in the face of the complicated maneuvers I had engineered, as well as having penetrated my disguise, they also must have enough evidence to convict me. I therefore waived extradition and returned to New York, where I volunteered to make this statement concerning the planning and execution of what I considered the perfect crime.

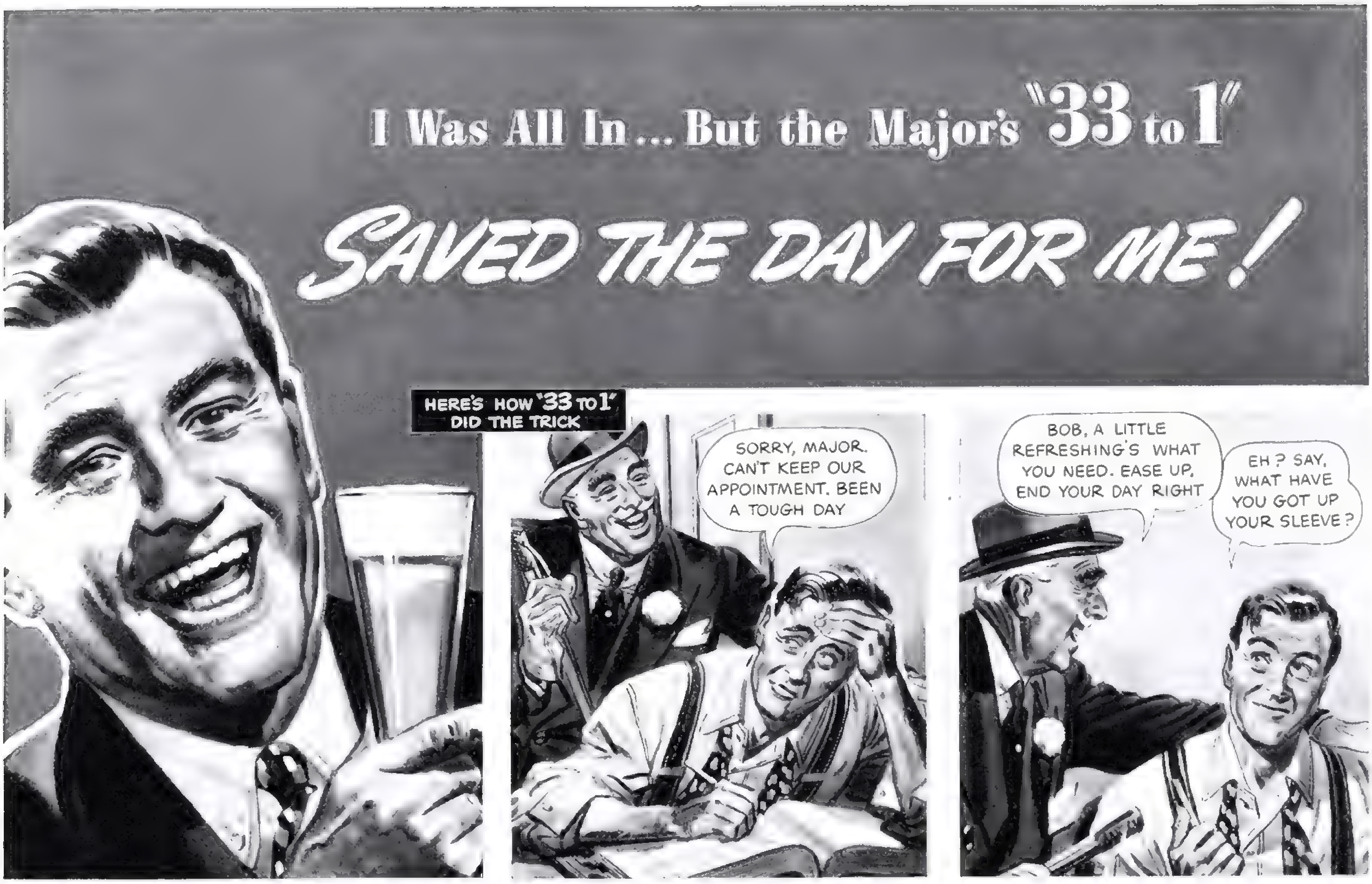
Witnessed by the staff of the District Attorney's office, and signed:
Ogden Clark.

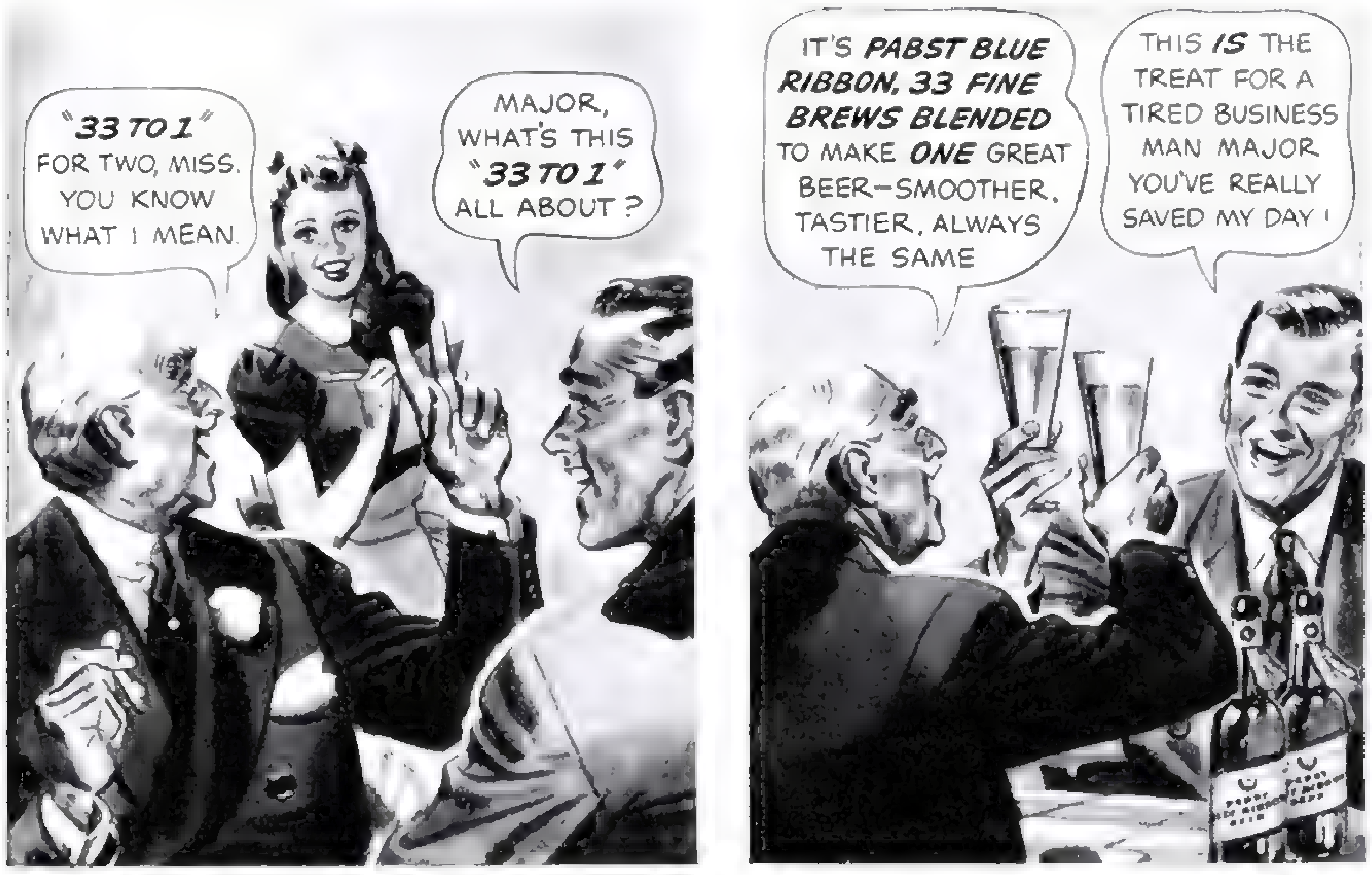
Oral Statement from stenographic report of Inspector Elliot's remarks to Police Commissioner: You've read the Clark deposition, Commissioner? These "perfect crime" cases are generally the simplest to solve. Sullivan had little difficulty. I'll run over the dossier of his reports as quickly as possible. The second day after the embezzlement, Sullivan questioned the teller Kindell, Mr. Krakauer, the cashier, and other employees, but learned almost nothing of Clark's habits or background.

This impressed him as peculiar, fortifying his opinion the crime was deliberately planned. Though the ticket seller at the depot described Clark as extremely nervous, it was Sullivan's idea that a man cool enough to plan and execute such a coup must have pretended his nervousness for a purpose. That purpose, Sullivan supposed, was to convince police he'd run out of town. Although he was sure Clark had gone west and returned immediately, Sullivan made the

Continued on page 110

I Was All In... But the Major's "33 to 1" SAVED THE DAY FOR ME!


HERE'S HOW '33 TO 1' DID THE TRICK
SORRY, MAJOR. CAN'T KEEP OUR APPOINTMENT. BEEN A TOUGH DAY
BOB, A LITTLE REFRESHING'S WHAT YOU NEED. EASE UP, END YOUR DAY RIGHT
EH? SAY, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE?


"33 TO 1" FOR TWO, MISS. YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN.
MAJOR, WHAT'S THIS "33 TO 1" ALL ABOUT?
IT'S *PABST BLUE RIBBON, 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED* TO MAKE *ONE* GREAT BEER—SMOOTHER, TASTIER, ALWAYS THE SAME
THIS *IS* THE TREAT FOR A TIRED BUSINESS MAN MAJOR. YOU'VE REALLY SAVED MY DAY!

WISE FELLOW, THE MAJOR! BLENDING 33 BREWS CERTAINLY MAKES ONE DELICIOUS BEER!

Yes, REAL BEER LOVERS know it's *smart* to order Pabst Blue Ribbon. It has something you enjoy in no other beer: a BLEND of *33* fine brews to make *one* single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this *expert blending* that gives Blue Ribbon its smoother, tastier, unvarying goodness. Today–treat yourself to a cool, foaming glass—and *prove* it!

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER...IT'S TASTIER...
IT NEVER VARIES

Pabst Blue Ribbon
Blended 33 to 1
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst BLUE RIBBON

...with a Blue Ribbon on it

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

Copyright 1941, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee

The Calling Cards of Mr. Engle

Continued from pages 47-108

trip to Chicago for the purpose of checking his time, just as Clark must have checked it previously himself. We permitted the newspapers to believe we thought the embezzler was somewhere out west. Clark would read them closely, would possibly be lulled by a false sense of security.

The sergeant drew his transportation the following morning, then stopped at the bank to get a composite description from the tellers. The only photograph available was that taken by the bonding company six years previously. A few doors from the bank was a little job printing plant. Sullivan paused to glance at the wedding invitations and bill forms and calling card samples in the window. He was trying to imagine his own movements had he been in Clark's place. As, according to his theory, the embezzlement had been planned a long while in advance, he believed he'd have assumed a new identity, a new name. He would have calling cards printed.

It was not blind luck which prompted him to speak to the proprietor of the shop. He asked if the printer had read of the embezzlement, whether he remembered ever having seen the bank's assistant cashier. Had Clark ever had any printing done—invitations or calling cards or anything? Sullivan showed the proprietor the absconder's picture. The face was vaguely familiar, but not the name. The printer said he had a good head for names, but Clark's was unfamiliar to him. Then, after long concentration, he thought he could identify the picture with a young man who wanted calling cards printed. But the name wouldn't come. He got down his books and turned page after page, trying to associate the face with a name. Finally he was rewarded. The name was William S. Engle.

As Engle had penciled a written okay on the printer's proof, it was simple to compare it with the known specimens of Clark's handwriting microscopically. They were identical, and gave Sullivan not only a fine lead but confirmation of his theory that Clark had planned the embezzlement with great deliberateness. This extreme deliberateness was the weak spot in the assistant cashier's "perfect crime," as all of his movements could be determined on the basis of simple logic and reasoning. Sullivan went to Chicago, had a talk with the clerk at the Empire, determined the quality of Clark's timing, then returned east. It wouldn't be easy to follow his quarry's movements, but his advantage was that Clark had no way of realizing that Sullivan was aware of his pseudonym, and would therefore continue to use it freely.

The sergeant could only wait. Clark wasn't the sort to begin displaying his wealth before he'd made certain his tracks were covered. Then Clark's letter came in from Ohio. Sullivan went west again and checked with the post office clerk, satisfied himself it had been Clark all right. The clerk said the man's hair was greyer than the one he'd seen, and he looked older. It was then obvious to Sullivan that Clark had wanted himself to be spotted.

Sullivan now had enough to go on. Checking all bus line terminals and airports, it seemed obvious Clark had driven a car to Ohio. So the sergeant rented a used automobile and checked on Clark's route —the shortest one back to New York, as he would be hurrying. He stopped at every restaurant and barbecue stand on the road, especially the smaller places. Clark would have to eat somewhere. He finally got identification in two places, positive recognition. He not only got identification, however, but a fair description of Clark's disguise, by which he was later enabled to recognize the embezzler.

Now sure that the ex-cashier was in New York, that he was carrying the money on his person in the form of a larger girth, Sullivan and a squad of men concentrated on the numerous small hotels at which Clark, calling himself Engle, might be staying. After what seemed like hopeless investigation, a "W. S. Engle" turned up on the register of an uptown hotel. The individual had checked out only a day or two before. After comparing descriptions and quizzing the hotel man on the minutest detail concerning the W. S. Engle who had called himself an egg merchant, Sullivan was satisfied that his quarry had eluded him by a hair's breadth. The embezzler had been too slick to leave any sign or hint concerning his future movement. The sergeant could only start work all over again and wait.

Sullivan was as surprised as the newspapers when Clark's "suicide" broke. He waded through every detail of the report, then explained his theory to me concerning this latest move of the absconder. I was inclined to credit Sullivan's deductions, and we asked Los Angeles and San Francisco to co-operate. At last we had a wire which assured us that the man we sought had been positively identified by steamship officials. Clark had traveled from Los Angeles to San Francisco. He had undoubtedly dropped his coat overboard, as Oakland Airport remembered the individual we described taking passage the same day for New York.

Although we knew the suicide was a hoax, we still had no means, of course, of putting our finger on Engle—Clark, rather. Sullivan and a couple of his men worked on the phone book mornings, following up leads afternoons. They contacted every real estate firm in the city and suburbs. The sergeant explained that, since he'd abandoned living in the small residential hotel, Clark must then have contracted for some unobtrusive suburban retreat—the next step in his deliberately methodical campaign to establish himself in safely obscure hiding. Such a personality as Clark had created fitted the suburban theory perfectly.

Seven Engles turned up before Murray & Co., Realtors, reported a transaction by one of their salesmen in the name of William S. Engle. This was two days after the news of Clark's suicide. That afternoon Sullivan informed me that Engle had purchased a place in New Jersey. Although the salesman had given him most of the essential information there was much that Sullivan did not quite understand. Assuming a slipup somewhere along the line of our reasoning, it would be damned embarrassing to make a New Jersey arrest only to discover that we lacked legal identification. At first we thought we might have Murray & Co. persuade him to come to New York on some pretext or other. If Clark got wind of us, however, he'd know we possessed his name and description, and we'd risk the possibility of losing him. Sullivan then made an alternative suggestion, which I considered excellent.

Mr. Peters, Engle's next-door neighbor, when we called him to New York, immediately agreed to work with us when the shock of his surprise had worn off. Sullivan waited patiently all day in an empty house opposite the Engle residence. At last he was rewarded. A car drove up and a short, stocky man descended and went into the house. Sullivan then called on Peters, satisfied with his identification. When Clark came out, Peters introduced him to Sullivan as a member of his golf club. Sullivan, refusing to risk an arrest on suspicion, tricked Engle into handing over one of his calling cards. Carrying a duplicate procured from the printing shop, he presented them both to Clark as the simplest and most obvious form of identification. Under the circumstances the District Attorney's office had no difficulty obtaining a complete deposition.

Well, I guess that's about all there is to it, Commissioner.

* * *

Statement of the Police Commissioner to members of the press: Now there's nothing more I can tell you about the Clark case than you already know. I suppose it was good copy to play it up as "the perfect crime that failed." The fact of the matter is, boys, these so-called perfect crimes, where we have a man of obvious intelligence to deal with, are fairly routine cases. Make Sergeant Sullivan out a hero if you wish. All the men in the Department are heroes. But, confidentially we'd much rather have one of these master-mind cases to deal with than the erratic hop-eating kind of criminal whose thought processes follow no known pattern. Good day, gentlemen. You must excuse me, I'm extremely busy. ##

1.
2.
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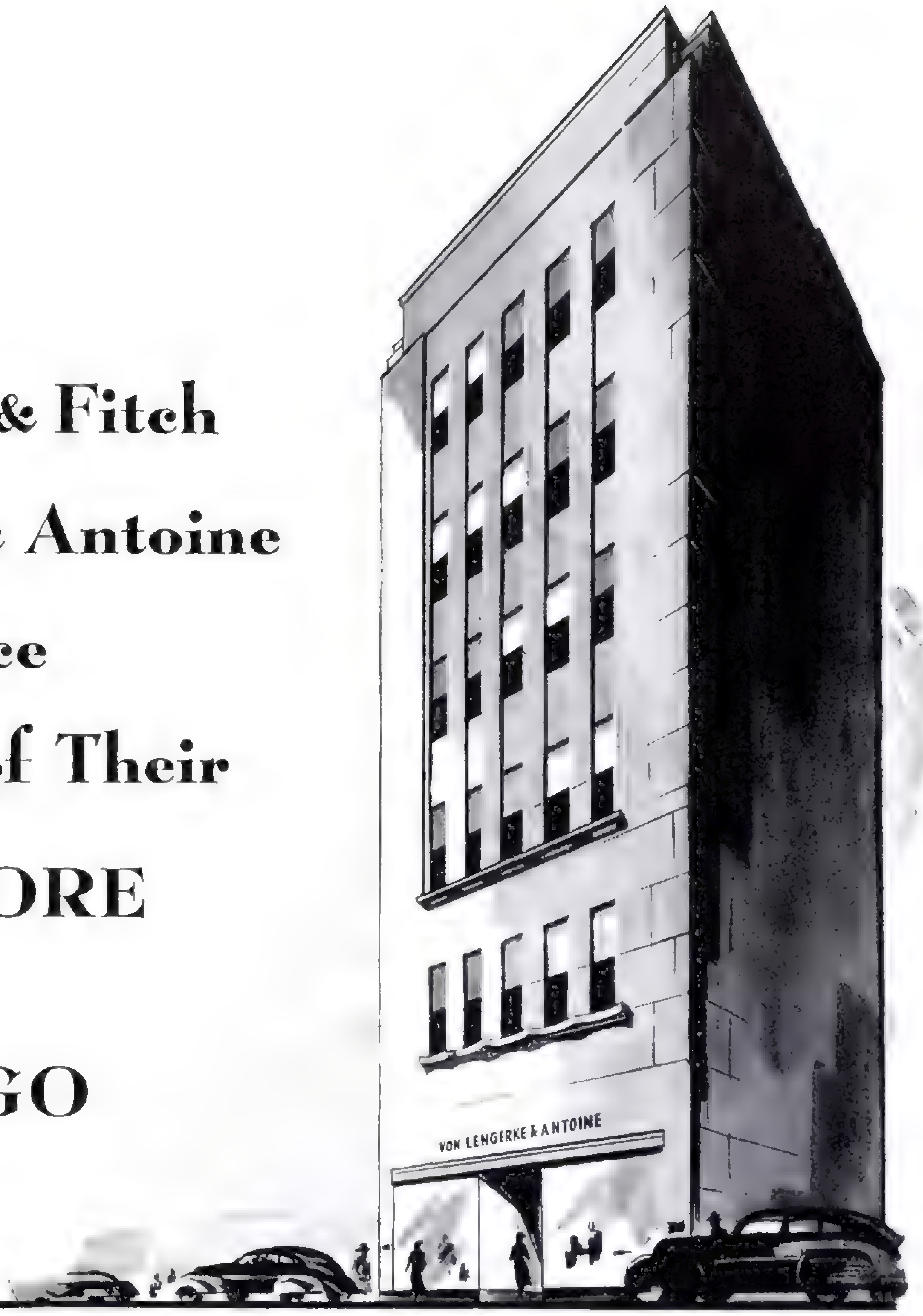
4.
JEFF KEATE

Abercrombie & Fitch
Von Lengerke & Antoine
Announce
the Opening of Their
NEW STORE
in
CHICAGO



NINE NORTH WABASH

FIFTY YEARS AGO, two Chicago sportsmen, Charles Antoine and Oswald Von Lengerke, opened their first sporting goods store in a corner of Bosler's Harness Shop.

Today, this pioneer Chicago business reaches new heights in the magnificent store at Nine North Wabash. It has joined with Abercrombie & Fitch to give Chicagoans the finest selection of sporting goods and sport accessories in the Midwest.

We invite every man or woman whose own world touches the world of sport to visit the new VL&A. If you like the feel of a gun or the flash of a fly... if you enjoy the smell of good tweeds or the creak of fine leather...this is your store!

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH CO.
NEW YORK

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
CHICAGO

"The Greatest Sporting Goods Stores in the World"

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 90

eager to see what the next page would bring; and I was never disappointed. Furthermore, there is a happy glow of family life absolutely heart-warming, and never too sentimental. Mr. Saroyan is an important addition to contemporary authors; and in this new book he has made a number of important additions to the literary population of our time. He is truly creative and writes as if he were supremely enjoying himself. One would expect, in a book of this kind, that the opening chapters would be the best, even as the tradesman (*sic*) puts the best apples on the top; but although it seems as if such delectable humor and charm must soon run out, the book actually gets better and better as it proceeds.

For most of us, whether we care much or little for literature and history, English life and letters begin with 1066; but there were interesting people on the little island long before the Christian era; and one of Stephen Benét's best short stories describes the departure of the last Roman legion a few centuries after that era began. Thomas Hardy told me that any time he could go into his garden and dig up Roman remains; once he found the skeleton of a Roman soldier, with his implements beside him. When Hardy sat down to write, he was competing not only with his contemporaries, but with 2000 years of some kind of civilization.

Now the period from the year One A.D. to the year 1066, when William the Conqueror came to stay, which no person without an invitation has been able to do since, is to most readers a blank, therefore I particularly welcome and recommend a new book by Mother Williams (daughter of the distinguished Michael Williams who edits *The Commonweal*), called *Word-Hoard*. This smallish volume not only tells us what kind of literature was written on the island during the first thousand years A.D., it enables us to read it. Anglo-Saxon is a difficult language, as hard to learn as German; and there is no reason why anyone should learn it except those who have to teach it, or those who simply want to learn it, perhaps the best reason of all. What Mother Williams has done in astonishingly small compass, is to translate into the English we use today the Anglo-Saxon writers who wrote in England before the Norman conquest. She has made admirable translations, has arranged them chronologically, has furnished the necessary descriptions with appendices giving us the course of historical events; thus we may read this book and learn about a period of English history, which for the vast majority of well-read and intelligent men and women is a complete blackout. I am particularly grateful to Mother Williams for this for she has made it possible for me to know what I have always wanted to know and never had the time, patience, and will to find out. Isabel Paterson, in an excellent review of this book, was struck by a phrase in one of those writers, misty rather than mystical, which has a refrain "That went by; so can this." It is interesting to observe that from the dawn of history even until now it has been necessary for human beings to fortify their minds against misery by using either inaudibly or audibly, declarations of hope or courage, which have the sudden effect of stimulants. Thus this old expression in *Word-Hoard*, "That went by; so can this," reminds me of what I heard in Athens in 1932. A modern Greek word is used merely as a greeting to an acquaintance on the street. You say, "Parastika!" which means, "It won't last!" It is an interesting variety of pessimism which assumes everyone has something to worry about. The only time I had a good opportunity to use it was in a crowded elevator in a hotel. The elevator got stuck between two floors; the Greek ladies in it became excited, whereupon I shouted, "Parastika!" and they all began to laugh—probably at me and my accent, but anyhow they laughed. We remember what the late Doctor Coué taught everyone to say out loud at least once a day. It is more difficult to persuade a sick man he is well than to persuade a well man he is sick. The latter had a magnificent demonstration in a marvelous French comedy by Jules Romains, *Doctor Knock*.

It is remarkable that the small island consisting of England, Scotland and Wales, has always been the object of lust from innumerable foreigners both individually and collectively. It is perhaps partly owing to its comparatively mild climate, for the territory has the system of indirect hot water heating. (Even until this day the only system of *central* heating employed or enjoyed by thousands of its inhabitants is tea drinking.) William the Conqueror was fairly well off in Normandy, whither thousands of Englishmen have gone for their holidays; but he wanted England and took it. Before his appearance Danes and their neighbors were always trying to get in; centuries later King Philip of Spain hungered for it. When I saw what a delightful place King George I lived in while he was elector of Hanover, I wondered why he had ever consented to exchange it for a British kingdom.

Which brings me to the discussion of a new biography: *Queen Elizabeth*, by Theodore Maynard. This is a beautifully printed volume of about 400 pages, with thirteen illustrations, and a Preface by the General Editor of this "Science and Culture" Series, Doctor Joseph Husslein of St. Louis. This Preface is admirably written and there is only one sentence in it which seems to me not quite accurate: "a sincere, unbiased, and convincing story of Elizabeth." That the book is sincere is certain; but it is surely not unbiased and therefore (to me) not wholly convincing. This is a biography of Elizabeth written by an ardent Catholic and from the Catholic point of view; therefore it ought to be biased and it is. But his point of view is so different from the customary that I urge everyone to read the book. I had never read a life of the great Queen written from any viewpoint like this; it adds enormously to the reader's interest, it makes the biography more exciting and dramatic, and I feel as if I were viewing the story of that extraordinary period done in technicolor. The lights and shades are tremendous.

When King Edward VII was crowned, an Irishman in Parliament moved to abolish the words "Defender of the Faith," saying, "King Henry VIII who first got the title is now where he can light his pipe with his little finger."

When Elizabeth's father, King Henry VIII, ascended the English throne in 1509, how astonished he would have been if he had been told that he and his three children would keep the throne for nearly one hundred years! From 1509 to 1603 they held it. He died in 1547. His son Edward VI died in 1553. His daughter Mary died in 1558. His daughter Elizabeth died in 1603. Thus while Edward and Mary together reigned only eleven years, Henry himself reigned thirty-eight years and his daughter Elizabeth forty-five years.

Both the General Editor and the author emphasize the enigma, the puzzle of the character of Elizabeth. To a man every woman is an enigma; but I know what they mean here; they mean Elizabeth's amazing and (to her foes) bewildering changes of expression, attitudes, and deeds. Now it is not for me to "explain" Elizabeth; but I think if we take one key to the labyrinth, we shall come fairly near the truth. Historians used to say (only infrequently now) that Daniel Webster in his two speeches, *The Reply to Hayne* (1830) and *For the Constitution and the Union* (March 7, 1850) made a complete turnabout; but if you take the key *Preservation of the Union*, the two speeches harmonize without a discord.

Now I believe the key to Elizabeth's entire career is simply one aim—England. To the strengthening of England she made every personal sacrifice; not only her possible rivals, but her friends, and also herself. She was more interested in the preservation, development, and strengthening of England than she was in her happiness or her reputation. Like nearly all statesmen and diplomats, she was a liar; but she was true to her oath of office, as Sovereign of England. Thus she was one of the greatest statesmen who ever lived, for she used her genius and her resources for the greatness of the realm she had sworn to defend. The duty of a statesman to his country is like the duty of a physician to his patient—keep him alive as long as possible. If the honor of nations were like the honor of the individual business man, we should have to judge Elizabeth harshly; but nobody believes anything official. Thus Elizabeth was clever enough occasionally to tell the truth and confound not the Devil, but those, who from England's point of view, were his servants.

This is where she was so superior to Mary Queen of Scots; who was more interested in her private affairs than in Scotland. This is where she was so superior to her sister, Mary Queen of England; for Mary thought more of her church than of her country. Mary was quite willing to allow England to become the tail of the Spanish kite; every English-speaking person today ought to rejoice that Mary I reigned so short a time and that Mary of Scotland never reigned over England at all.

Mr. Maynard's life of Elizabeth is written from the Catholic point of view; it adds immensely to my interest in reading the book, for as I have said, this is something new and strange. Do not believe for a moment that it is lacking in scholarship; the author is a very fine scholar indeed, has consulted innumerable documents, is familiar with the other published biographies, including that highly interesting one by F. C. Chamberlin, *The Private Character of Queen Elizabeth* (1921). Thus he is certainly fair in discussing the rather unsavory sexual side of Elizabeth; he does not call her bad names which have occurred in other books; he knows there is no definite proof that she lost her virginity. He quotes Ben Jonson, who in his conversations with William Drummond at Hawthornden, known to all readers of Elizabethan literature, told Drummond that she "had a membrana on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tried many." But that was the kind of gossip that gathers around persons high in place, like the legend (believed by many Americans) that President Wilson had mistresses.

I also admire Mr. Maynard for not allowing himself to become sentimental over Mary Queen of Scots, although his heart is with her; he has the audacity to tell the truth, that she was really not very beautiful.

He also, although he says that Mary I "was surely the best woman who ever sat upon the English throne," meaning of course religiously and morally as she understood it, points out her tremendous blunders as a statesman, and those of Philip II, and those of Mary of Scotland. I admire Mr. Maynard also for praising as a *work of*

Continued on page 114

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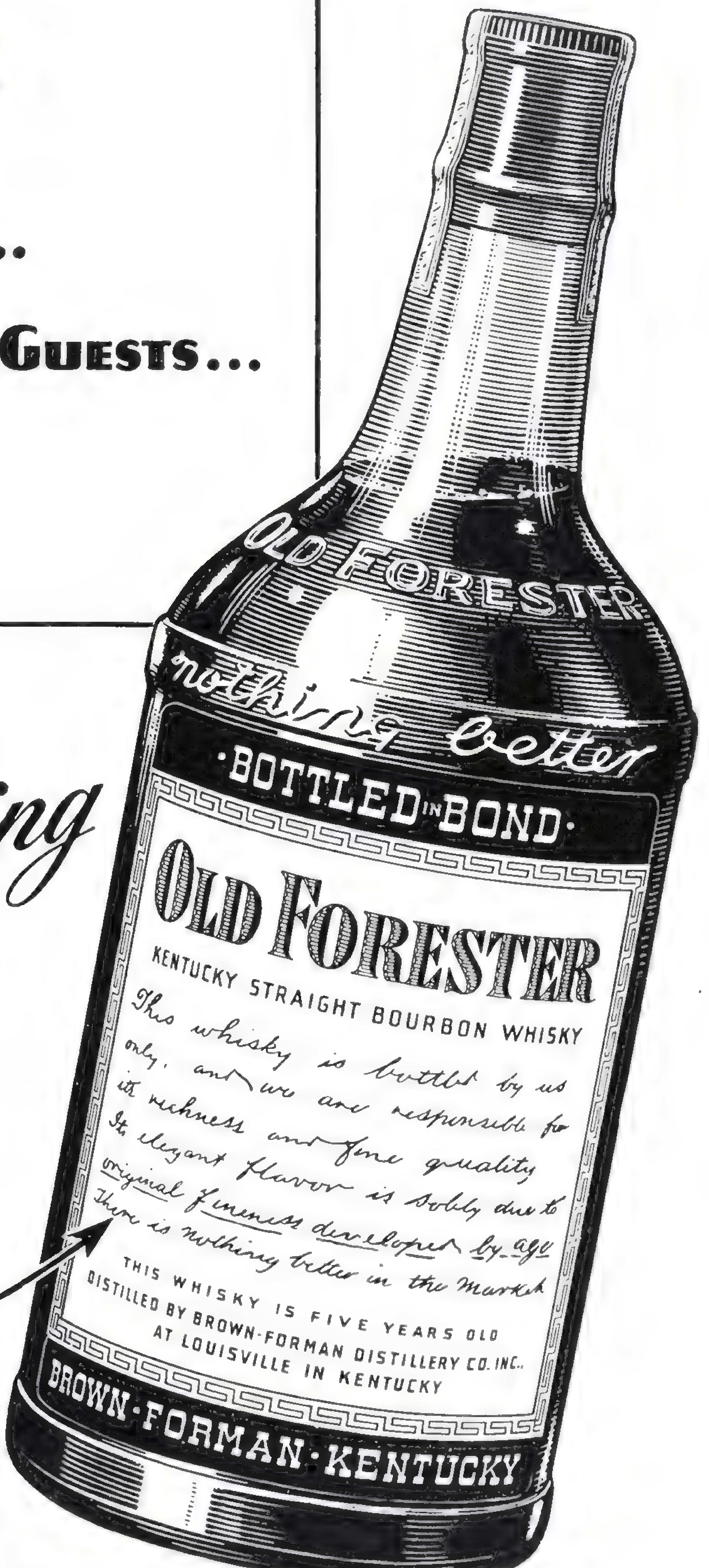
YOUR DISTINGUISHED GUESTS...

AND YOURSELF...

There is nothing better in the market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Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 90-112

literary genius Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, which by so many Catholics is treated only with derision and contempt. Mr. Maynard is a man of letters, and he does not allow his Catholic faith to blind him to Foxe's literary greatness. I mention this particularly because lately I have seen that immortal work of genius, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, sneered at by Catholic writers as a work of literature; and in another scholarly Catholic book, it was stated that Dante was generally admitted to be a greater poet than Shakespeare!

But Mr. Maynard's Catholic point of view makes him write the story of the Armada almost with regret that the Spaniards did not win. He diminishes the glory of Drake so far as to say of Drake and his contemporaries: "It is to my mind astonishing that such men should still be held up to the youth of England for admiration. Upon the whole they must be considered as no better than vulgar and commonplace thieves, adorned with a few eccentricities. They shed no lustre upon their country. I confess that so far from swelling with pride at the thought of their exploits, I am ashamed of them—just as a German who understands the true genius of his people is ashamed of the brigandage of Hitler."

I wonder what my friend, the ardent Catholic Alfred Noyes, thinks of such reappraisal of Drake's character? In this book also Grenville of *The Revenge* showed "bravado" instead of courage; and in spite of the fact that Mr. Maynard gives Elizabeth's genius full credit, what shall we think of a comparison like this? He has been discussing the question of a proposed assassination of the Queen.

> However much we may disapprove of political assassination, few would in our day be greatly shocked if someone among the people savagely afflicted by him should dispose in this way of Hitler. Elizabeth's was a case of equal extremity—that of a usurping tyrant maintained in power by terror. And, as the Cardinal Secretary pointed out, she was already deposed by the Bull of 1570. By deposition she had been put under the ban.

Well, I can say of the author of this book what he says in another chapter of Elizabeth—"In spite of Elizabeth's faults, I admire and even like her." I do not think anyone can read Mr. Maynard without liking him; even though the last chapter, dramatic as it is, makes one statement that is an appalling anti-climax. He is describing the death of Elizabeth.

> A good death, such as that of the rake Charles II, reveals a lifetime of secret hunger for God; and many men and women show what they are only in their last hours. The deathbed of Elizabeth is one of the most dreadful in history.

It is true that King Charles had a lifetime hunger for the female form divine.

I am glad Mr. Maynard wrote this book; for it is exciting to read the biography of a genius with the dynamics reversed; and it is also interesting to look at the great age of Elizabeth from a point of view (how I hate that ridiculous word angle) so totally unlike what is usually accepted.

I suppose in the history of the English throne from 1066 to 1941 the two monarchs who stand above all the others are Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell. It is amusing to remember that so many Englishmen were afraid that when Elizabeth ascended the throne, it would make the age effeminate; it was the most masculine of all.

American physicians and surgeons have suddenly become vocal; it seems as if a new medical autobiography appears every week. Yet of this flood of books, the most exciting is still *Doctor at Timberline* by Charles Fox Gardiner. Incidentally, it was this same Dr. Gardiner who saved the life of the distinguished economist Professor Irving Fisher, after he had been given up by a number of experts, including himself. Many famous physicians have written purely literary works of permanent value; St. Luke, Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Arbuthnot, Weir Mitchell, Chekhov, Arthur Schnitzler, Sir William Osler, Harvey Cushing; one difference between the medical and the legal profession is that when the physician becomes an author he goes on practicing (I suppose an exception is A. J. Cronin), while ten thousand lawyers have "abandoned the law for literature." There is no one who by intimate knowledge of human nature is more fitted to write novels and plays than the Catholic priest; only he cannot betray the secrets of the confessional. One of them, however, made this contribution to the general theme by saying, "I don't know what the heart of a bad man is like, but I do know what the heart of a good man is like, and believe me, it is something terrible!"

Once more let me call the attention of readers to Frank Gruber, a new star in the murder-firmament. His first book, *The French Key*, enslaved me; then came *The Laughing Fox*, and now appears *The Talking Clock*, which well sustains his reputation for mirth and murder. His pair of adventurers, Johnny Fletcher (brains) and Sam Cragg (brawn) are irresistible.

To the vast number of distinguished authors who have written books in prison we may now add P. G. Wodehouse, whose magnificent humor seems unaffected by his environment. The new book, which no one else could have written, is called *Quick Service;* even the title is funny.

During the entire season of 1939-40 in music, the greatest sensation was the performance of Richard Strauss's *Domestic Symphony* by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by the Greek, Mr. Mitropoulos. At its conclusion the audience cheered and shouted and went as wild as a college crowd at a touchdown. For twenty-five years I have longed to hear this work of genius and have never had the opportunity; and the two performances in New York came when I had unbreakable engagements. Now I suppose I shall never hear it. About thirty years ago I heard one of Strauss's early tone poems, *Macbeth;* and I had to wait twenty years before I had another opportunity, which I embraced. Since Strauss is the greatest of all living composers, why are his pieces (except *Rosenkavalier*) not more often played? Mr. Stokowski some years ago was kind enough to put *Death and Transfiguration* on the regular programme of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra on a particular day for which I asked; it was a magnificent performance. I was in the Residenz Theatre at Munich when the first production (in Munich) of his opera *Ariadne auf Naxos* was given, with Mr. Strauss conducting; and I heard a number of his songs sung at the Town Hall, New York, when he himself played the piano accompaniments. Every time I have heard his orchestral pieces, they were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

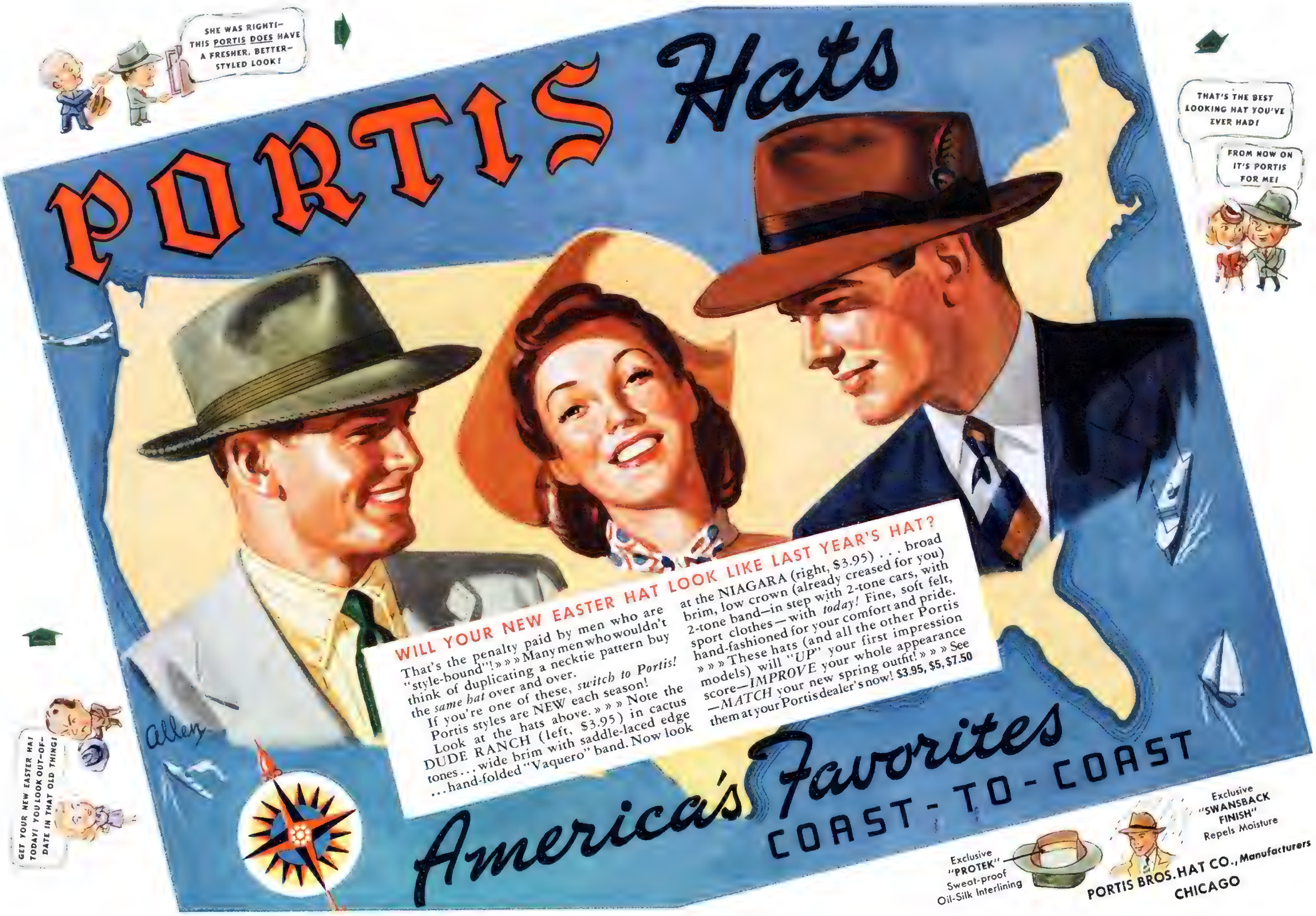
WHAT THE MAN SHOULD WEAR

I think the man ought to wear what he likes to wear; on the street in terrible summer temperatures in cities, he should discard his coat or jacket or whatever you wish to call it; for there is no jacket in the world that does not add heat exactly where one most acutely suffers from it; the neck, and the wrists. However, that is not the particular point I have in mind.

What I deplore is the elimination of knickerbockers. Many years ago they were worn by tennis players; the last man to wear them in an important match was Mr. Rice of Australia in 1913. I saw that Davis Cup match, with Mr. Doust and Mr. Rice representing Australia in singles, and Mr. McLoughlin and Mr. Williams representing the United States. Mr. Rice wore light knickers with black stockings. I am not recommending a return to this custom, that is, for tennis, but I am for golf. In the U.S.A. knickers suddenly universally disappeared as if we were Germans and Hitler had forbidden them. They went out so suddenly that Gene Sarazen went to a famous expensive haberdashery and bought one hundred pairs of knickers for fifty cents a pair. Now there are many good reasons for wearing knickers at golf. When one is trying to make an important putt in a violent wind, it does not materially assist the putter to have loose trouser ends flapping about his ankles; and when one is playing through soaking wet fairways, the long slacks are not agreeable. I hope many who prefer knickers will wear them. But knowing the herd mind, I am not optimistic. As it is, the only three really great golfers in the U.S.A. who still wear kickers are Bobby Jones, Gene Sarazen, and I.

When Mr. Jones came up to New Haven to receive a decoration, I asked the huge audience to regard him steadfastly. "Do you realize what you are looking at?" I asked. "It is as if you had the opportunity to see some wonderful astronomical event that comes along once in three centuries. Because not a living man will ever again see Mr. Jones's equal in golf." No other man (in all probability) will ever see anyone who has taken all four of the world's greatest golf prizes in one year. ✠

"Our baby-minder stood us up at the last minute!"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SHE WAS RIGHT!— THIS PORTIS DOES HAVE A FRESHER, BETTER-STYLED LOOK!
THAT'S THE BEST LOOKING HAT YOU'VE EVER HAD!
FROM NOW ON IT'S PORTIS FOR ME!
GET YOUR NEW EASTER HAT TODAY! YOU LOOK OUT-OF-DATE IN THAT OLD THING!
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America's Favorites
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That's the penalty paid by men who are "style-bound"! » » » Many men who wouldn't think of duplicating a necktie pattern buy the *same hat* over and over.

If you're one of these, *switch to Portis!* Portis styles are NEW each season! Look at the hats above. » » » Note the DUDE RANCH (left, $3.95) in cactus tones ... wide brim with saddle-laced edge ... hand-folded "Vaquero" band. Now look at the NIAGARA (right, $3.95) ... broad brim, low crown (already creased for you) 2-tone band—in step with 2-tone cars, with sport clothes—with *today!* Fine, soft felt, hand-fashioned for your comfort and pride. » » » These hats (and all the other Portis models) will "*UP*" your first impression score—*IMPROVE* your whole appearance—*MATCH* your new spring outfit! » » » See them at your Portis dealer's now! **$3.95, $5, $7.50**

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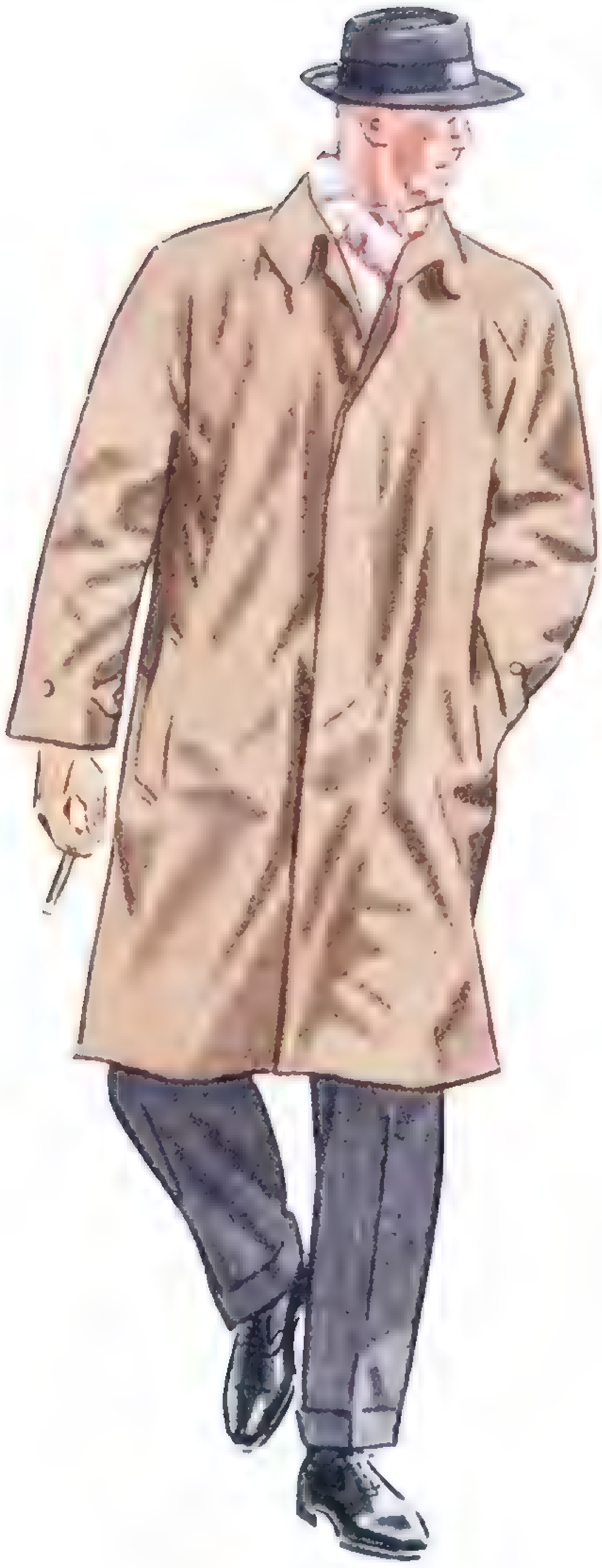
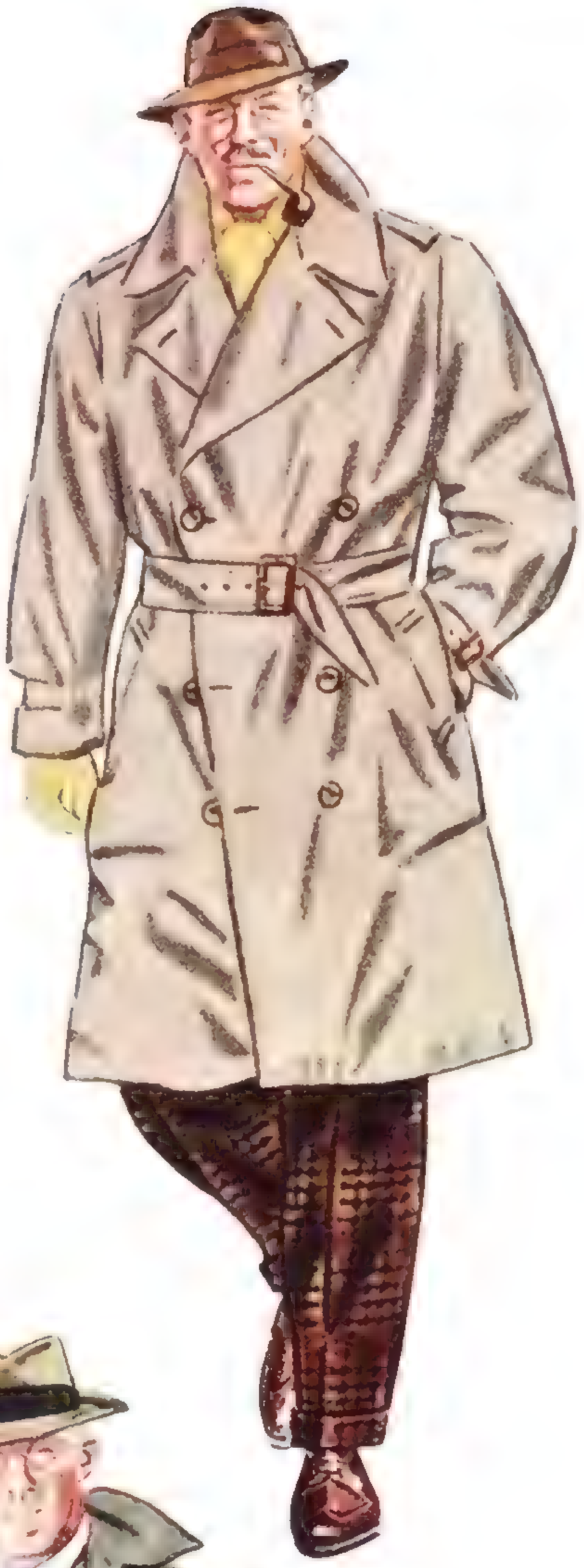


repel rain in fashion

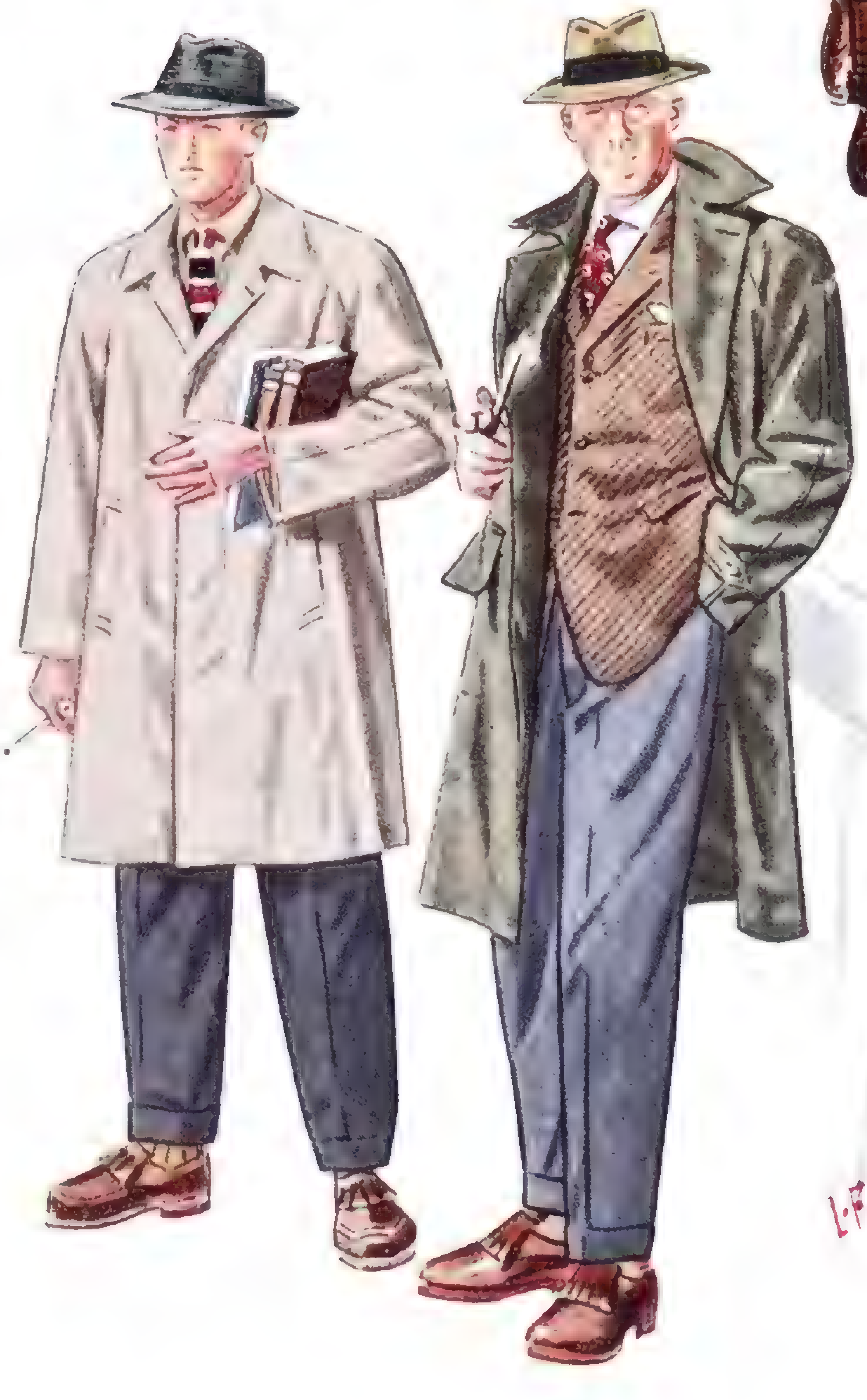
Coats that keep out the rain have graduated from the strictly utilitarian category to an established fashion plane. Coincident with this progress has come betterment in the methods of treating the fabrics to resist the elements. The business man at left wears the tan processed-cotton gabardine coat with raglan shoulders, military collar, fly-front and slash pockets. He also features a grey felt hat, striped silk scarf, striped grey worsted suit, pigskin gloves, blue lisle socks, black shoes. The military influence in civilian dress is evident in the cut of the coat with epaulets on the sportsman at right. The fabric is tan processed-cotton, and like the regulation army coat, it features buttons at the converging lines and the all-around belt. A removable wool lining makes it suitable for cold days. His brown felt hat has the brim turned down all around. The knitted wool scarf matches the knitted gloves. He also wears a brown glen plaid suit, brown wing-tip blucher shoes.



majoring in raincoats

The undergraduates have become leading advocates of raincoat wear. Light-colored coats are popular on campuses not only on rainy days, but clear days as well. The first upper-classman has on the oyster shade cotton coat in the three-quarter length model, which despite its shortness has met with a wide acceptance. The rest of his outfit consists of a green stitched university hat, Americana striped crocheted silk tie, tan oxford shirt with button-down collar, dark grey flannel slacks, Shetland striped wool socks, brown moccasin shoes with fringed tongues. The second man is wearing the green oiled cotton coat with wide sweep to the bottom. Also worn are the khaki felt hat with bronze band, red-ground printed wool tie, oxford shirts, brown Shetland jacket, sky-grey flannel slacks, large patterned wool socks, brown seamless-top shoes with red rubber soles and fringed tongues. He gets "A" for fashion.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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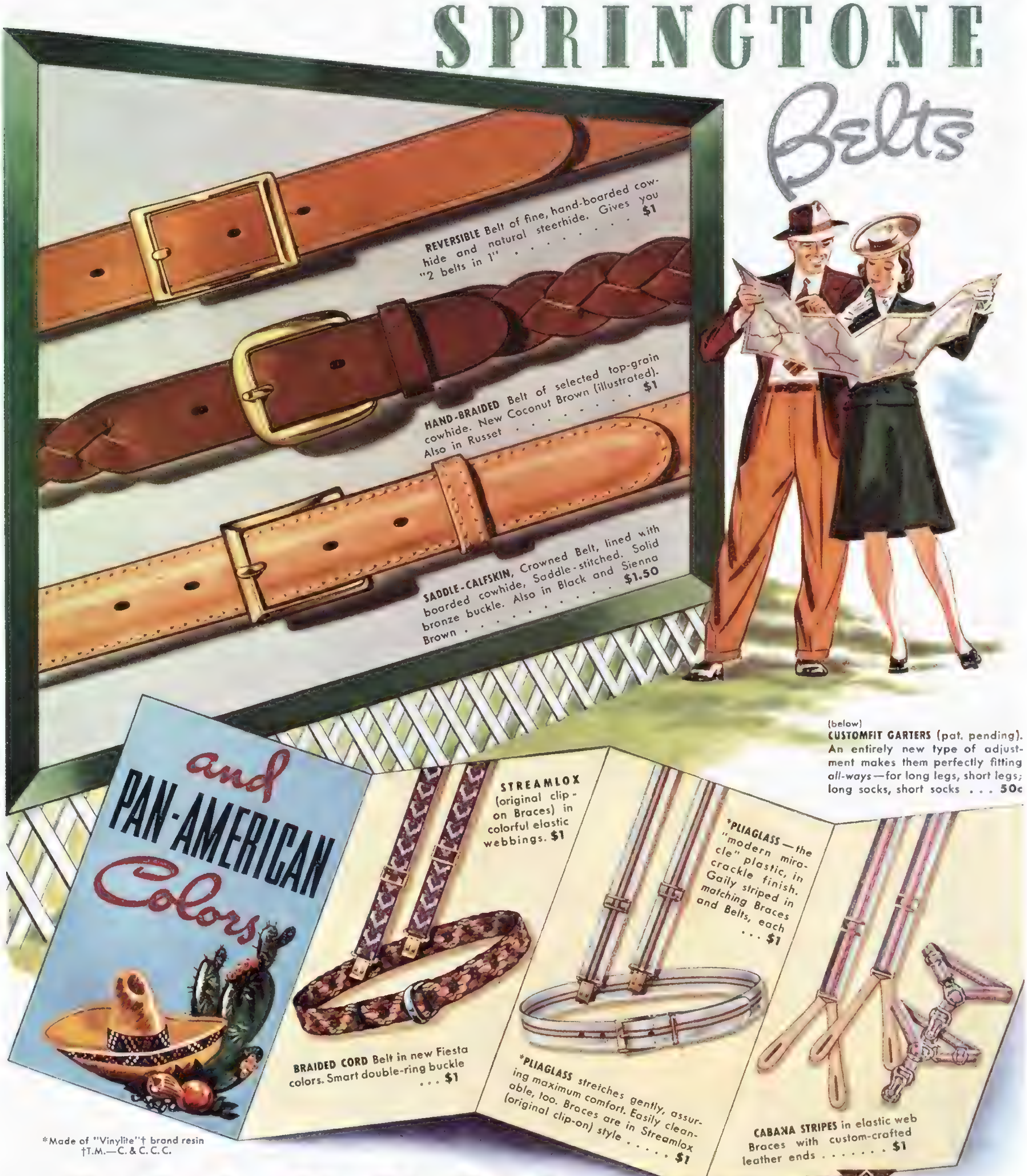

REVERSIBLE Belt of fine, hand-boarded cowhide and natural steerhide. Gives you "2 belts in 1" $1

HAND-BRAIDED Belt of selected top-grain cowhide. New Coconut Brown (illustrated). Also in Russet $1

SADDLE-CALFSKIN, Crowned Belt, lined with boarded cowhide, Saddle-stitched. Solid bronze buckle. Also in Black and Sienna Brown $1.50

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CUSTOMFIT GARTERS (pat. pending). An entirely new type of adjustment makes them perfectly fitting *all-ways*—for long legs, short legs; long socks, short socks . . . 50c

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STREAMLOX (original clip-on Braces) in colorful elastic webbings. $1

BRAIDED CORD Belt in new Fiesta colors. Smart double-ring buckle . . . $1

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CABANA STRIPES in elastic web Braces with custom-crafted leather ends $1

*Made of "Vinylite"† brand resin
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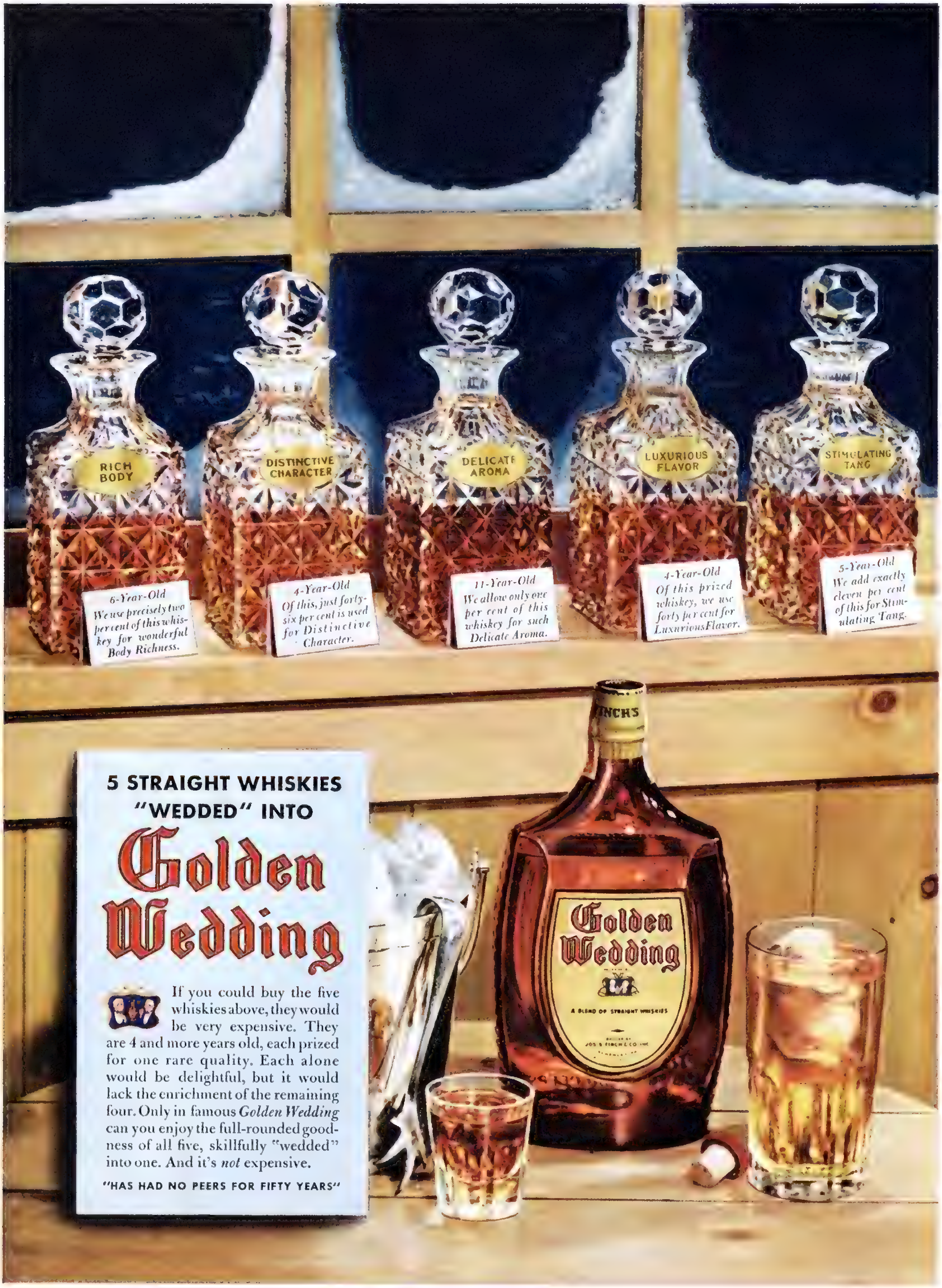
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DELICATE AROMA
LUXURIOUS FLAVOR
STIMULATING TANG
FINCH'S
Golden Wedding
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES

6-Year-Old
We use precisely two per cent of this whiskey for wonderful Body Richness.

4-Year-Old
Of this, just forty-six per cent is used for Distinctive Character.

11-Year-Old
We allow only one per cent of this whiskey for such Delicate Aroma.

4-Year-Old
Of this prized whiskey, we use forty per cent for Luxurious Flavor.

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We add exactly eleven per cent of this for Stimulating Tang.

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If you could buy the five whiskies above, they would be very expensive. They are 4 and more years old, each prized for one rare quality. Each alone would be delightful, but it would lack the enrichment of the remaining four. Only in famous *Golden Wedding* can you enjoy the full-rounded goodness of all five, skillfully "wedded" into one. And it's *not* expensive.

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Johnny, Drink Your Cereal!

Continued from page 94

per cent corn grain, the Bourbon banner is flown.

Quality thereof is something else again, ranging from famous to infamous, and mighty pertinent to milord's whistle—not to mention his social standing. Advance notice of what to expect may be gleaned from the manner in which the distillery acquires its raw materials. Is the rye grain of less than top-of-the-crop grade by courtesy of Undercut & Co., cereal junkmen? Is its condition prime or putrid? For while nothing that grows is wholesomer than good fresh rye, nothing is much *unwholesomer* than rye which happens to be moldy, rotted, frostbitten or fleabitten, and the effect of such stuff upon whiskey character I'd rather not go into. So distillers, possessed of reputations worth keeping, put themselves to the bother of elaborately testing every carload of rye that applies for admission to their chutes, and give the inverted thumb to any that flunks its exam. It's the old story of the Waldorf-Astoria not being able to buy cheap seafood because the risk would be too expensive.

Upon being elected in, the rye grain is relieved of any dust and is ground to a proper fineness, husk and all; then weighed and consigned (with or without corn admixture) to a mash tub where water, heated to a temperature especially prescribed for it (no use inquiring as to exact degree—the Professor isn't telling), wheedles out sundry flavor factors of a useful sort. After this mash has cooled off, the malt is added, and a transformation takes place, the malt turning the grain's starch into sugar.

Cooled some more and transferred to fermenting tubs, the mixture, now called wort, is given a dose of yeast which ferments it into lively "rye beer," composed of alcohol and carbon dioxide.

Now we are ready for the "winning." This is accomplished with (skipping the accessories) a large, complicated still which produces first "high wines" that qualify for whiskey after a second still has refined them; and then, as the tail of the run, "low wines" which are dropped out and made to go to school over again. The finished whiskey emerges at 150 proof, to be reduced with spring water to 100 proof. It gets its color and other valuable considerations from the charred oak barrels in which it is aged under lock and key at a temperature calculated for good liquor's best interests.

As beautyrest technique this is a radical departure from the ways and means of the Old World where whiskey (Scottish and Irish) does its slumbering in ye olde sherry butt—an impressive 132-galloner redolent of original contents. Says American science: "We're not feeding our good rye to wood which has already dined to the gills, never mind how romantic its memories are. We want action."

Accordingly, rye's rotund oaken respositories are fresh-made. Of chummy size, accommodating a mere fifty gallons, they really provide contact, and their charred inner surface makes it enthusiastic. In consequence, maturity progresses apace, with those little aroma agents known as esters getting a swell build-up, so that by the time a couple of years have slipped by, the rye is well out of its short pants and on the way to sophistication. Bonded rye is thus treated for four years, with Uncle Sam as its curator. Anything older than that is in the rarity class, extra age imparting opulence of body and a potency of flavor that fairly booms at you when highballed. Such ryes, besides being connoisseur's items, play a valuable role as senior members of eminent blends.

If you want a diet that will protect your teeth from the ravages of decay read "Saving Your Face" in next month's Esquire.

With one good brand and another, the scope of happy smackage is broad and beatific. Name any rye nuance you please, there's an honored label that symbolizes it. And drinkers who are conversant in such matters don't leave the choice to chance or chicanery but speak up and specify. No use trying to sell them a Manhattan or an Old Fashioned made with "our regular bar whiskey" (commercial love-child)—not while the English language is so convenient for obtaining what one wants. And that goes for purchases at the package store too: nix on the nonentities and the shove-offs—aware that "put up especially for us" is double talk for "the better to nick you, dear customer."

Quite an important lot of loyalty has been won by ryes of the Canadian type. These whiskies are no novelties, having been made for generations north of the border and trickling down to grateful throats in Detroit, Chicago, and other well-known thirst centers. In character the Dominion version borrows a thought from the light body of Scotch, but the flavor and personality are strictly rye. Woofish yet delicate withal.

During the shame carnival of Prohibition when attar of garbage was "aged" with floor wax, the charms of what was still being authentically produced by our northern neighbors seemed all the more alluring. And many were the shopping expeditions. If you hadn't seen that magnificent Canadian scenery, using a rye glass as your spyglass, you hadn't seen nothing.

With Repeal, tastes came home to roost—so much so that establishments dedicated to the manufacture of "scenery" of that sort were set up in the United States, notably in the Middle West. Peoria, for instance, now boasts the most colossal "scenic" studio on earth, equipped with $9,000,000 worth of modern science. Old style rule-of-thumbers would drop dead at the threshold. On the other hand, if a bubble of rye beer should be out of tempo, or one of the vast kettles utter a burble which was half a tone flat, eleven chemists would turn white as their coats, feeling that their professional precision was compromised. But no such cataclysm has occurred yet, rye being handled as smoothly as a stranger among card sharps, getting everything it's got. What's left is pathetically known as the spent beer.

Geology had much to do with the location of these Middle Western distilleries, just as it had in regard to those in the historic rye regions of Pennsylvania and Maryland and the Bourbon kingdom of Kentucky. For whiskey in the making needs water—pure, fresh, cold, lavishly abundant, and preferably of limestone origin. Don't ask me how come crystalline hardness helps mellowness. All I know is that it does, and that the great American whiskies are brought into being with that sort of water.

And therein lies a hint to us mixers. Are we doing right by our favorite rye when we ball it with plebeian fizz put out by the local pop-maker? Must its flavor suffer lese majesty?

To ascertain the extent of this injustice, try the same rye spring-braced with a top-flight mineral (whose source, it may interest you to know, isn't a rusty faucet in the basement of an ex-garage) and note the dawn of a new and better drink.

Similarly the teamwork of rye and ginger ale needs auditing and here we are dealing with individual pungencies, one of which is tropical, or should be—and I don't mean the capsicum, alias red pepper, with which so-called ginger ale of the Coney Island species is "flavored." Genuine Jamaica ginger, properly aled, is a piquant refresher worthy of solo use and takes no nonsense from anybody. Imbued with good rye it has a cool craftiness which attains its ultimate, with the aid of a spiral of lemon peel, as horse's neck-romancy. Yet there are separatists who ploddingly take things one by one, step by step—first the rye and then the ginger ale, heaved in pursuit, presumably to catch up with its quarry at some level or other, an observer can't say where. At least I *hope* they meet, despite lack of previous introduction to each other. After all, Stanley was able to find and greet Livingstone sight unseen in the heart of Africa, so why can't ginger ale score a dramatic "Dr. Rye, I believe?"

Beer is another eager follower, adding distinctive touches to the afterglow. I had the opportunity not long ago of testing out the effectiveness of this combination in the company of an upstate New Yorker whose counsel I was seeking on how best to go after the finny denizens of streams and ponds in his neighborhood. While he unfolded his wisdom we beer-chased our rye, with renewals from time to time, and somehow the little fish under discussion took on size and number. They were coming at us faster than we could pull them in.

As for frogs, of the kind that announce a husky throat, rye has their answer in the form of "Rock and . . ." Once upon a time a person afflicted with rasp, or contemplating the possibility that he might be in the near or distant future, would prepare his remedy by putting rock candy and citrous fruit slices and peels, into a jug of rye, corking, and setting it aside. Now it's simpler. The very distillers who produce the ryes of your choice have had the forethought to issue their wares also in special Rock and Rye editions, fruited and peeled. So long as one retains enough voice to speak a name over the bar or the telephone, soothment is at hand. The only trouble is that sympathetic friends who rush to the sick one's bedside will want to share his medicine (which has the taste and texture of a liqueur), possibly forgetting to leave a thimbleful for him.

Where the patient is strong enough to come to the snack table, he finds many food flavors that are affinities of rye's. As a key to what they are, think of rye bread and the toothsome things it ennobles. Cheese for instance. Likewise sliced ham and the prepared ham spreads of the razorback-woods of Virginia. Not forgetting smoked turkey. Nor wurst of the liver. And so on. Rye flatters their individualities and they kowtow to it in return—creation of thirst keeping ever on the heels of quenchment. For the world nowadays doesn't stand still, especially that bottle of your favorite brand of rye. #

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The Black Hand Terror

Continued from page 67

leader—Baron. And compare it to the status of the American Black Hand members of the same period—the spawn of the tenements of Little Hell.

The Mafia began moving to the United States not long after the Civil War. When Garibaldi achieved unification in 1870, Italy, for the first time in its history, had a strong central native government—strong enough to conduct a vigorous prosecution of the robber bands that ravaged it.

In order to save the skins of their leaders, the *Mafiosi* contributed to a fund that bought steamship tickets for the criminals. In other words, as their successors, the twentieth century mobsmen, might have phrased it, they kicked into a kitty to get the boys out from under when the heat was on.

And the boys came to expanding turbulent America, bewildered, harassed, seeking a new base for their terroristic operations. They found a field ripe for exploitation.

Political unrest seethed throughout the nation. It was the era of the Populists and the Greenbackers—the days when the West was first becoming known as a cradle of the radical and the long-haired.

Joining the swiftly growing horde of immigrants, the homeless vicious *Mafiosi* noted this. Even more important, they saw the end of the Ku Klux Klan and the rise of the first labor unions—the mysterious underground Molly McGuires, short-lived terroristic miners' association, and the Knights of Labor, and the I.W.W. which reached its peak some years later under the leadership of immortal Big Bill Haywood. Anarchism was poking its head above ground for the first time.

Now all of these organizations had a purpose—a *raison d'être.* They were symptoms of the growing pains of the era: an outcropping of unrest, a forecast of the future, a result of political or philosophical revolt.

But in them, the uncomprehending *Mafiosi* saw nothing but simple chaos. They saw only a field where, since everybody else was getting his, they might as well get theirs. The Mafia had no politics. Its members were, of course, philosophical anarchists—intense individualists who refused to bow to the authority of the State. But they did not realize this. Their only aim was to use terror for pecuniary gain.

One other reason these immigrants in a new country had for banding together. Their organization served as a cultural group—a common meeting ground where the swarthy sons of Sicily could gather and speak in their native tongue of the old country.

Thus the Mafia, with its American name, the Black Hand, served the same purpose as so many foreign language cultural groups in polyglot America, and the ties that bound its members together became even stronger than they had been back in the homeland.

It was only natural that they should migrate first to the warm sunny clime of New Orleans. There they reformed their ranks that had been broken by Italian police and by immigration; and it was not long until they were doing business at the old stand.

Half a generation passed during which they operated so far beneath the surface that the American police scarcely took cognizance of them. Then suddenly in October of 1890 came the murder of the New Orleans police chief, David Hennessy. Hennessy had vigorously prosecuted several *Mafiosi* the preceding May after a mass murder had wiped out a rival gang and after a child had been kidnaped, killed, cut in half, and one piece of the body sent to the parents and one to an uncle.

Eleven Italians were indicted in connection with Hennessy's murder and eight others rounded up. But the trial jury, terrorized, acquitted six. An outraged citizenry rioted and on March 4, 1891, a mob broke into the jail where the nineteen Italians were imprisoned and lynched eleven of them.

Those of the *Mafiosi* who escaped realized New Orleans was too hot for them. So they migrated north and many of them came to Chicago. Swiftly Chicago became a seething hotbed of Mafia activity. Is it only coincidence that the same city became a crime capital during the later Prohibition years?

From that time on, the Mafia spread out, seeping through the fabric of American society. Its fringes became vaguely identified with the I. W. W. and Anarchism. But the Italians who were active in those organizations were mainly from northern Italy; they were a different class of people. The true *Mafiosi* remained devoted to one purpose: making money through a reign of terror.

Their methods were those of the Prohibition era gangs, in many respects. Homemade bombs and guns were their stock in trade; they lived off their legitimately prosperous brethren. The leader would single out a shopkeeper for a victim and write him a note threatening to bomb his store. Always the notes were signed with the *mano nera*—the crudely-drawn figure of the black hand.

(This signature was used in the old country and owed its origin to the *Carbonari*, or charcoal burners, an earlier secret society.)

After waiting a day or two so the shopkeeper would have time to work up a good sweat, a member of the gang would drop in on him and remark, "You look worried this morning. You look like you were afraid something is going to happen. Maybe I can help you."

What could the shopkeeper do but enlist the man's aid? In a few days, the man would return and say, "I have seen certain people and am making progress. It may cost some money, but everything

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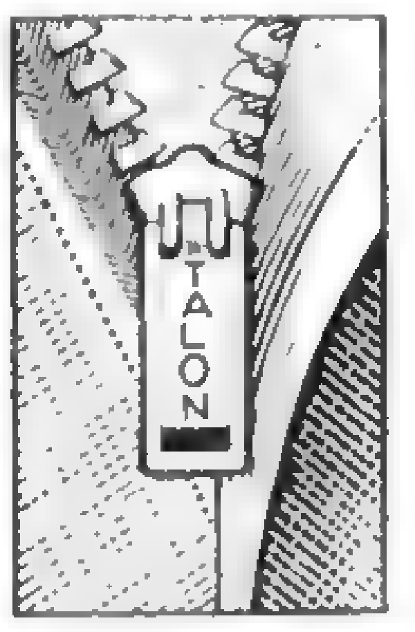

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The Black Hand Terror

Continued from pages 67-120

is going to turn out all right.”

A few days more of suspense, then the third visit when the collection was made. Always the proceeds were taken to the leader of the gang for splitting.

Usually the *Mafiosi* confined their terrorism to their own people. Utterly without scruples, they would prey on their own cousins or brothers or friends. But sometimes they turned their attention to wealthy Americans, writing fantastic yet terrifying letters threatening to tear children limb from limb or to bomb the homes of the mighty unless they were paid off. They meant it, too.

It was when they branched out into the Gold Coast field that police began drives to stamp them out. Black Hand squads were organized, usually manned by Italians who knew the society from the inside. No cops ever received tougher assignments. Police work was a good deal different in those days from what it is now. There were no comfortable shielding squad cars equipped with radio. The officers had to go on foot into the gang's territory to haul out their suspects, and walking on Oak Street near Milton on Chicago's near North Side at two o'clock in the morning was no picnic.

That street intersection became famed as “Death Corner.” There is no record of how many murders occurred there, but in the area surrounding it, more than five hundred killings were laid to the Black Hand between 1907 and 1922.

The *Mafiosi* blazed new trails in terror. They were the first to use the sawed-off shotgun. In this country it was their favorite weapon, contrary to popular belief which has the stiletto as the trademark of the Black Hand. Every member of this fabulously melodramatic mob carried his shotgun in a sewed-in pocket inside his coat.

Another of their innovations was the practice of removing the buckshot from shotgun shells and substituting a single, huge, homemade lead slug. Although the accuracy of this miniature cannon from any distance was dubious, its effectiveness at close range was never questioned. In some instances the blooey-shell was too effective, as in the case of Dugo.

Dugo was the leader of the Black Hand in Chicago during the peak of its power. A big imposing figure, he was singled out for murder by an ambitious younger man who wanted to replace Dugo as leader. This younger man owned a poolroom in a basement at Death Corner. On the appointed night, he placed a gunman in the shadows of the basement stairsteps, then lured Dugo to the corner. He maneuvered Dugo to a standing position with his back to the poolroom entrance directly above the steps where the killer lurked, then buttonholed him and engaged him in conversation.

The gunman let go with his blooeygun. But the slug tore completely through Dugo's body and pierced the chest of the plotter himself, killing both men. For some time the blooeygun was in disrepute.

Leaders of the Black Hand were not elected, as they had been in the early Sicilian days of the Mafia. They thrust their way to the top by sheer force of will, intelligence and nerve, just as did the Prohibition gang chieftains. They never lasted as leaders more than two years and usually their tenure of office ended with soft music and a headstone.

The man who succeeded Dugo was the Silver King, one of the most famous of all the leaders. A handsome, soft-spoken man of erect carriage, well over six feet tall, he was called the Silver King because of his white mane of hair. Few knew his real name. He looked more like a diplomat or a kindly *padre* than a leader of the Black Hand.

The Silver King prospered for nearly two years until he ran into what began as a routine shakedown but ended as a to-the-last-man vendetta. As leader of the gang, he had extorted one thousand dollars from a woman, Signora M—, who ran an apartment building in Chicago's Little Italy.

Not satisfied with that, he went back for more, again passing the word around the building might be bombed so her tenants began to desert in terror. Her son, younger and more modern than the Signora, took the matter to the police Black Hand squad.

A meeting was arranged with the Silver King at Milton and Oak Streets at which time the son was to turn over the second thousand dollars. But the head of the police squad stationed himself in a store across the street, planning to arrest the Silver King as soon as he accepted the dummy package of money from the son.

The son appeared in the store a few minutes before the meeting time, nervous and bitter. He noticed the detective was carrying an extra gun—one which he had taken from a child while en route to this appointment.

“If I had that gun with me, I'd feel a lot better about meeting the Silver King,” the youth said.

The detective gave him the gun and the boy, reassured, walked across the street while the officer

Continued on page 124

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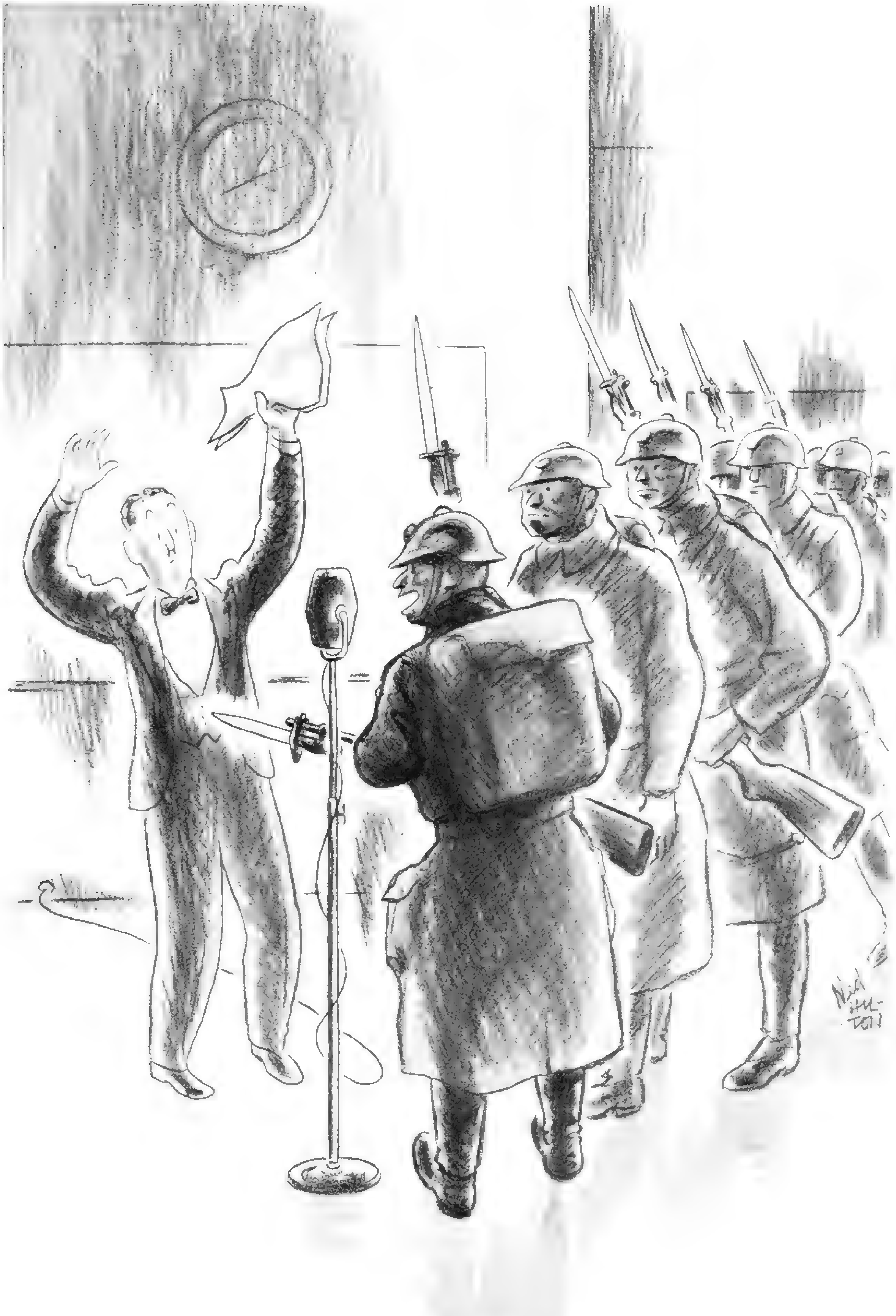

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The Black Hand Terror

Continued from pages 67-120-122

watched. In a few minutes the Silver King appeared. But instead of handing him the package, the boy shot him to death with the gun the detective had given him.

That was the beginning. The next day Signora M— was murdered. Two days later one of the Silver King's sons was killed as he was boarding a street car. In a few days, the boy's sister was shot to death. With the vendetta raging, terror stalked through the streets of Little Italy, and they became deserted. The survivors of the Silver King's family fled the city. But the good Signora's son pursued them—pursued them to New York and to a little town in Pennsylvania and to Palermo, Italy. In all, six persons were murdered before the families were wiped out down to the son of Signora M— and a daughter of the Silver King. The only thing wrong with the story is that, contrary to Hollywood, this couple did not marry. The son is living in Pennsylvania; the daughter of the King is in Chicago area.

That sort of vicious inter-gang warfare was one of the chief factors in the decline of the Black Hand. When police entered the scene, they played off the *Mafiosi* against each other. In this they were aided by the respectable Italians. For years, the good people refused to cooperate with the police. Dominated by fear of the Black Hand, they only shrugged their shoulders when encouraged to seek police protection from the dread *tinto*—the tainted ones.

But gradually their confidence was won; and from that time on, the Black Hand was doomed. The detectives usually knew who was at the bottom of the extortion plots; it was only a question of obtaining evidence that would stand up in court. In that respect, they had an advantage over the early Sicilian police who tried to break up the Mafia, for these American officers had at their disposal modern scientific crime detective methods. Never were fingerprint and handwriting experts more valuable in tracing origin of threatening letters. Many convictions were obtained; the officers usually took their prisoners into Federal Court on charges of sending threats through the mails, which carried a five-year straight sentence instead of the indeterminate one-to-fourteen year stretch (meaning eleven months) that State courts imposed on extortionists.

As the Black Hand slowly declined, the Prohibition era gangs replaced it. But the Capones were different people than the *Mafiosi*. Contrary to popular belief, Capone and Nitti and Torrio and most of their henchmen are not Sicilian, but are Neapolitan. If they had to be labeled as offshoots of some secret Italian society, they preferred to be called descendants of the Camorra rather than of the Mafia.

The Camorra became known publicly in Naples about 1820. It began in Neapolitan prisons filled with victims of Bourbon misrule and its object was to protect the prisoners. For several years it operated in a fashion very similar to the Mafia, then in 1848 it became political. In 1911 it was stamped out and it never got much of a foothold in America.

To the outside observer, there appears to be little difference between the two societies. But Italians will assure you that the Neapolitan *Camorrista* were men of honor without murder in their hearts, while the Sicilian *Mafiosi* were unscrupulous killers, terrorists and torture artists.

That is the attitude the Capones would take. Indeed, opposition to the Black Hand was indirectly responsible for Al Capone's entrance into Chicago. He was brought there from New York by Johnny Torrio, who had been imported to act as bodyguard to Big Jim Colosimo, vice racketeer. Colosimo had been receiving threats from the Black Hand and needed someone to protect him; he chose Torrio.

Torrio, "The Little Fellow," remained to enter the alky and vice and gambling rackets; his friend Capone, "The Big Fellow," was imported to do the brain work.

But these latter-day Prohibition racketeers were different from the Black Hand. They were essentially businessmen who operated outside the law. Their forte was organization; it just happened that their business enterprises were illegal.

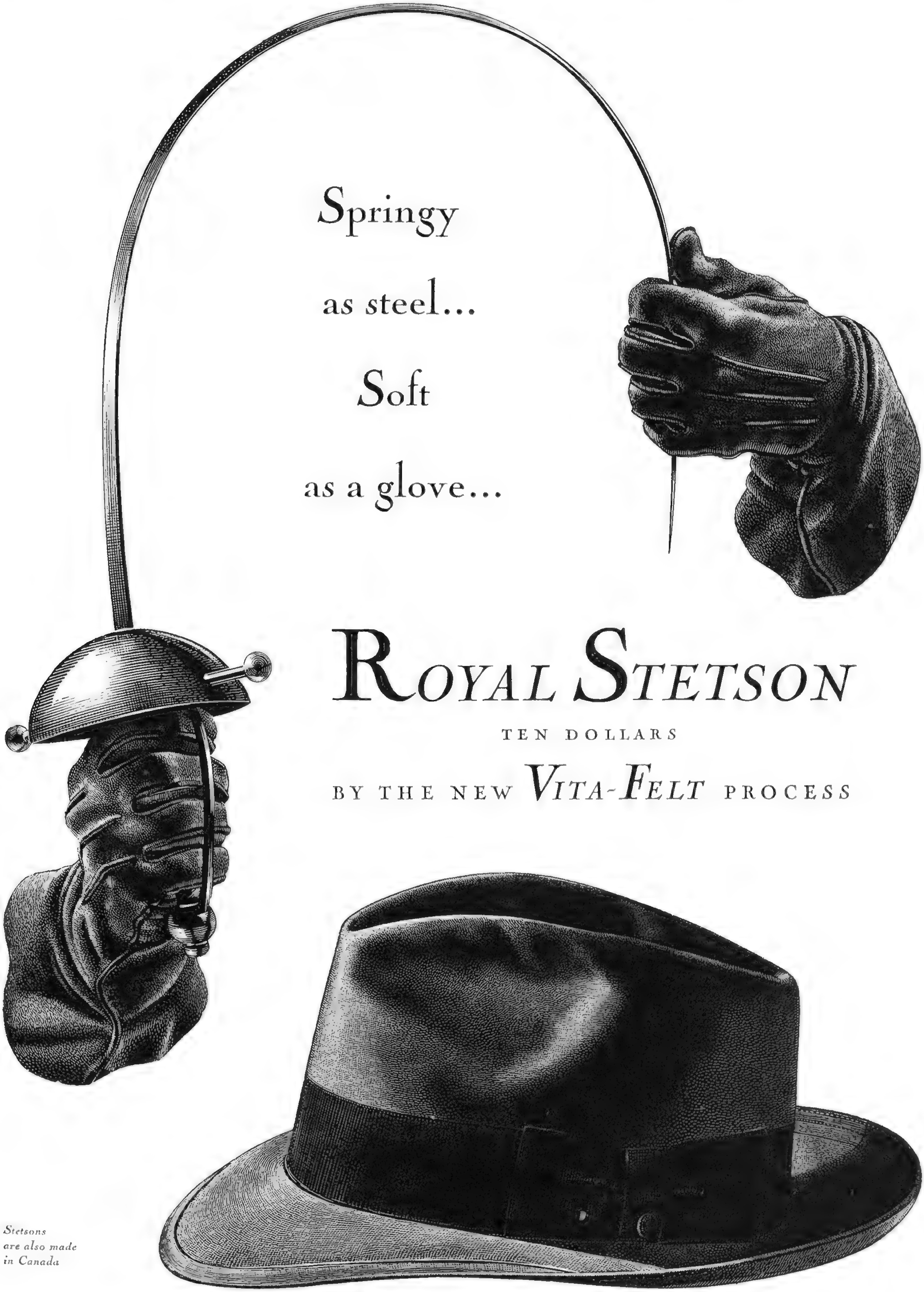
And as businessmen, they despised the *Mafiosi*, considering them killers and torturers and small-time greaseballs. It was pretty true. The *Mafiosi* loved terror and murder for their own sakes. They were not businessmen; they had not even so much *raison d'être* as the streamlined Capones, the Anarchists or the I.W.W.

In time, they disappeared. Most of the *Mafiosi* are dead now. A few survivors are engaged in legitimate business, having recognized that their day had passed. Their old-time methods were outmoded; they were shouldered aside by the streamlined Prohibition gangs.

They killed each other off. Many were convicted by vigorous police officers. Then too, they had outlived their usefulness as a cultural language group, for the new generation of Italians had become assimilated into the American race, just as so many other foreign groups had.

Today the Black Hand is extinct. It could not maintain existence against modern crime detection methods—the swift demise of the Black Legion proved that. Nor could it compete with the business-basis syndicates that now control vice and labor unions and gambling and even industries.

But while it was at the peak of its fantastic power just after the turn of the century, there never had been anything like it. Probably there never will be again. #



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Nantucket Sleigh Ride

Continued from page 30

him by the seat of the pants and brings him in over the rail. And now Bananas he laughs like hell.

"Well, I never see any man get mad like the skipper is mad then! He knows plenty swear words, English and Portygee, but just swearing ain't enough for him now. He can't do nothing to Bananas for hauling him back on board, and he can't let out his feelings just hollering words. So he's standing there on deck, not saying anything, and looking around for some way to let out his feelings. Then he sees a drawbucket full of haddock I am saving out for dinner. And so help me, he grabs up one of them live fish and"—snapping his jaws together—"like that!—bites it clean through the middle!"

Poor John "Bananas!" I had observed that everybody picked on him. A dark, wild-eyed fellow from the island of Pico, in the Azores, he seemed to have a knack for acquiring enemies at a discount.

He told me he had lived in Gloucester three years. Back in the old country, he said, he had made his living as a shoemaker—a very respectable trade on the islands—but one of his shipmates, overhearing this, added that the shoes he made were for horses. I was warned not to believe anything Bananas said.

They all hated him so thoroughly that I grew curious. Seafaring men are not generally such incurable addicts to the truth, and I thought these fellows were being a bit hard on Bananas.

"Why is it," I asked Cook now, "that they all hate John Bananas?"

"Because the skipper don't like him." And, his eyes coaching me, he asked, "*You* don't like him, do you?"

I said I saw nothing much against him.

"Well, you'll get along fine on this vessel if you don't like Bananas."

"But the skipper has kept him on three years," I pointed out. "If he doesn't like him why doesn't he fire him?"

"Because Bananas married his sister. Oh, he fired him a dozen times already, but it don't do no good. Each time he fires Bananas he's got to support him. But this season he tells Bananas it's his last chance to make good. If he fires him this time, sister or no sister, it's goodby. This time he don't take Bananas back."

"And has Bananas been doing any better this season?"

"Worse! Bananas hates fishing. He tries to get fired. He is rotten on purpose."

"Then why doesn't the skipper go through with it and fire him?"

Cook threw out his arms impatiently. "How can he fire him? Bananas married his sister! That's what makes the skipper so mad!"

"Well, you'd think Bananas would get tired of it himself," I suggested, "and quit. Especially if he hates this work and if he's always making the skipper mad!"

"*Ai Deos*, you don't see! Bananas won't quit! He *likes* to make the skipper mad!"

We seemed to be going around in a circle, so I dropped my inquiry. By next morning the gale had blown itself out, and I had recovered enough to be up and crawling. I got into boots and oilskins and went on deck now to witness the battle of men and finny blue giants.

At the moment there was nothing doing. 'Bastiao was lazing at the wheel while the schooner staidly rode the long afterswells left by the gale, plodding ahead with the air of an aging spinster who knows there is not much chance of finding what she wants but wistfully goes on looking.

Seven of the men were stationed aloft as lookouts, two in the shrouds, four high on the foremast rigging, and Tony, the "topman," perched on the very tip. All wore specially made swordfishermen's caps with six-inch beaks. Each lookout was intent on his own assigned sector of the great arc of sea that lay ahead. They made no sound, no movement; and they looked like great insects up there caught and held in a web.

The sky was clouded and the reflection made the water opaque. I tried looking down from aloft, and I was sure no one could have seen a fish below the surface, even from there. But the skipper explained that the men were looking out for fins. When the swordfish is basking at the surface, which he does much of the time, the long dorsal fin pokes out of the water like a knife held upright.

"You look," the skipper suggested. "Maybe by 'm by you see one."

But the moment I started looking for them I discovered they were everywhere, those fins. There were thousands of them—the kind I was seeing—so I decided I'd better not make any announcements.

But before many more minutes had passed a wild cry from aloft came lancing down at us through the chug of the engine:

"*Fin ho!*"

Everyone jumped, including me. It was a cry fit to jolt the dead from lost Atlantis! Even the schooner seemed to crackle into new life. Cook came rushing from his galley. The engineer stumbled up out of the aftercabin. The skipper ran forward. Everywhere men were dashing to their appointed posts. Having the same urge, but not knowing where to dash, I made for the stern, then saw my mistake and raced to the bow. Such was the excitement that I felt sure we had sighted a sea serpent, or at the very least a whale!

The yell had come from Manoel, one of the lookouts on the foremast. He pointed off to starboard. Tony, the topman, pushed a button which was connected to operate an electric horn on deck. The horn gave two sharp toots, the signal for a turn to starboard.

'Bastiao, grunting and muttering appeals to various saints to come to his aid, frantically forced the heavy wheel around and around, until the schooner was turning on her own bottom. Then another toot from the horn, which meant to straighten out on the new course.

I tried to locate the fin, but my untrained eyes were still seeing myriads of imaginary ones. A few seconds later two of the lookouts screamed, "Port! Port! *Ai, pelo amor de Deos*, hard a-port!"

One toot on the horn, and again 'Bastiao whirled furiously at his wheel. Then another single too, and he straightened out. And this turning and twisting went on for ten minutes while we tried to run down our prey. We circled back on ourselves, we did figure eights and spirals, while all this time the tension on board steadily mounted and the illimitable risibilities of the Portuguese were given full play. It was not fish we were after now, but victory in a fight for life! And the screaming, the cursing at the topman, whose job was to maneuver to a striking position, the wailing over the slowness of 'Bastiao, the wringing of hands and the desperate jigging of feet on the ratlines and crosstrees—all this was a part of it.

At last, when it was only a few yards ahead, I too saw the fin. And with that first glimpse of it, boldly swaying there above the surface, I knew what had made my shipmates go so completely out of their heads. It wasn't the Latin temperament; it was human temperament, the thrill of making the catch. I felt it myself now. I found myself screaming at 'Bastiao, cursing at Tony, at the fish, at myself.

We bore down on the fin until we were almost directly over it. At the tip of the bowsprit, on a small platform called the "pulpit," the skipper had taken his place as striker—wielder of the harpoon. He stood with one arm raised, holding the long-handled "lily-iron," and when he was brought over the fish he put all his strength into a downward thrust. A few feet beneath the surface I caught a bright blue flash. At the same time the skipper called "Strike!"

Our fish was "ironed!"

As he darted off, the barb of the harpoon remained buried in his flesh, and the skipper hauled up on a line that withdrew the long, detachable handle. Fast to the barb was another line, 600 feet long, and neatly coiled on a bright yellow keg in the waist of the vessel. This line was now zipping out over the rail, and Cook grabbed up the keg and hove it overboard. Thus the fish was allowed to run clear of the schooner, but with an iron imbedded in him and towing a keg-buoy which dragged along on the surface and served as a marker.

While this was going on, John Bananas scurried down from his post among the lookouts, jumped into a dory, and was dropped over the side like a hot coal. It was his job, the skipper said, to row after the fish, "play" him on the line until he had worn him out, then haul him to the surface and make the kill. And while he was busy at this, we would proceed on the search for another fish.

It seemed to me that Bananas was being assigned a rather important part of the business—for one so inept!

"Do you trust him with that job?" I asked the skipper.

"No," he said at once. "I don' trust that feller with nothing!"

"Then why don't you have one of the others do it?"

"Because that Bananas he is no good for the lookout. He don' see no fish. And if he see fish, then he don' say nothing. This way we make him do something."

I suspected there was more to it than that; and so, I soon learned, there was. The doryman on a swordfishing trip is flirting with a wide assortment of deaths every time he goes out. The fish is a vicious fighter, with a weapon he can drive through the four-inch oak timbers of a ship's bottom. And while the doryman gets an over-generous allotment of risk and hard work, his share in the proceeds of the catch is no larger than any other.

We left Bananas far out of sight while we cruised about for more fins. But we saw none, so in half an hour we started back to pick up the dory. Meanwhile, however, the southwest breeze was wafting a heavy fog over the bank; and at the spot where we expected to find him, Bananas was still very much out of sight. Fogs, I learned, are one of the major hazards of the business. During the swordfishing season, from early June through September, they are frequent and incredibly sudden over those waters. And a stray dory on the open ocean, two hundred miles out, is an excellent place to pray.

The crew began cursing Bananas as a matter of course. And the more we circled in the vicinity where they calculated he ought to have been, the more they cursed. The skipper kept tooting the compressed-air foghorn and listening for an answer, now and then shutting off the engine to hear better.

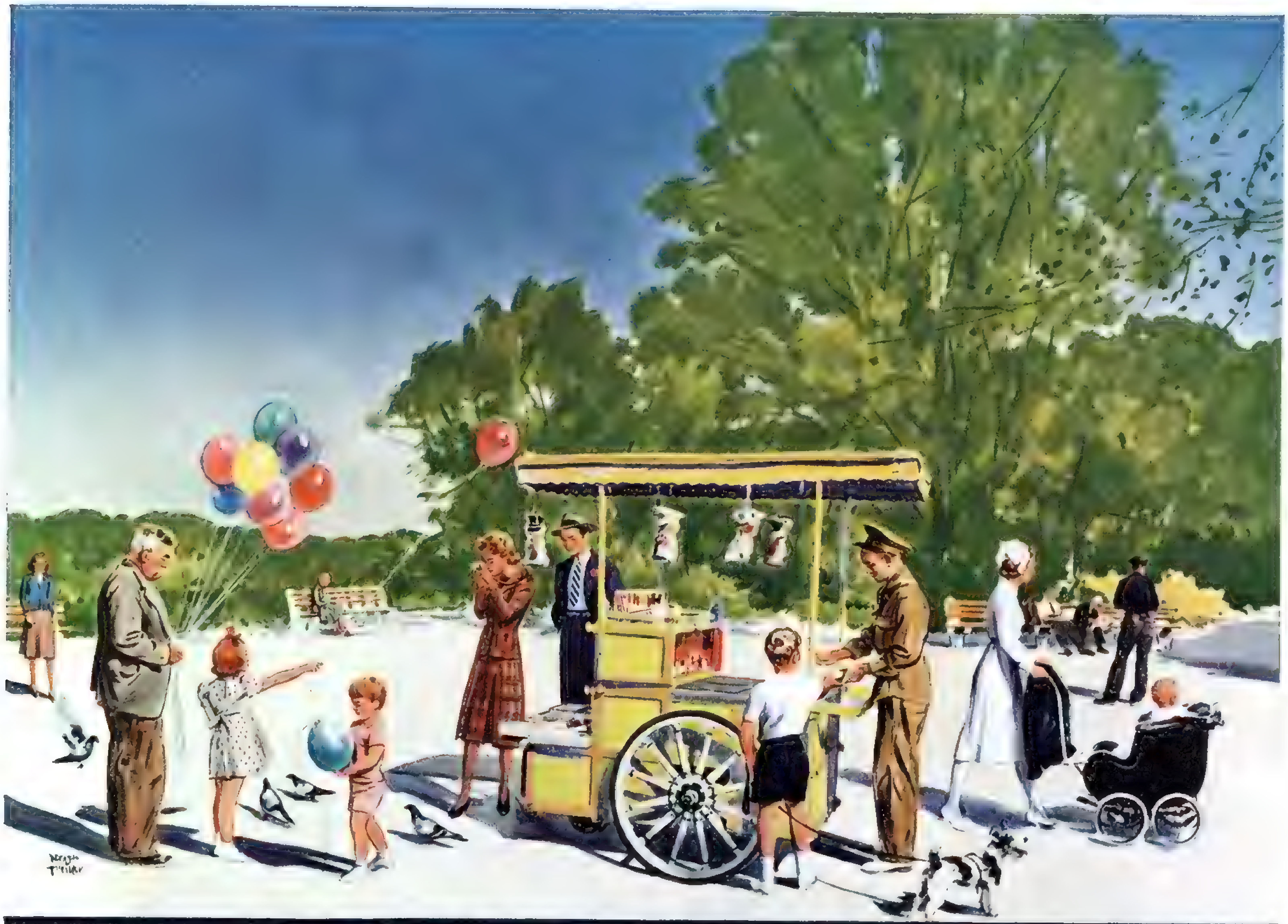
For two hours nothing was seen or heard of John Bananas. I began to worry, and I suppose I showed it. At any rate the skipper suddenly turned to me and exclaimed:

"Well! If he stay here, attending to business, we would pick him up long time ago!"

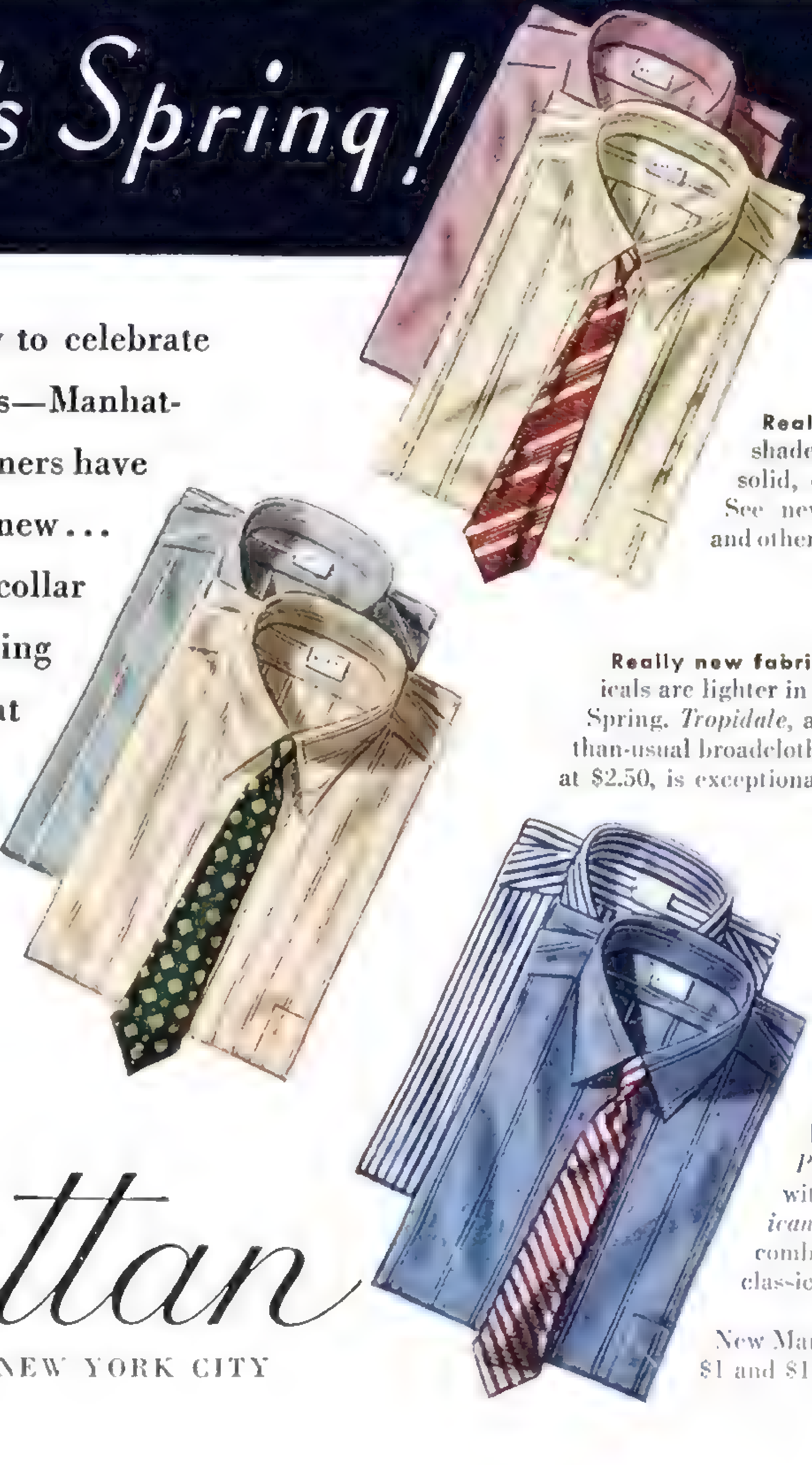
'Bastiao nodded. "If he blow on his conch shell, we hear it, we find him. But that big fool!—he don' blow!"

Another hour passed, and now the crew also began to worry. They spoke of Bananas with a little more kindliness. Then, as the search went on, I heard soft, strange groans and wails, now

Continued on page 131



GENTLEMEN, It's Spring!



Buds, birds and babies are Nature's way to celebrate Spring . . . *Man* breaks out with new shirts—Manhattan preferred! See what Manhattan designers have been up to: tones of color refreshingly new . . . inspired ideas in pattern and fabric . . . collar styling that rings a welcome, face-flattering change! And those exclusive features that make Manhattan Shirts years ahead:

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Really new fabrics! Manhattan Tropicals are lighter in weight, smarter for Spring. *Tropidale,* at $2, is a thinner-than-usual broadcloth; *Tropic Batiste,* at $2.50, is exceptionally lightweight.

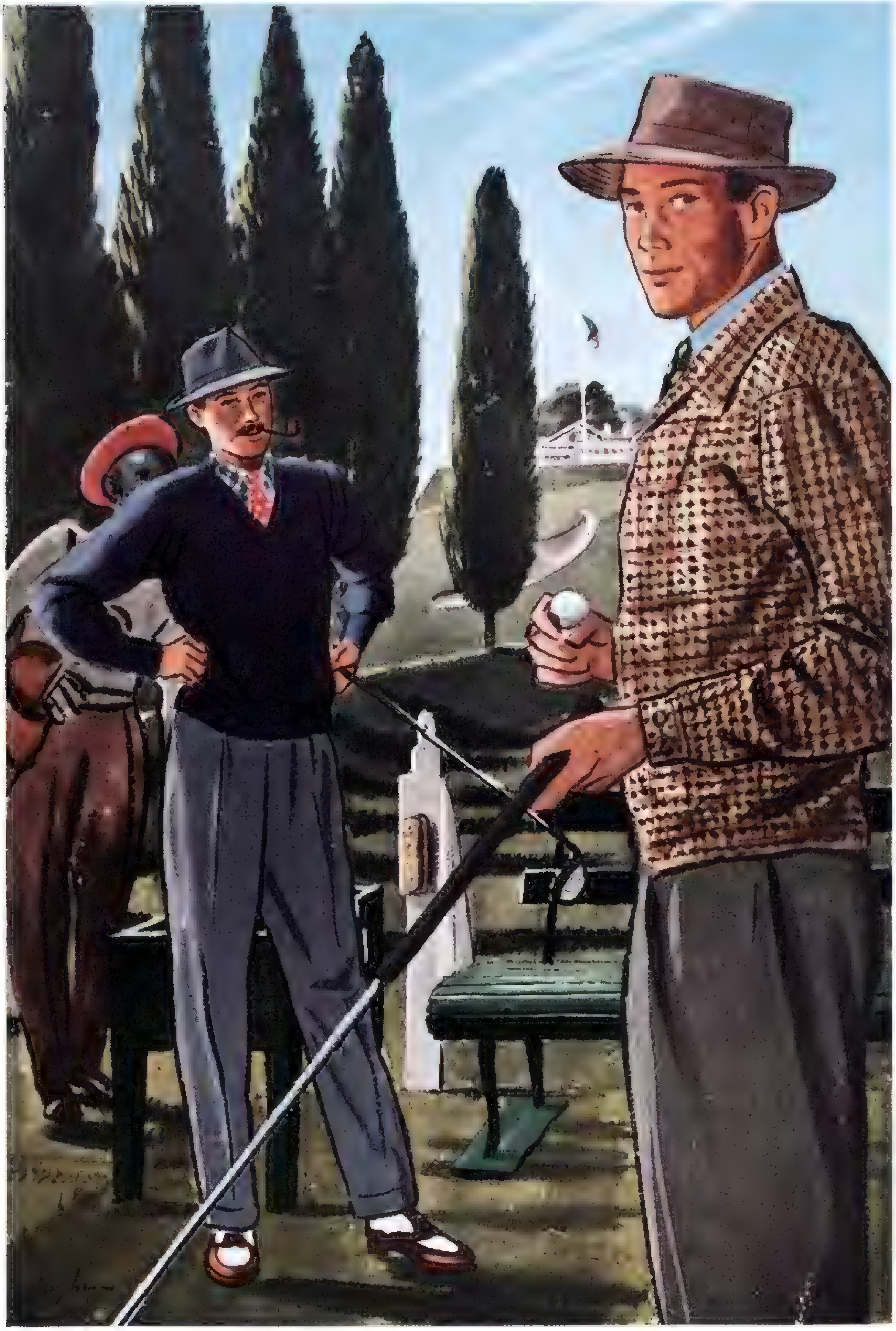
Really great choice! Other Manhattan Spring shirts include: *Pryor* — broadcloth patterned with smart restraint, $2; *Americana* — timely red-white-blue combinations at $2 and $2.50; classic *Urban Stripes* at $2.50.

•

New Manhattan Neckwear, too, $1 and $1.50.

Manhattan

THE MANHATTAN SHIRT COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY

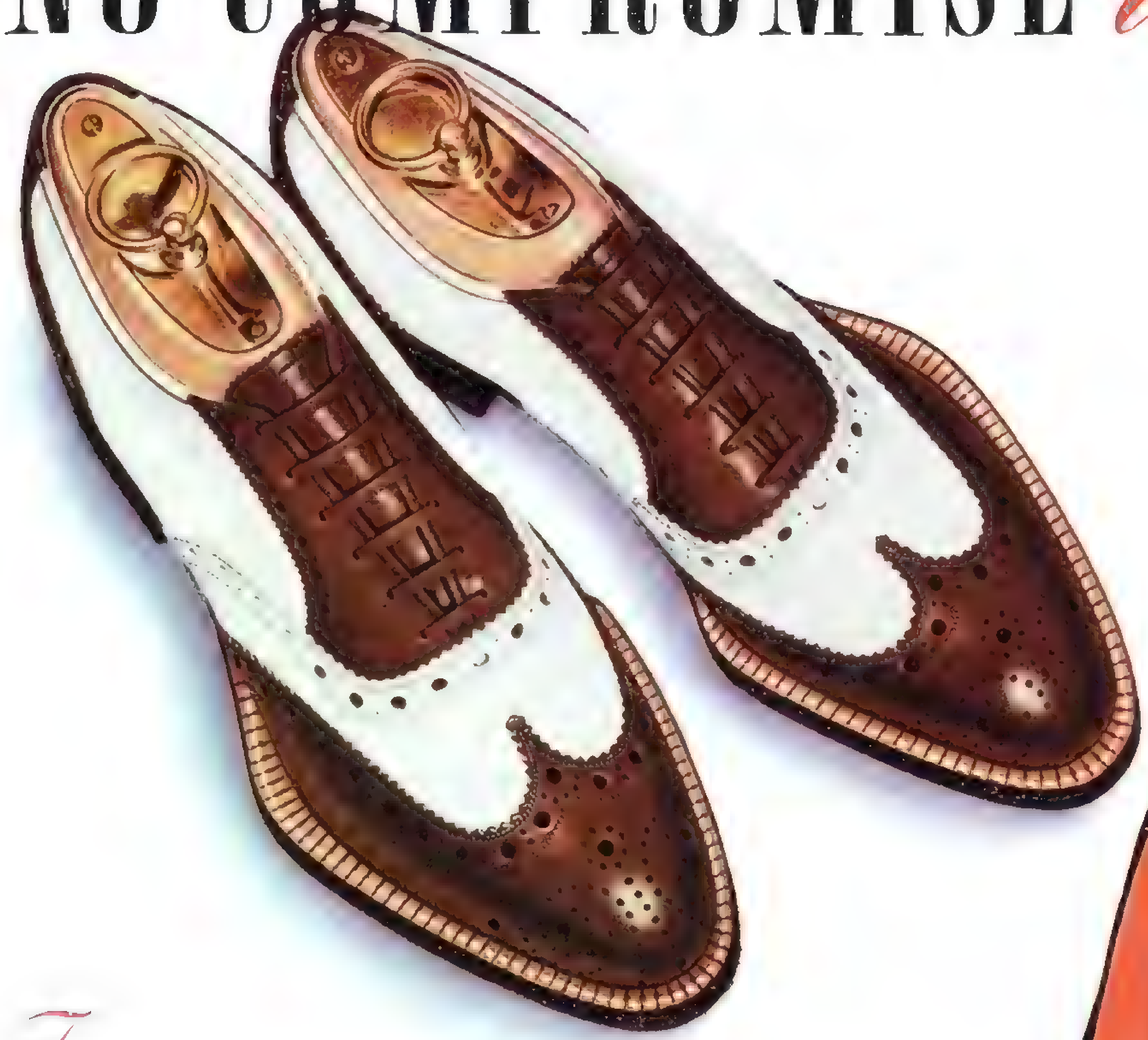


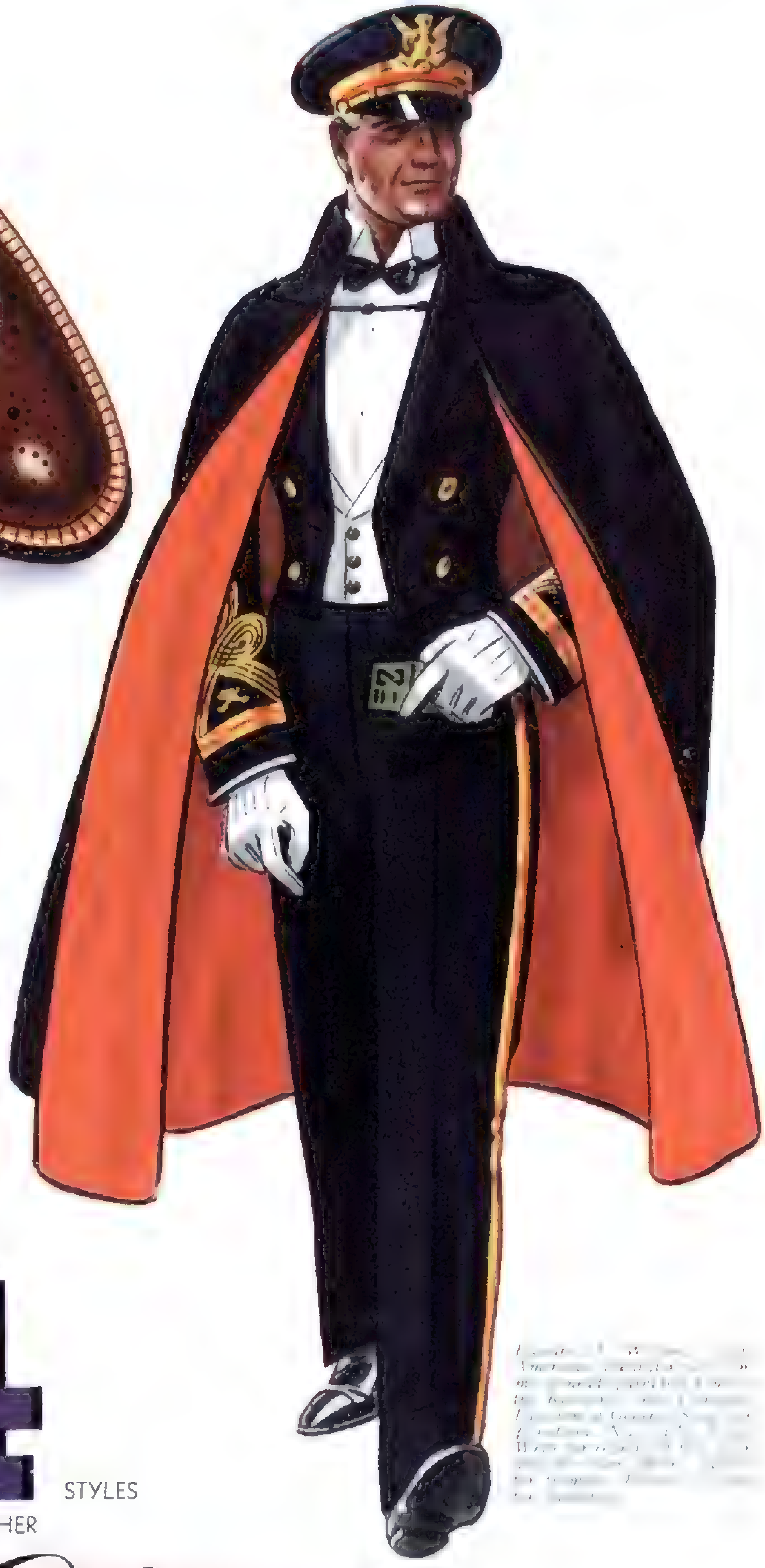
tee for two

It's common knowledge that these two fellows are not among the best golfers at the Club, but you won't find two better dressed individuals at any afternoon tee. So while their brand of golf may give them a Class D rating, their golf togs definitely rate them Classy. The fellow looking at you so intently as he prepares to tee his ball is wearing the new patterned and processed cotton jacket. The maroon overplaid against the checked background is suggestive of sportiness. Slide-fastener closed, it is roomy enough to permit a full and healthy swipe at the ball. His processed cotton covert hat is commendable for clear days, and ideal protection against rain, in addition to not losing its shape after a visit from the nastier elements. An oxford shirt, printed wool tie and covert slacks complete a finished product. His pipe-smoking opponent wears a soft cashmere pullover in the increasingly popular shade of bright blue. His glen plaid oxford shirt and polka dot foulard tie, lightweight felt hat, bluish grey flannel slacks, and white and brown moccasin spiked shoes add up to a good fashion score. For comfort and ease, both of these outfits rate par-breaking performances on anybody's golf course.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

NO COMPROMISE *with Style*





There is no compromise with style in the full evening dress attire of this major of artillery, United States Army . . . or in the lines of this swank new Fortune sport shoe! Our major's uniform, even down to the width and weight of the gold braid on his sleeve, is strictly prescribed by Uniform Regulations of the Army . . . Our Fortune wingtip, and all Fortune Shoes, in every detail of leather, design and construction, must conform to specifications just as rigid! Drop by your Fortune dealer's today . . . Style Illustrated is No. 6504, wingtip in tan-and-white.

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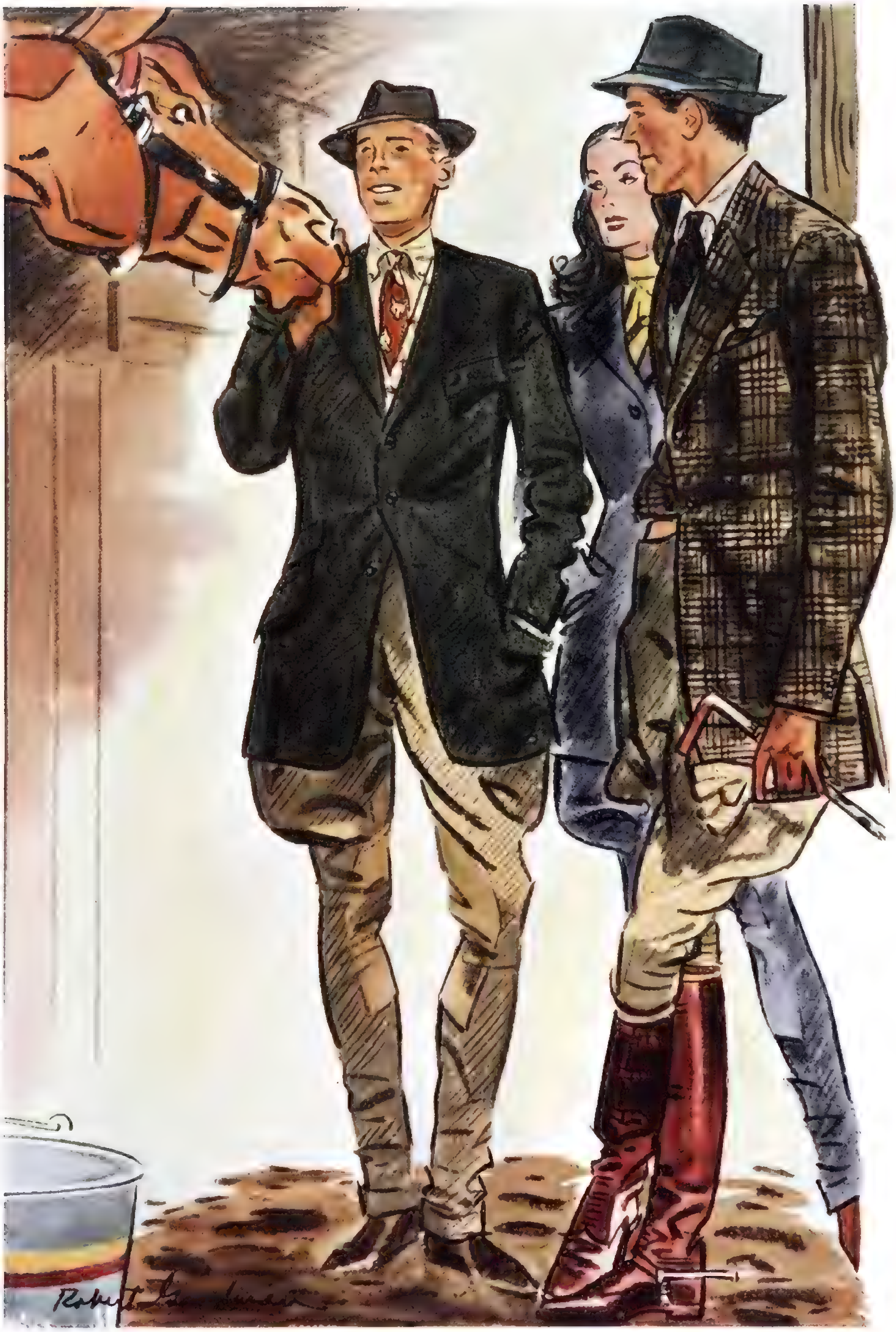

future staples at stables

We're torn between love and duty. We love to gaze upon and talk about beautiful women and spirited horses, and we're duty bound to concentrate our attention on the rest of this drawing. Duty wins, but only because we want to continue eating three meals a day. Therefore, we swing into what the two equestrians are wearing. The nonchalant chap at the left features a greenish-brown mixture tweed riding coat which has slanting pockets and a flap on the chest pocket. The back is center vented. His brown slope crown soft felt hat is primarily for sports wear. The Sandune flannel shirt is the right background for the red and yellow fox-pattern printed wool tie. The brown and yellow Tattersall checked flannel waistcoat is smart, and the cavalry twill jodhpurs and brown jodhpur boots rate the same adjective. The other male stable visitor evidently advocates design in riding coats. His is a brown plaid with green overplaid and has side vents. His soft felt hat is of greenish mixture. A tan oxford shirt, green and red foulard tie, lovat-colored sweater, and string knit gloves were selected because they go well with the colors of the coat. His riding breeches are the yellowish shade Bedford cord. The artillery boots he is wearing are of military derivation. They open all the way up in front, and are fastened with three straps across the legs and laces at the bottom.

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Nantucket Sleigh Ride

Continued from pages 30-126

from one, now from another, as if in turn they were giving Bananas up for lost.

"Ai, ai, ai! Poor devil!"

"Misericordia! A wife and two children!"

Then 'Bastiao cried out that he thought he had heard a signal. The engine was shut off and we waited for a repetition. Faintly it came, from what direction I could not have told, but 'Bastiao immediately announced, "Northwest!" and swung the schooner about Five minutes later we listened again, and this time the shrill call of the conch shell was unmistakably nearer.

Bananas was safe!

All together, as if given their cue by an invisible prompter, skipper and crew began to curse their errant shipmate again.

"*Corisco!*—May the lightning strike him!"

"Better for us if we never found him!"

When the dory appeared out of the mist, 'Bastiao steered straight toward it and the skipper stood at the rail, ready to catch the painter of the boat. When we drew abreast of him, however, Bananas was still too far off. He threw the rope, but it fell short.

This infuriated the skipper.

"*Ai, lepra, lepra!*"—a leprosy upon you!—and he went stamping fore and aft and wishing Bananas all sorts of unhappy endings.

As we circled to try it again I noticed a smug grin on 'Bastiao's face. And once more I suspected something.

"'Bastiao," I asked, "if you had steered a little more to starboard, wouldn't we have been close enough, and couldn't Bananas have thrown that rope on board?"

'Bastiao leaned over and whispered, "Yes, Senhor. But me, I know what the skipper wants!"

Back on board, Bananas ran a gamut of tongue-lashing and ducked into the forecastle for a drink. I followed him down and asked him how he felt. He turned to me with the air of a Shakespearian actor, his pop-eyed stare wider than ever, and pointed a quivering finger.

"Do you know what happened?" he demanded.

"Well—"

"I tell you what happened! We almost lost a man!"

Our fish was twelve feet from the tip of his yard-long sword to his tail, and 'Bastiao guessed his weight at 500 pounds. That was an unusually good catch. From the 16,000,000 eggs which a swordfish lays each season the few resultant adult fish average around 250 pounds, with some reaching up to 800. The largest specimen reported to date, aside from certain unofficial accounts I have heard on dull evenings in the forecastle, was of that weight and was sixteen feet long.

The price of the fish, which varies widely from week to week, was at that time twenty cents a pound. Thus the big fellow we had caught, with a dressed weight around 450 pounds, would fetch between ninety and one hundred dollars in the central market at Boston Fish Pier. After the "boat share" and expense deductions, this meant about $2.50 in each man's pocket. And as the swordfishing season is short and the Portuguese family is long, that furore over the sighting of a fin is understandable.

Half a century ago the "swords" were despised as nuisances, destroyers of the then marketable species, and Yankee fishermen killed them and left them for the sharks. He who first laid tooth to the tasty swordfish steak remains, like the hero who first ate an oyster, anonymous; but in recent years the demand for swordfish has increased steadily, and the catch now ranges between 3,000,000 and 5,000,000 pounds annually. From the masthead, one afternoon while we were "on the fish," I counted seventy-eight other swordfishing schooners in easy sight.

Though Bananas had killed our fish by lancing him in the gills, there was still plenty of reflex action in him. Breaking out in mighty flurries, he went flapping around the deck and thrashing dangerously with his sword.

Cook warned me away. Gravely he explained, "This kind of fish don't die when you kill him."

Using a long, heavy knife, he first hacked off the sword, as a safety measure. Then tail, fins and head. Finally he slit the belly and cleaned it. But even after all this surgery, the patient wriggled and slapped away, and once, after his head had been severed, he gave a vigorous squirm, caught Cook off balance, and sent him sprawling.

"*Filho do diabo!*"—son of the devil!—"I fix you!" Furiously he strode across the deck to the scuppers, where the fish's head lay rolling, took a good swing, and plunged his knife deep in that head. Then he turned it over and looked it in the eye. "So! Now maybe you behave yourself!"

That afternoon the fog lifted, and the next time we ironed a fish I went out with John Bananas in his dory.

It turned out that the skipper had ironed a sassy victim. No sooner had we lifted the keg-buoy into our boat and made the buoy-line fast to a cleat than we were given a jolt that sent Bananas tottering aft into my arms.

We were off at a fine clip for nowhere, leaving a white wake!

"*Ai, sacramento!*" groaned Bananas. "Now we go for Nantucket sleigh ride!" The term was a carry-over from the old Nantucket whaling days, when many a harpooned whale ran away with one of the boats.

On we skimmed, for a mile or so, and all the time Bananas sat shaking his head and bemoaning our luck in having picked a fish belonging to the devil.

But at last the fish tired, and Bananas got to work. Over a small pulley that fitted into a slot in the starboard bow, he began to haul in the line, slowly, hand over hand. Whenever he felt resistance he waited, sometimes letting the fish take back a few feet. "Playing it" was slow business. But it looked easy, and after watching him a little I asked Bananas if I could try my hand at it.

"All right, you try. But you got to take easy. You pull too hard and by 'm by the iron draws. Then you lose the fish, and me I catch hell!" He clicked his tongue at the thought.

The line kept coming up easily. I began to haul in faster. There was nothing to it!—until suddenly it jerked taut. I pulled harder, but still there was no give. Turning to Bananas for suggestions, I saw the wild look in his eye.

"Slack up! Let him take line! *Ai, Deos!*" He grabbed the line from my hands and elbowed me aft. The moment he took it over, it went completely slack. Something strange was happening, down there under the surface. Even I could sense that! And Bananas jumped and screamed:

"Up! Up on the gunnel! Quick!"

Following his example, I sprang up, gingerly bracing my feet on opposite sides of the dory. Still wondering what all these acrobatics were about, I stood there, with legs spread apart.

Then it came. With a shiver and a crackling rip, our dory bounced inches out of water. And up through the bilge, I saw three feet of wet, glistening, blueblack sword, pointing my way and all a-quiver. A fierce thrashing and pounding followed, throwing white water all around us. Finally, as we bobbed up on a wave, the sword slipped back and out. We were free again—but with a six-inch rip in the planking of our boat.

Bananas had been praying. Now, his eyeballs ringed with white, he stepped down, reached for the bailer, and shoved it into my hands.

"You bail, Senhor. Me, I got to catch the fish. If I don' catch this fish, I'm telling you, I catch *some* hell!"

I bailed. I bailed for dear life, and as desperately, Bananas fished. And after a couple of feeble runs, our prey came up at last, dead tired. He was lanced, strapped with a loop of hawser, and left dragging from the bow of the dory.

When the schooner returned to pick us up, those on board knew immediately what had happened. At once there was a high-pitched and rather embarrassing show of concern for my safety. I was welcomed back as if I were one of their own near and dear, just now snatched from the jaws of death!

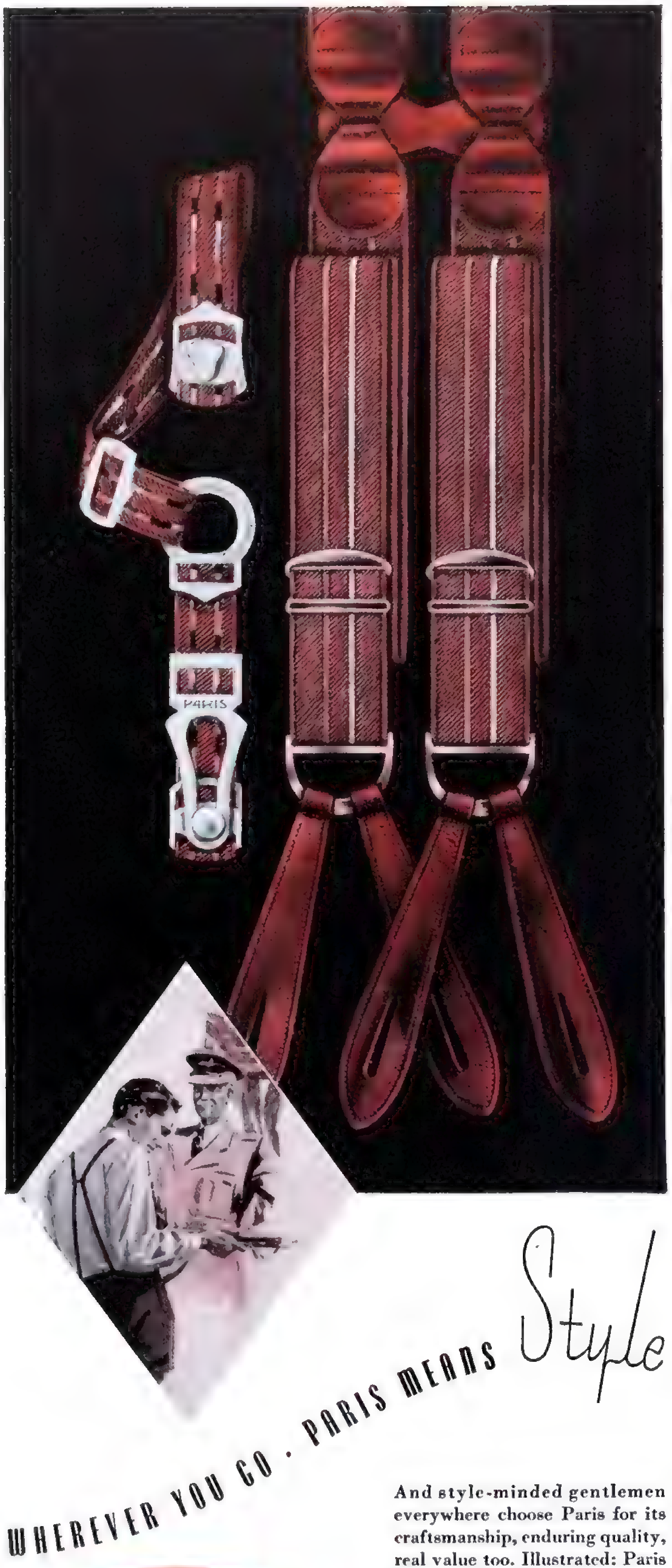
"*Ai, que pena, que pena!*" Alas, what a pity! That this should happen to a guest on their vessel! I was helped over the rail, examined for broken bones, and before I could explain that I myself was responsible, escorted below for a change of clothes, and a mug-up of hot tea.

I caught a glimpse of my erstwhile dorymate, running the gamut again and scurrying up the rigging to resume his post at the lookout. Sitting in the forecastle, drinking tea and trying to convince Cook that the accident was my own doing, I could hear the stamping of boots on deck and the thundering of the skipper's voice.

Poor Bananas! Fish or no fish, he was catching *some* hell! #

CORRECT WEIGHT

"Oh—so there you are—you double chocolate pecan frappe with plenty of whipped cream!"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Samaritans of the Snow

Continued from page 70

National Patrolmen, roving skiers who co-operate with the local men and cover those areas actively skied where no patrols exist.

What kind of a gent is a Ski Patrolman? First, he's a hand-picked expert on skis. Not everyone who skis can join. Next, he is a man who knows conditions in his locality thoroughly. He has passed a stiff First Aid course, and can handle crowds. He is rarely the captain of a ski team, a jumper with a famous name, or an Olympic champion. He may even be a high school lad or a businessman on skis who devotes his week ends and holidays to making skiing safe for you. Often he is a Forest Ranger. Invariably he is a veteran on skis.

The economic value to the nation of this gang of disinterested athletes has never been estimated. Nor can it be, either. If you know what hospitals cost when you break a leg, crack a couple of ribs badly, or fracture your leg, you'll appreciate how much this help can mean when you are in trouble on the trails. Weeks and sometimes months away from work results every winter from skiing accidents. The Ski Patrol saves mountaineers hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly. Notice how it works out.

A college boy with seven months actual skiing behind him comes crashing down the slope. Faster, faster, he takes a turn, speeds up, and suddenly finds himself out of control. (Sixty per cent of all accidents come from skiers getting out of control, says the Patrol.) A bad tumble results. He finishes wrapped round a tree stump, while his friends unravel him with grim faces. Pain? Yes, in the leg. He lies motionless on the snow until the pain decreases, and then tries to stand. There's a sharp twinge, as if he had cut himself. He has. It's the point of his broken bone going through the skin, resulting in a compound fracture. Had a Ski Patrolman been there to keep him still, bind his leg in splints, and carry him to safety, he would have been all right.

This incident happened last winter on a famous New Hampshire trail. Unfortunately it had a bad ending. The boy had a hemorrhage and later died.

Occasionally Ski Patrolmen have to fight to save skiers from themselves, and their friends. At Great Barrington, Massachusetts, last winter, there was a minor injury on a trail.

Again a man out of control conked into a tree, receiving a bad shaking and a slightly bruised side. Luckily a Ski Patrolman was nearby and able to administer First Aid immediately. His examination showed no broken bones, but being uncertain about the extent of the injury he told the victim to lie still while he splinted him, and sent for a toboggan. "Splint 'em where they lie" is an accepted First Aid rule of the Ski Patrol.

Then along came the man's friends. At first they were scared and solicitous when they found him white and silent on the snow. He was an object of immediate concern. But soon their attitude changed. Jimmy in pain was one thing. Jimmy shaken from a fall was something else. They began questioning him.

"Any pain? Where's your pain, Jimmy?"

There was no pain. "I guess I'm just shaken up a little."

"Aw, you're all right. Where d' you feel bad?"

"I'm O. K. now."

"Sure you're O. K. Less go. C'mon, Jimmy, we want to get that six o'clock train." They started to pull him to his feet when the Patrolman stepped in.

"Nothing doing. You leave that man where he is." A crowd gathered, and soon there was a first class fist fight between the Patrolman and the two friends. Suddenly other members of the Patrol arrived, broke up the battle, and tied the injured man to their toboggan. Taking him down to the nearest village they found a doctor who made a careful overhaul and discovered two badly broken ribs. Had that man attempted to ski down, he would have been seriously injured and hospitalized for months.

Do you need help on a trail? Three blasts of a whistle is the signal, and the Patrol recommends all skiers carry a whistle for this purpose. Lacking a whistle, you can shout three times in succession. Naturally it isn't always possible for a Patrolman to be nearby, so skiers are advised to learn First Aid. If tendered immediately it is of far greater value than more intensive treatment later. At a resort like Great Barrington where there are 5,000 skiers of all ages (and every degree of competence) on a good week-end in winter, the local Ski Patrol will treat from twenty to thirty cases of various kinds, some serious. They haul a man down the slopes and deliver him directly to the ambulance on the toboggan. This obviates unnecessary handling. The work of the doctor is made easier, and Ski Patrols invariably receive praise from medical men who attend their injury cases.

A Patrolman's lot is not quite a happy one at times. One National Ski Patrolman in the Yosemite came across a girl sitting in agony on the trail. He immediately diagnosed her injury as a dislocated shoulder and was about to treat her when an officious gent on skis appeared.

"I'm a doctor. Can I help?"

"Certainly," said the Patrolman. "You take right over." The doctor walked over, seized the girl's hand, and gave her a straight-arm yank. She rose about a foot from the ground, shrieking with pain.

Now this Patrolman who was experienced in First Aid knew such a treatment to be wrong. "Does this often happen?" he asked the girl when she came to.

She nodded. "It's a chronic shoulder."

"Well, if it's a chronic shoulder I think I can help relieve you." Convincing himself there were no broken bones, he went to work. Slowly he reduced the dislocation by gentle, steady traction, and in a few minutes the girl was out of pain and able to get to her feet. Before long she moved downhill under her own steam, saving a long, agonizing journey on a toboggan in the cold.

The doctor? Oh he came along too. Halfway down the slope he admitted he didn't know much about setting dislocated shoulders. Seems he was an ear and eye specialist!

Sometimes the work of the Ski patrol is spectacular. A transcontinental plane buffeted by an unexpectedly early snowfall loses its beam over Salt Lake and crashes into the high slopes of the lonely Wasatch Mountains. Slung aloft at a dizzy height, ordinary rescue parties would be helpless. But nowadays the Ski Patrol in the West co-operates with the airline authorities and is called on for help when trouble arises. So a Patrol starts out, climbs the inaccessible, snowy ledges, gets to the plane with ropes, tools, First Aid.

As a rule, however, their work is not like that. It isn't discovering wrecked planes full of dead bodies, or hauling injured persons down the slopes on toboggans. It's routine jobs. Sometimes so ordinary as to be unnoticeable. It's binding the twisted ankle of the little stenographer who only skis on Sundays. It's keeping the trails clear of wild youngsters who insist on taking chances. It's filling up sitzmarks left on difficult turns by inconsiderate skiers. It's warning folks away from rocks swept bare by the wind, and dangerous spots on the mountainside. You seldom think of them unless you are in trouble. But wherever there is skiing, the Ski Patrol is on the job.

One of the most important but least showy of their tasks is treating shock. No matter how brave or how strong you are, shock comes with accidents. Nature inevitably produces shock in us all. Shock generates fear. Fear in turn reacts to increase shock. What is shock? Smack your thumb smartly with a hammer and you'll soon understand.

Shock is one of the hardest things the Ski Patrol meets. It immediately means loss of body heat. A man can die, some have died in twenty minutes of shock on an icy mountainside. Consequently reduction of shock is important. If it can be treated within fifteen minutes of the accident, its effect can be greatly minimized.

The best thing to reduce shock is attention, relief of pain by an opiate, First Aid, warmth, and keeping the patient still. Contrary to the belief of the public, whisky is bad for shock. In every accident flasks appear, for everybody wants to help and that's the instinctive gesture. Ski Patrolmen often find themselves in a struggle with sympathetic bystanders who offer flasks. If you are hurt, DON'T DRINK LIQUOR. It's a bad First Aid medium because liquor produces a reaction which makes you sweat. Your temperature goes up fast, and drops quickly. Lying on the exposed snow in these conditions, the chances are you'll take cold, and complications are likely. Hot tea, hot coffee; yes, by all means. Whisky; nix.

One of the finest examples of the work of the Ski Patrol occurred last season at Mont Tremblant Lodge in eastern Canada. A Ski Patrolman coming over the crest of a hill saw a man sitting on the snow. He stopped and went up.

"Hurt?"

"Nope. Wind knocked out. Nothing but a slight sprain in my back. I'll be up in a minute."

The Patrolman made a careful examination. The man was right. There were no bones broken and nothing wrong. Nevertheless . . . he rolled out several coats and laid him down.

"You better stay here. There doesn't seem anything wrong, but just the same I'm going to treat you as if this was a case of a broken back."

"A broken back! You must be nuts. I'm O. K. I want to get moving."

But the Patrolman was firm and his authority finally won out. Binding the man's back, he secured a toboggan from a nearby cache, and hauled him downhill. At a hospital in Montreal that evening, two surgeons stood over the patient and decided on an X-ray. It showed a broken back. Had he not been treated at that exact moment by the Patrolman, this skier, only twenty-three years old, would have been a cripple for life. Maybe you can understand why he is an enthusiastic member of the Ski Patrol today!

The National Ski Patrol will be an extremely valuable organization in the troubled times ahead. Early this year a conference was held between General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, and Patrol officials. The General Staff recognizes the importance of the part to be played by the Patrol, and especially civilian skiers below or above the draft age.

The finest intelligence service the army has ever had was the Indian Scouts used during the Indian wars in the West. The Ski Patrol will function for the army of today in much the same manner; charting country over which they ski, giving information on trails, roads, passes and snow conditions, and moving across country as pioneers and in weather when ordinary troops would be rendered immobile. Specially selected Patrolmen will be also organized into groups for "advanced training in the technique and battle tactics of fast patrols." Already the War Department has ordered skis and ski equipment to

Continued at top of page 134

"Will you kiss that new shirt with Gripper Fasteners goodnight and come to bed!"

Perfect, just perfect. Why didn't someone think of shirts with Gripper fasteners before!

Just think . . . no buttons to pop off the neck . . . no buttons for wash wringers to chew off the cuffs. Gripper fasteners are neater than buttons . . . much more convenient . . . far easier to open and close!

Set yourself and your wife free from "button bother." Ask for shirts with Gripper fasteners today.

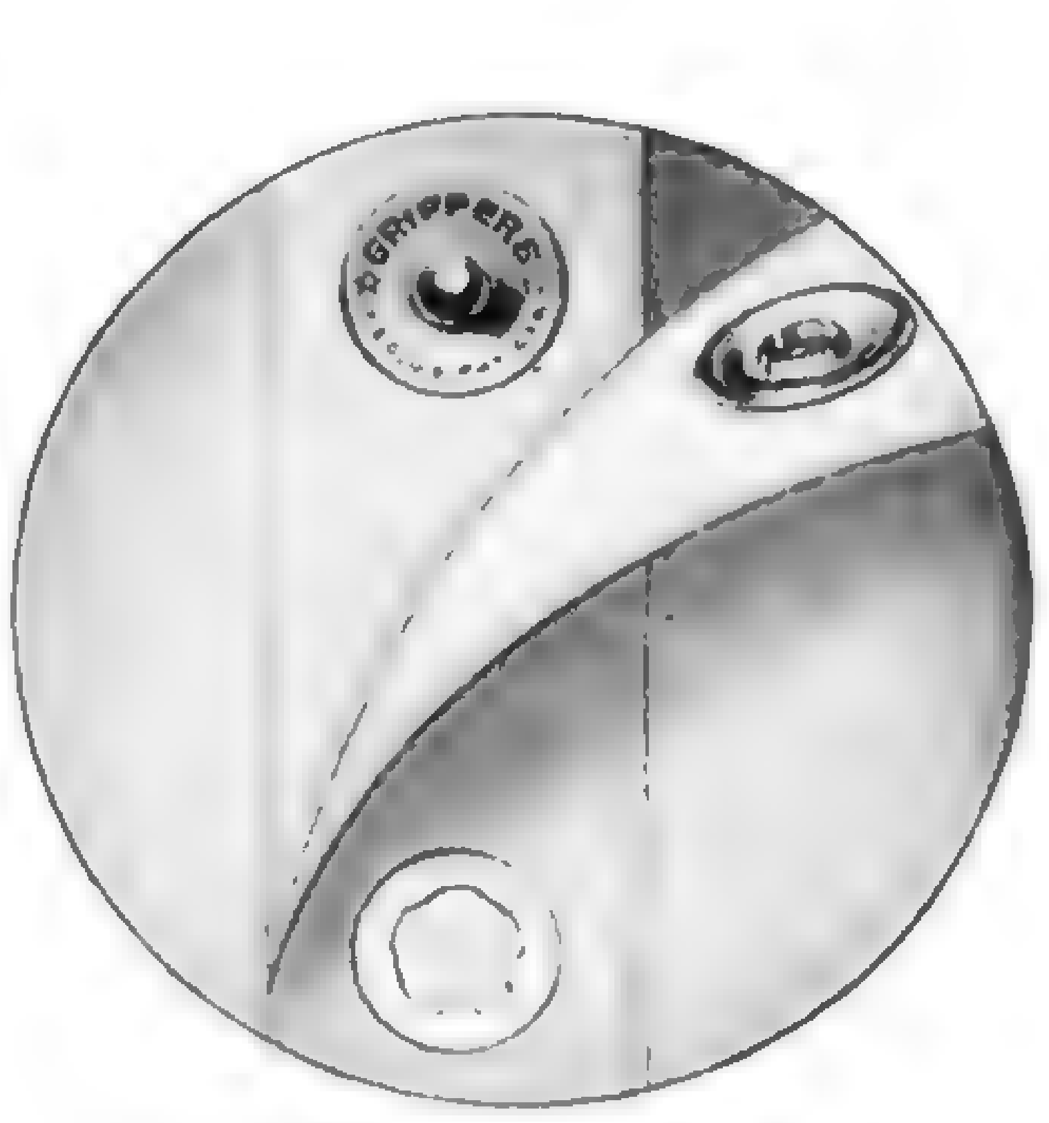
☞ **P. S. You can also get shorts, pajamas, and union suits with Gripper fasteners. Ask for them at your local store today!**

GRIPPER* FASTENERS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

MADE BY SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WATERBURY, CONNECTICUT

*THE LAUNDRY-PROOF SNAP-FASTENER THAT ENDS BUTTON BOTHER



Money can buy no
FINER BOURBON
than the one that bears
this signature

Words just can't describe the goodness of Old Taylor. You have to taste this magnificent whiskey to know how truly fine a Kentucky bourbon can be. But once you do, you'll understand why a master distiller, the late Colonel E. H. Taylor, Jr., selected Old Taylor as his prize whiskey and proudly signed it with his name.

Copyright 1941
National Distillers Products Corp.
New York

OLD TAYLOR
OLD TAYLOR
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
A STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OF TOPMOST CLASS
BOTTLED IN BOND UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
THE OLD TAYLOR DISTILLERY COMPANY
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

This is the home of Old Taylor, and within its ivy-covered walls no other whiskey but Old Taylor has ever been made.

Samaritans of the Snow

Continued from pages 70-133

the large amount of $82,694.

The Ski Patrol is useful in many ways. Their reports (filed with every accident) now contain much information on skiing. For instance, studying several thousand ski accidents all over the country, it appears that skiers are most reckless between the ages of twenty and twenty-nine. After that they become family men and settle down. The majority of injuries to women happen between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six. After that, they too get married, and the accident rate declines. Most accidents take place on the left side of the body. No one seems sure just why.

The Ski Patrol has to do its work under difficult conditions. It is always outdoors, usually in freezing weather when no metal can touch the injured person's body, often in storms and blizzards, and nearly every time on exposed slopes of mountains. Sometimes mistakes are made. But thanks to this organization, skiing is getting safer every year. Before the National Ski Patrol was originated, the skier was left to the mercy of amateurs and God.

About 1935, a youth came flying down Tuckerman's one snowy afternoon, took a bad spill, and flew through the air onto an exposed rock. A crowd gathered quickly. Among them was a famous Austrian skier then visiting this country. But neither he nor anyone else around knew First Aid.

The injured man was hours in the cold before he received any attention. As a result, he walks with a bad limp today. At present this couldn't happen. The Ski Patrol is on the job. ⧺

Esquire on the Record

Continued from page 97

joy Bing Crosby's Hawaiian Album (Decca No. 140).

Liberty Music Shops' best release this season is Ethel Waters' four songs from *Cabin in the Sky* . . . My gal has always been partial to the *Washington and Lee Swing.* Hear the catchy waxing by Gene Krupa (Okeh 5921) . . . Noel Coward, baritone, borrows from Noel Coward, tunesmith, to sing *I'll See You Again* and *Dearest Love* from shows by Noel Coward, playwright (Victor 27288).

The most popular albums at Princeton University's record loan library are Beethoven's *Ninth* and Bach's *B minor Mass* . . . Want the support of a high-paid coach? Frank LaForge plays accompaniments to *Songs My Mother Taught Me, A Dream, Passing By, Love's Old Sweet Song. Sylvia, None But the Lonely Heart, Calm as the Night* in Victor albums P-47 and P-48 . . . Duchinites will keep his *Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair* . . . Count Basie has cut Don Redman's jump version of *Five O'clock Whistle* (Okeh 5922), *It's the Same Old South* (Okeh 5963), and with Goodman's Sextet, *Benny's Bugle* and *As Long as I Live* (Columbia 35901).

When you're on the low side, put on Alexander Kipnis' burlesque of *Little Jack Horner* (with apologies to Handel) and *Ah! Willow* (Victor 2135). . . . Horace Heidt, whose Christmas gift of a handy leather billfold with a secret pocket reached us the day before his platter of *A Pretty Girl Milking Her Cow* (Columbia 35904) deserves our gratitude for both.

His Musical Knights are at their best here and the other side is for those who like sure-footed dance music.

* * *

If religion gets you during Lent, set a spinnin' Lulu Belle and Scotty in *There's No Hiding Place Down There* and *From Jerusalem to Jericho* (Okeh 5958) . . . I've just been on a talking tour of the South and I've got *Down South Blues.* You can hear Willie (Boodle It) Right sing it on Okeh 05959. Roy Acuff and his Smoky Mountain Boys have recorded *The Precious Jewel* and *Come Back Little Pal* (Okeh 05956) and Ella Logan, *I Wonder Where My Baby is Tonight* (Columbia 35874).

Want to out-do Elsa Maxwell? Want to learn how to be the life of the party! In three ten-inch records, Luis Zingone, master prestidigitator, shows you six baffling tricks. "Shuffle the cards, cut them, draw one from the center and put it back." Zingone, or even you yourself, can call it every time (Victor P-46).

* * *

According to the last *Down Beat* poll, dance musicians' favorites are Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey, and Duke Ellington. The most popular swing band is Benny Goodman's and the top sweet band is Miller's. Goodman was chosen "favorite soloist" with Harry James and Artie Shaw placing second and third. And Goodman's sextet was voted the best "small" combination.

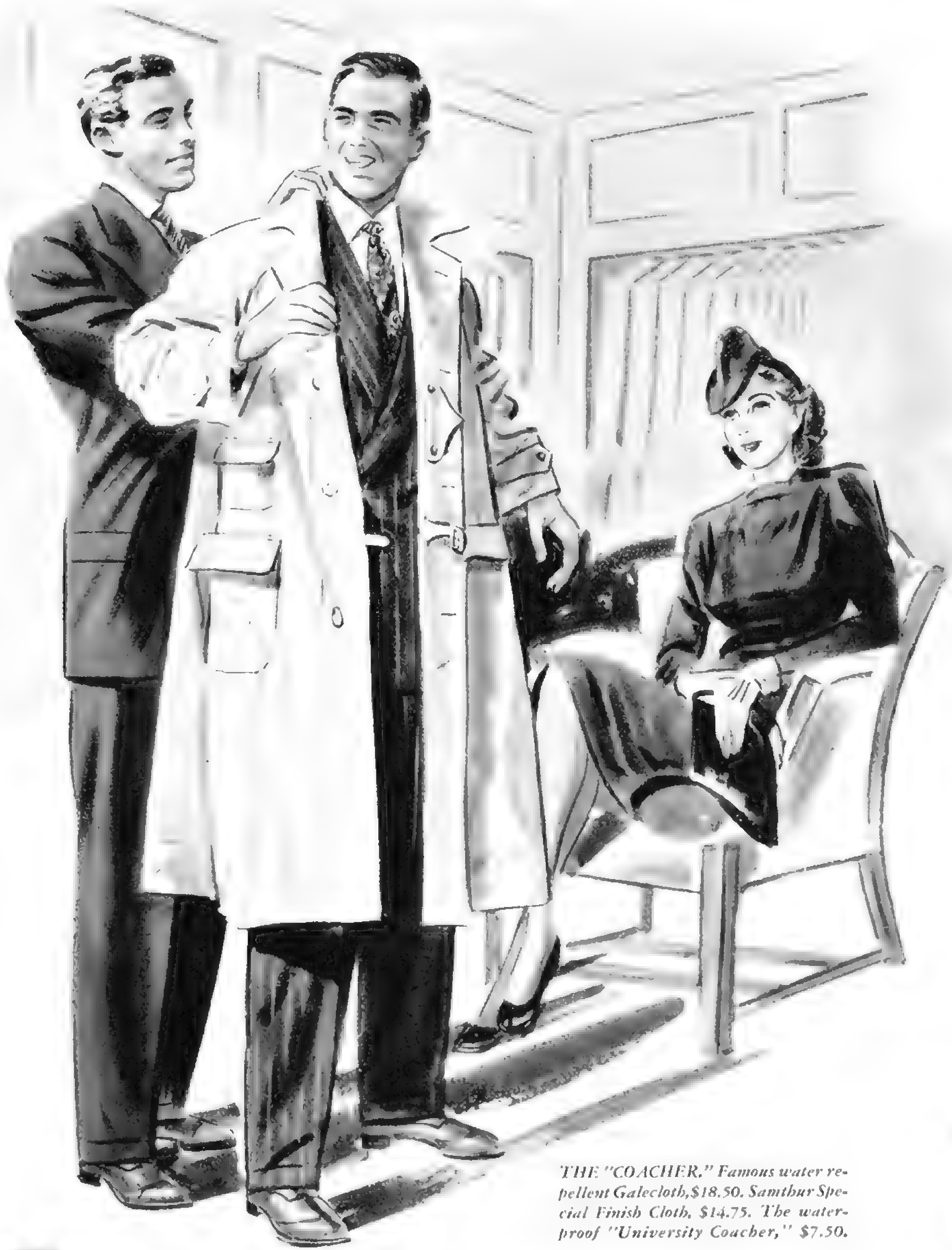
To give "sidemen" a break and to minimize the possibility of candidates being chosen for name-value rather than merit, band leaders were ruled ineligible for chairs this time in the All-American band.

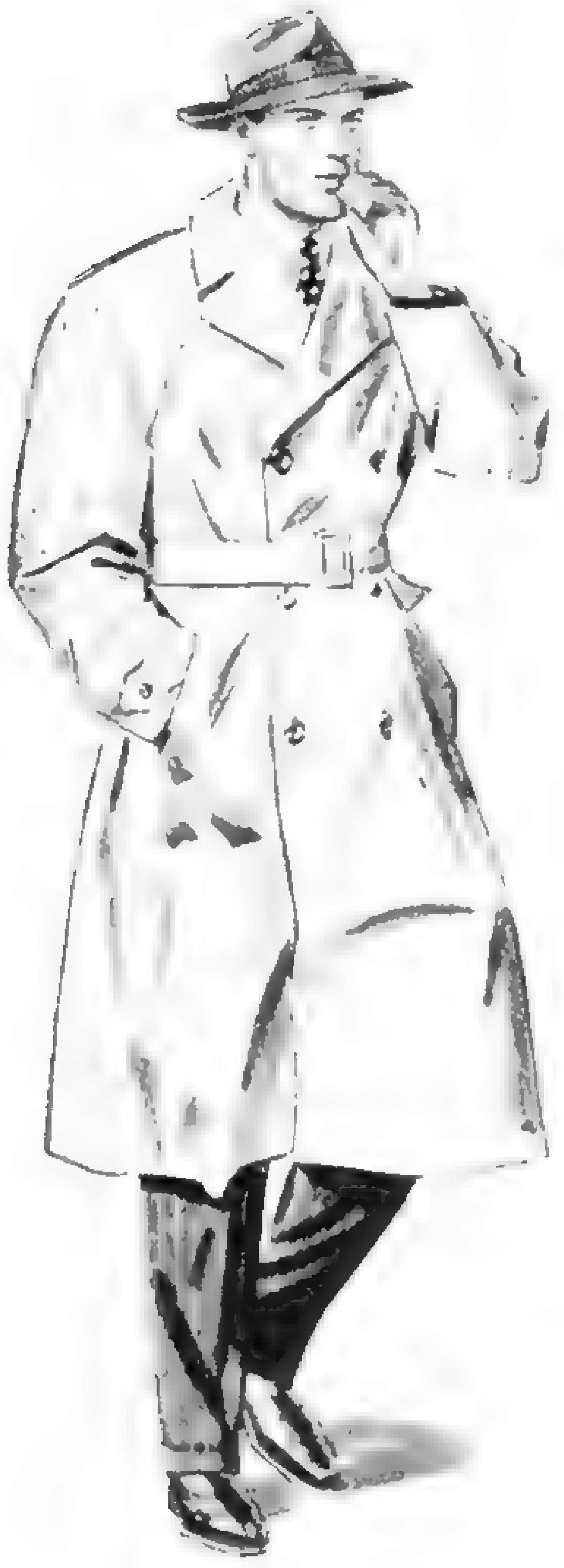
This ruled out Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, Harry James, Gene Krupa, Charlie Barnet and Benny Goodman, members of the last prize group. Five of the seventeen spots went to Negro swingsters, and five to members of the Bob Crosby band, though that unit drew no better than seventh money.

Bing Crosby, eternal holder of the "male vocalist's job," holds it again this time and Helen O'Connell has copped the one female

Continued on page 136

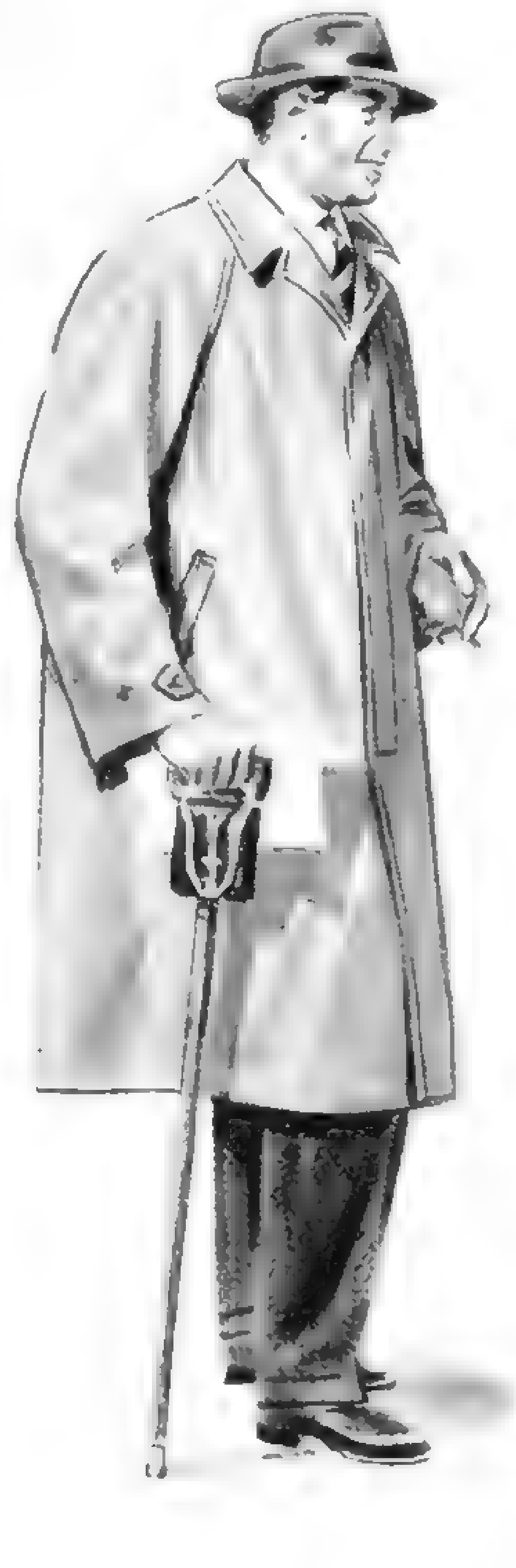
It's sure to rain! So don't forget...
Get an **ALLIGATOR** and you won't get wet!





ABOVE: *WATER REPELLENT GALECLOTH double breasted model with military flare, $15.75. Waterproof, $5.75 up.* BELOW: *Water repellent GOLD LABEL, America's "Number One" all-weather coat, $28.50.* FAR RIGHT: *Single breasted WATERPROOF, chosen by American Airlines for all Flagship Captains and First Officers, $7.50.*

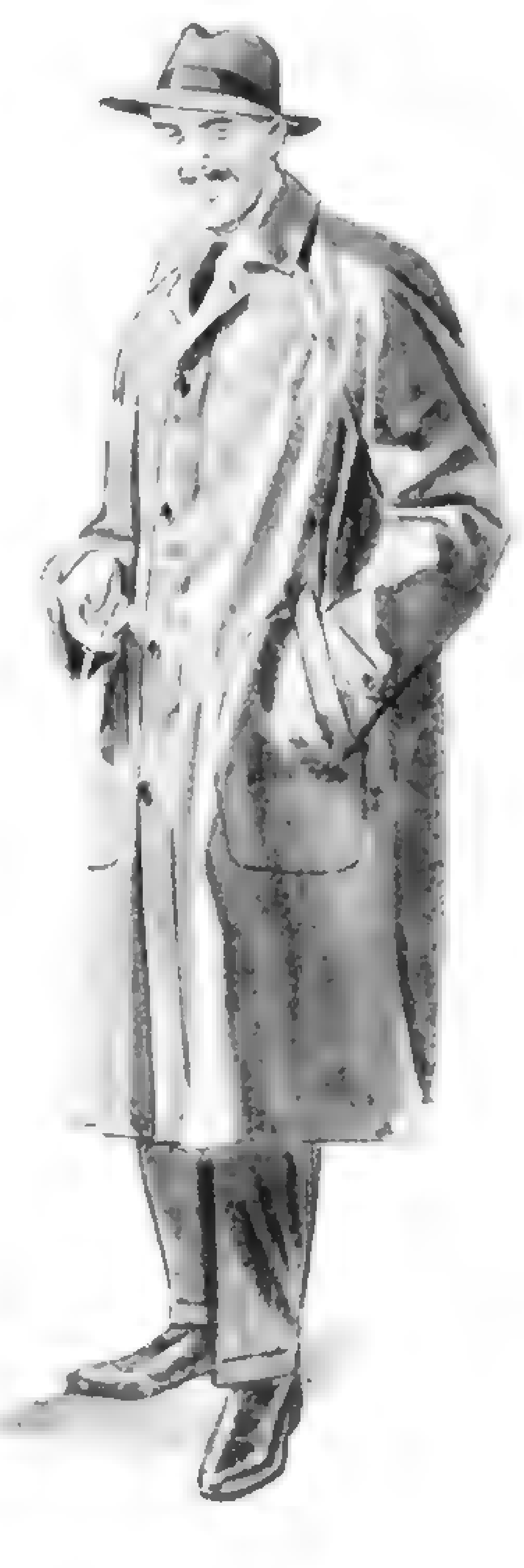
THE "COACHER." Famous water repellent Galecloth, $18.50. Samthur Special Finish Cloth, $14.75. The waterproof "University Coacher," $7.50.



You'll feel proud as a peacock the instant you slip into these brilliantly styled Alligator beauties. So smart they've completely changed America's idea of how good looking rainwear *can* be. Tailored like all fine garments, with flattery in every fold and drape. Choose from a colorful variety of exclusive Alligator *waterproof* fabrics that stay soft and pliant, do not crack or deteriorate. Luxurious, long life *water repellent* fabrics for smart all-purpose wear. Look for the famous Alligator label, "The best name in rainwear," for matchless *style,* enduring *comfort* and dependable *protection* from the rain. The Alligator Co., St. Louis, New York, Los Angeles.

$5.75 to $28.50—At Better Dealers Everywhere!

ALLIGATOR
Raincoats · Galecoats · Sportswear
because . . . IT'S SURE TO RAIN!



Courtesy N. Y. Museum of Natural History.

EAST INDIA BUFFALO

TAMED BY

HICKOK

Great hunting in its wild state ... great style as we've handled it... East India Buffalo in Hickok Belts and ActionBAK* Braces! Here's leather that's different . . . supple . . . rich, natural hide markings...tanned in blues, browns, tans, greens... it makes Belts ($1 and $1.50) ... and Braces ($1) ... seldom matched for smartness!

*ActionBAK—Hickok's patent...the utmost in pull-free, tug-free, slide-free comfort!

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 97-134

spot from the many males.

The All-American personnel is:

Instrument	*Name*	*With Band*
Saxes: (alto)	Johnny Hodges	Duke Ellington
	Toots Mondello	N. Y. Radio Studios
(tenor)	Eddie Miller	Bob Crosby
	"Tex" Beneke	Glenn Miller
Clarinet:	Irving Fazola	Tony Almerico
Trumpets:	Ziggy Elman	Tommy Dorsey
	Mugsy Spanier	Bob Crosby
	Cootie Williams	Benny Goodman
Trombones:	Jack Jenney	Artie Shaw
	J. C. Higginbotham	Henry Allen, Jr.
Piano:	Jess Stacy	Bob Crosby
Guitar:	Charles Christian	Benny Goodman
Bass:	Bob Haggart	Bob Crosby
Drums:	Ray Bauduc	Bob Crosby
Arranger:	Fletcher Henderson	Benny Goodman
Vocalists:	Bing Crosby	Bing Crosby
	Helen O'Connell	Jimmy Dorsey

NEEDLE NOTES

Dave Apollon of Ed Wynn's *Boys and Girls Together* has revived the mandolin in a Deccalbum, the first time that cobwebbed instrument has been heard on records in fifteen years . . .

That boom which saw "sidemen" forming their own bands is over. The field is over-crowded . . . "Swing," says Benny Goodman, "has made its bedlam . . . now it has to lie in it." Therefore, Goodman refuses to describe his new style as swing . . . Benny, incidentally, is experimenting with a clarinet made of Lucite, one of Mr. du Pont's newest synthetic materials.

José Morand is the only American gourd and maraccas shaker in captivity. He's a Latin from Manhattan . . . All the "Charioteers,"

Continued on page 138

Campus Choice

When not concentrating on the curriculum, collegians "coke" and chat, usually to the accompaniment of "canned" music. Owners of these spots know that to be successful they must keep their music boxes supplied with the records requested by their rhythm-conscious customers. Typical are these popular hangouts, selected at random, telling which of the current crop of records are nicking collegians for the most nickels.

"The Main Street Restaurant"
33 West 8th Street, New York, N. Y.
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
New York, N. Y.

Stardust; Artie Shaw. Victor 27230

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Will Bradley. Columbia 35530

Frenesi; Artie Shaw. Victor 26542

Yes My Darling Daughter; Dinah Shore. Bluebird B10920

Scrub Me Mama with a Boogie Beat; Will Bradley. Columbia 35743

What's Your Story Morning Glory?; Jimmy Lunceford. Columbia 35510

All of Me; Benny Carter. Bluebird B10962

Who Am I?; Frances Langford. Decca 3433

Mean To Me; Andrews Sisters. Decca 3440

Down Argentina Way; Bob Crosby. Decca 3404

"University Drug Company"
UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA
Tucson, Arizona

Beat Me Daddy, Eight to the Bar; Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10876

Do You Ever Think of Me?; Bing Crosby. Decca 3423

See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have; T. Grace. Decca 3428

If I Forget You; Wayne King. Victor 26645

Special Delivery Stomp; Artie Shaw. Victor 26762

Elube Congo; Xavier Cugat. Victor 26735

Moon Over Burma; Glen Gray. Decca 3426

You've Got Me this Way; Glenn Miller Bluebird B10906

Only Forever; Bing Crosby. Decca 3300

Whispering; Tommy Dorsey. Bluebird 10771

"Hartleb and Haack's Luncheonette"
Fordham Rd., Webster Avenue,
Bronx, N. Y.
FORDHAM UNIVERSITY
New York, N. Y.

Yes My Darling Daughter; Dinah Shore. Bluebird B10920

I Hear a Rhapsody; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B10934

We Three; The Ink Spots. Decca 3329

Frenesi; Woody Herman. Decca 3427

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Jack Leonard. Okeh 5848

Down Argentina Way (Rhumba); Leo Reisman. Victor 26765

Somebody Loves Me; Dinah Shore. Bluebird 10978

The Bad Humor Man; Jimmy Dorsey. Decca 3435

You Are the One; Bing Crosby. Decca 3450

Night and Day; Charlie Barnet. Bluebird 10888

EVER SINCE EVE ATE THE ORANGE...

... most men have been putty in the hands of women. We except only a few confirmed bachelors.

A broad statement? Go home and think about it. No matter how sure a man may be that he is supreme master of his home, his wife usually has her way. And it's usually a rather nice way at that.

Particularly nice for the advertiser. Take the subject of family purchases (which covers most everything). When the woman says "Yes," the man's hand isn't far from his checkbook. So the thinking advertiser makes sure he reaches the woman. And when possible the man, too, through the same medium. This enviable group includes all advertisers in The New York Sun!

Advertisers know they can depend upon The Sun for all-round family readership. Not only do up-and-coming New York men like The Sun, buy it and take it home each evening—but their wives and families insist that they bring it home! These families, significantly, are the very core of New York's buying power. Well over 300,000 active-buying families with the happy habit of responding to advertising in The Sun!

The Sun
NEW YORK

P.S.—About that orange. It was John Milton who first decided, on his own authority, that the fruit in question was an apple. The source is not that specific.

Planned Patterns in
BOTANY
WRINKLE-PROOF
TIES
DESIGNED TO GO WITH YOUR SUITS
ASK TO SEE THE GABARTONES
BOTANY TIES WRINKLE-PROOF

BOTANY, famed for men's suitings, makes these wrinkle-proof ties from fabrics to finished product. Thus the patterns and colors are designed to go perfectly with current clothing styles. At good stores everywhere $1.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS, PASSAIC, N. J. • MEN'S AND WOMEN'S WEAR FABRICS
NO-DYE-LOT YARNS • TIES • ROBES • SPORTSWEAR • LANOLIN COSMETICS

Esquire on the Record

Continued from pages 97-134-136

Hellzapoppin's sepian quintet, have B. A. degrees . . . Few recognize Will Bradley as horn-blower Wilbur Schwihtenberg of the Red Nichols orchestra . . . Abe Lyman's Bluebird disc of *You're In the Army Now* is a favorite at U. S. A. "concentration" camps . . . Although he doesn't get the publicity other bands do, Duke Ellington has a standard following that guarantees a 10,000 sale for any disc he makes.

Seen in a recording studio: Bea Wain's bull-dog *Stormy Weather* sleeping in a bass fiddle case . . . Tommy Dorsey taking his trombone solos standing on a box. . . . The *Ink Spots* forgetting themselves and shouting out "Home Cooking," "Solid Brother," and "Dig Ya," thereby spoiling a shelf of masters . . . Gene Krupa sweating off three pounds a session . . . Gray Gordon telling the boys a dull story while the wax is being changed in the control room . . . Ted Straeter, society's gallant swain, squiring a horde of debutantes . . . Bing Crosby's heirs watching Daddy give out with ease . . . ⁂

Esquire on the Record

BEST SELLERS

Columbia Recording Corp., Bridgeport, Connecticut

Permanent	*Transient*
Symphony No. 6 in B Minor (Tschaikowsky); Leopold Stokowski & The All-American Youth Orchestra. Set M-432	*Scrub Me, Mama, with a Boogie Beat; There I Go.* Will Bradley. 35743
Bolero (Ravel); Leopold Stokowski & The All-American Youth Orchestra. Set X-174	*Two Dreams Met; Down Argentina Way;* Eddy Duchin. 35774
Music of Victor Herbert; André Kostelanetz. Set M-415	*Benny Rides Again; The Man I Love;* Benny Goodman. 55001
Musical Comedy Favorites; André Kostelanetz. Set M-430	*The Bad Humor Man; I'd Know You Anywhere;* Kay Kyser. 35761
Strauss Waltzes; Felix Weingartner & Bruno Walter conducting Symphony Orchestra. Set M-364	*The Last Time I Saw Paris; Along the Sante Fe Trail;* Kate Smith. 35802
	A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; We Three; Ray Noble. 35733

Heaton's Music Store, 78 North High Street, Columbus, Ohio

Claire de Lune (Debussy); André Kostelanetz. Columbia 7361	*Frenesi; Adios, Mariquita Linda;* Artie Shaw. Victor 26542
Blue Danube; Tales from the Vienna Woods (Johann Strauss); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor 15425	*Down Argentina Way;* Bob Crosby. Decca 3404
Symphony No. 5 in C Minor (Beethoven); Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-640	*A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10931
Concerto in B-flat Minor (Tschaikowsky); Petri & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Columbia Set 318	*A Handful of Stars;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird 10893
Don Giovanni Overture (Mozart); Sir Thomas Beecham & London Philharmonic Orchestra. Decca 70365	*Star Dust;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 27233
	Golden Wedding; Woody Herman. Decca 3536

R C A Manufacturing Co., Inc., Camden, New Jersey

Concerto in D Major (Beethoven); Jascha Heifetz, Arturo Toscanini & NBC Symphony Orchestra. Victor M-705	*Star Dust; Temptation;* Artie Shaw. Victor 27230
Norma—Cavatina-Casta Diva (Bellini); Dusolina Giannini with Members of La Scala Orchestra & Chorus. Victor 17503	*We Three; Tell Me at Midnight;* Tommy Dorsey. Victor 26747
The Sorcerer's Apprentice (Paul Dukas); Leopold Stokowski & Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-717	*A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square; Goodbye, Little Darlin' Goodbye;* Glenn Miller. Bluebird B-10931
Concerto No. 3, in D Minor (Rachmaninoff); Sergei Rachmaninoff, Eugene Ormandy & the Philadelphia Orchestra. Victor M-710	*Redskin Rhumba; Southern Fried;* Charlie Barnet. Bluebird B-10944
Haugtussa (Grieg); Kirsten Flagstad. Victor M-714	*There I Go; Whatever Happened to You?;* Vaughn Monroe. Bluebird B-10848

The World on a Silver Plate

Continued from page 79

bar and we felt much better.

"But I was finally taken broke," said the announcer, "And the thought of writing another book or swinging out with my own orchestra made me ill, so I decided to do something different. I looked a long time before I hit upon the idea of selling electric belts. They cost me eighty cents apiece and I sold them for five dollars. I went from coast to coast buying up time on radio stations to tell the market about all the things the belts were good for. So help me, some days I'd get as high as four thousand bucks in the mail at these little jerk stations. I took forty grand out of Abilene alone. In a year I'd been in every state in the union and had testimonial letters from forty-six governors on the value of Abdometic Belts. Iowa and New Mexico held out on me. I was selling more Abdometics than they could manufacture and had a quarter of a million dollars in traveler's checks so I bought up a hacienda in Palm Beach and loafed a full year. They wanted me to make the race for governor but I said no, it would be worse than selling the belts."

The program director clinked the swizzlestick in his glass and was about to say something sarcastic. "What does the Butler feed box have for the daily double tomorrow?" I asked.

Butler brought out a form sheet and studied it minutely. Silverplate looked thoughtful and sighed. "After a year though, I wearied of Palm Beach. I always get tired of a place after a fifty-two week stand. It takes about that long to find out that you've gotten in with a crowd of bastards. That's why I buy traveler's checks and good luggage. Then you move and in another year you find that the people you've gotten in with in the new place are also bastards. People who'd knock all their teeth out for a buck fifty. Well anyway, one night I was sitting in the Alibi bar and I decided it was time to go. I'd had a neat little run of luck over at the Casino that season and was filthy rich and so I just up and left. It was winter time and there was no ice and that is not right so I flew on up to Boston and skated there in the little pond in the Botanical Gardens and walking down Atlantic Avenue in the cold and seeing your breath pattern in the air was swell after a year in Florida. You know the bar there in the Copley? I met a girl there. A Junior Leaguer from Watch Hill who liked skiing and tennis and golf and all that sort of stuff. Just the wholesome type. She wanted to go skiing in Sun Valley for our honeymoon but I wanted Paris . . ." He stopped suddenly and looked like he was going to be sick. His eyes glazed over and he kept saying over and over, "France, France, France, France, France . . ."

He kept saying it and his eyes were awful and we did not know what to do. White offered him a cigarette and I pounded his back but it was no use. He was not in the world; he was struggling furiously against the only boundaries there in his own private world beneath the silverplate. Butler finally had the answer.

He got up and pressed the announcer's head firmly for a long moment and sang, "South of the Border . . ."

"France, France, France . . . Mexico . . ." He came normal.

. . . "Yes, I had a year at XMEW. Ran the transmitter, studio controls, announced, wrote copy and was station manager. I really made some dough that year. Then Paley wanted me to come back to CBS so I went north . . ."

"Men, for the daily double tomorrow, I give you Royal Oak and Uvalde," said Butler.

"I'll fish instead," said White.

"Did I tell you about the time I played piano for Anson Weeks? I'd published five songs and was taken into ASCAP and Anson liked my pieces so well he looked me up and I couldn't turn down an old friend so there I was doing piano for him. We were playing a Nob Hill place and I was so good that KPO used to have me over to broadcast. I was billed as a two-piano team—Presnell and Presnell in improvisations at two pianos. I still have some recordings I'll play for you some day. Whiteman used to wire me every night trying to get me to come east but I couldn't see it. But when they had the first Gershwin Memorial at Lewisohn Stadium I flew across the continent to do the concerto part of the Rhapsody . . ."

Marty Bennett, who owns the place, came by and asked, "How do you like my joint this season? And how do you like my new suit?"

"You are a most cordial host, your place is sanitary and very handy. The only trouble is the noise. I can hardly hear these comrades talk. You are very pretty in your new suit," I said.

"You were kind to carry my bill another week," said Butler.

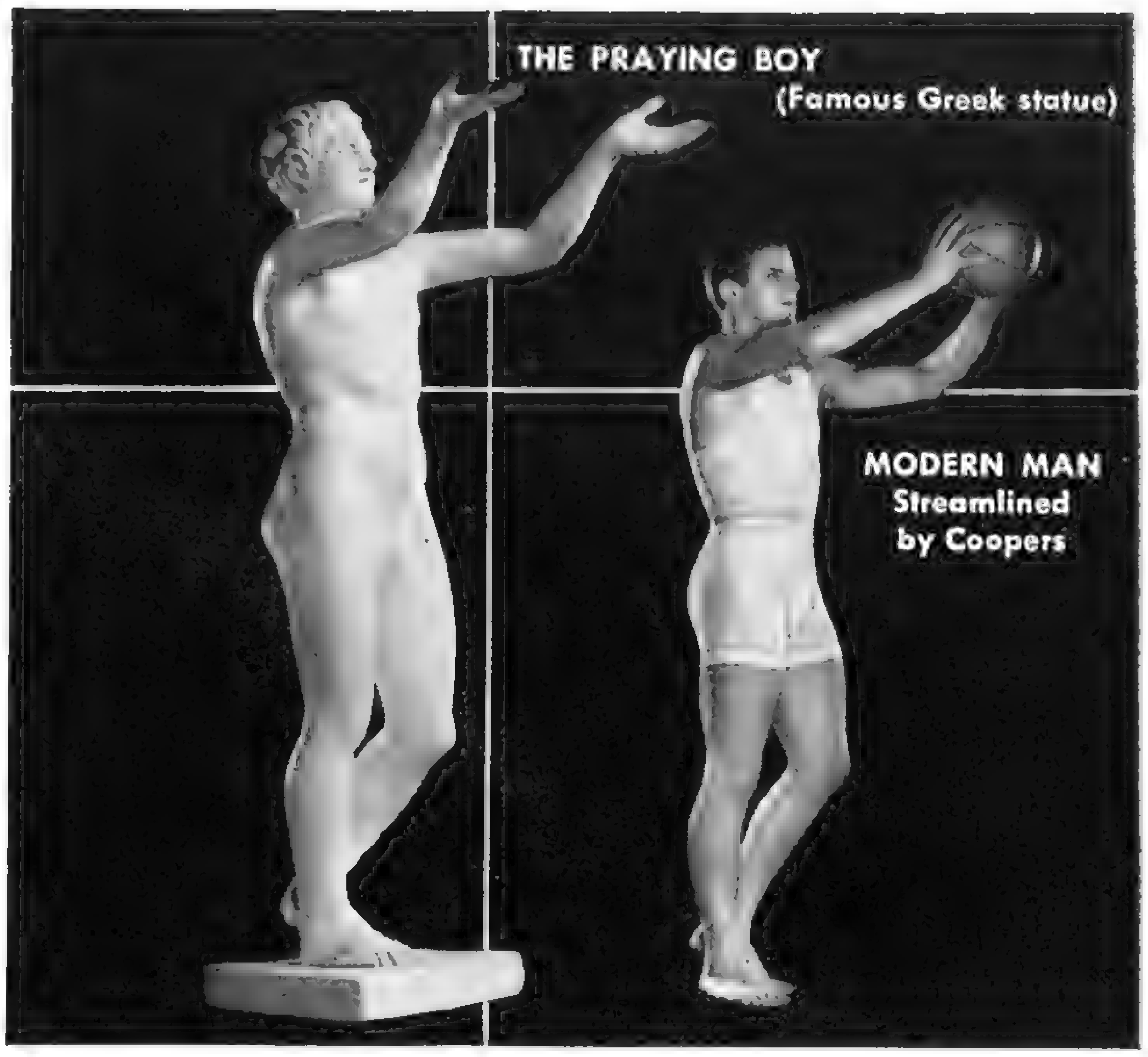
"I appreciate your patronage. One on the house." He held up four fingers to the baldhead waiter with the tight cummerbund around his belly. Marty continued his goodwill tour and strolled over to a big party in progress a few tables away.

White had quit talking altogether and was drawing intricate radio diagrams on the table cover. I half expected him to bring out a slipstick and do a little figuring.

"Where are you people going on vacation this year?" asked Butler.

"New York," said Silverplate. "George Abbott wants to see me about a show. A party or two at The Pierre. A couple of nights at Monte Carlo and Coq Rouge is always fun and I also want to hear a Robin Hood Dell symphony. I lived in Philly five years once you know. I still own a place out in

Continued on page 140



Modeled TO THE MALE FIGURE

Jockey Underwear does not bunch or bind

Moulded to your body like a second skin—this squirm-free Jockey Underwear really does things for you! Its patented Y-front construction gives you mild masculine support. The knit fabric g-i-v-e-s with every motion, and lets your body breathe. The convenient angled opening positively will not gap. Jockey is buttonless, easy to launder, and needs no ironing. No bulk, no bind, no chafing—just plenty of downright comfort. Two-piece, with special contoured shirts to match. Ask to be measured with Coopers hip tape for perfect fit. Get your supply of Jockeys today. You will find it the most comfortable underwear you have ever worn. Varied leg lengths. Per garment from 50c. Junior sizes (down to 4 years) from 35c.

"Quality Corner" Better stores show varied fabrics for your selection. Mercerized cotton, 75c. Rayon, 75c. Mercerized cotton and linen, $1.

Look for the name Jockey on the label!

Only Jockey has the patented Y-front construction with the angled, no-gap opening which provides masculine support and squirm-free comfort. Avoid dissatisfaction by making sure the name Jockey is on the label of every garment you buy—and identify Jockey merchants by the Jockey boy in windows and on counters. Merchants' names on request.

Jockey
Y FRONT—PATENT OF Coopers
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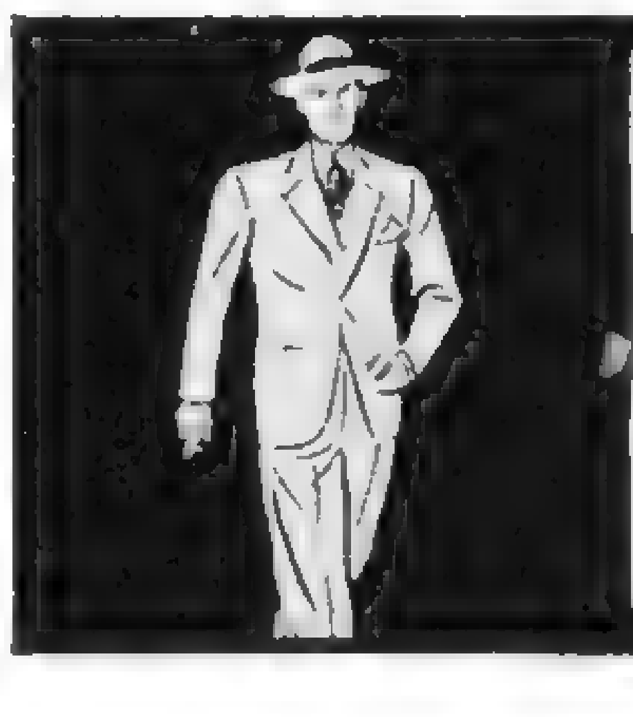

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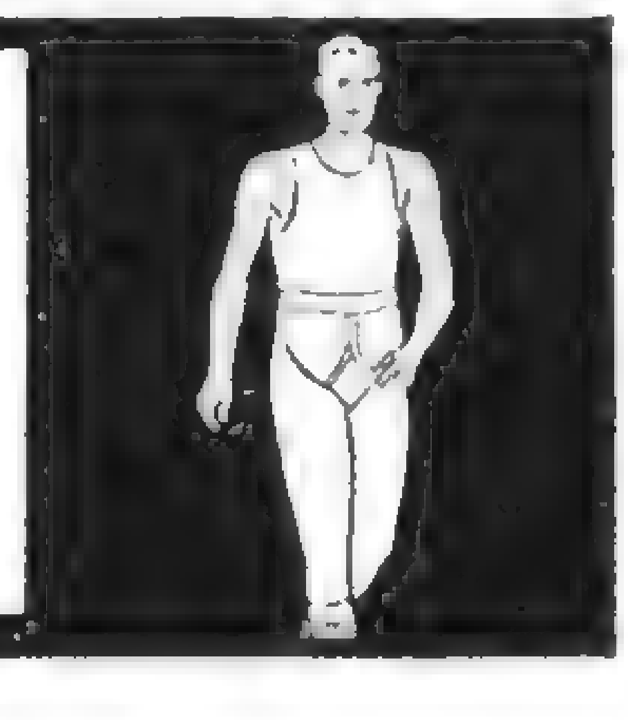

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Factory & Executive Offices
63 MELCHER STREET
BOSTON

SHOPS AND DEALERS FROM COAST TO COAST

The World on a Silver Plate

Continued from pages 79-139

Upper Darby. I designed and erected the tower for that big fifty kilowatt station there. What a tower!"

"Carolina mountains for me, if I have any money," I said.

"If the hosses do right by me, I'm going to Nova Scotia," said Butler.

"When I get to New York I think I'll put on my Palm Beach suit and Nassauvian straw and take a basket of pineapples and walk right down Broadway and leer at the New York jerks. Maybe just for the hell of it I'll get this girl I know who is a lot of fun and we'll clump into the Sert Room and scrawl our initials on the walls. Boomer wouldn't mind. He and I are just like this . . ."

"When dealing with variables, one should be a variable," mumbled Butler.

Silverplate said: "I'm as constant as the North Star."

It was like that for three hours. Steady talk and blasts from the jug at regular intervals. One silent period just long enough to hear Bailey and Blair do *She's in Café Society Now.* The program director finally tired of baiting Presnell and was in a kind of stupor shortly after midnight; kept his eyes closed and mumbled about thirteen-week rates, bands, agencies, artists, discounts, segues and bridges—and women. He'd open his eyes once in a while when he heard woman steps and after a long stare would say, "Not bad, not bad at all." Silverplate talked convincingly about everything, everyplace and everybody. White filled his notebook with some of the damnedest radio circuits I'd ever seen. I only listened, for that's the way it is with me.

We split up the bill and went out into the night after a goodbye from Marty. I watched Butler slouch along the street toward WADA and knew he was going to spend the night on the big couch in the audition room. White went to the nearby parking lot and got his dusty car. He said goodnight to me in International code from his horn when he rattled down the street. Presnell caught a streetcar; he has no car because he cannot get a driver's license.

I stood on the corner watching the traffic tide and listening to Marty's crackling neon sign. The same old letdown after such sessions seized me. You are filled with a nameless despair, first person singular inadequacy, and you keep wishing it had lasted a while longer; no matter how inane the talk, you have the feeling that had you stayed on an hour longer you'd have stumbled upon some great universal truth heretofore unknown.

But the session was over and I was standing on the corner watching the traffic tide. What to do? Hurry home and after you get there wonder why you hurried? I remembered the first days of being alone, how marvelous it was to look about my place and say over and over again: "This apartment, this radio, these books, these things are mine, no one else's. They are just like I left them this morning. No one to wonder where I've been, whom I was with and why I didn't come home."

It had not lasted long; now when I went home in the night, I could sense the other people in the apartment building. Sleep cadavers in crypt-cubicle rooms. Most of them alone for it was the kind of place that single working people choose. People like myself, not lower class, not middle, not upper. Classless people, the lost class of no definite class at all. Tired, perhaps blasé, without ever having done the things to make you that way. I was not ready to go but you cannot stand on a street corner all night. I went home and tried to sleep but it was no use; I got up and worked some problems on my slide rule, divided, multiplied, then to the logarithms just to keep in trim.

$Xc = \frac{1}{2pi\,fc}$ $\qquad Ndb = 10\log\frac{P1:}{P2}$

simple, fundamental stuff like that, but is a poor way to pass the time, especially in the early morning.

WLW had an orchestra from the coast and it was beautiful music but after you've kicked around on the outer fringes of show business for ten years, you do not notice that a band is playing nice and tight and really giving; instead you visualize the place where the music is. Intricate patterns of all night neon, beautifully clothed women, happy smile, gay pose, thin enamel of cheer mottled over a somber coat of boredom. Then your mind goes backstage and you see the dirt and dust, tangled electric cord, scrawled telephone numbers, unclean scribblings, great wads of discarded gum and you think of the fighting and bickering, the taut nerves, the sore lips of the bandsmen after long exasperating rehearsals.

I turned off the radio and worked some more problems, all the while thinking, one by one, of all the people I knew well. Lives tangled, fouled and dirty. Restless, worried people. Several with makeshift happiness of sorts, dependent entirely upon such external things as mortgaged homes and electric kitchens and women and children. All of them with a feeling of bewilderment, the feeling of shoveling sand against the tide.

Then I thought of Presnell. He was the one person I knew who had everything. That silverplate of his was something to envy, he'd certainly come out on top because of the war. I remembered seeing him in some awful jams where the going was tough but there was never a complaint from him. He never cried. His was the only true smile I'd ever seen, except a very young baby's. It was not an imbecilic smile, nor one of those big fake things that show off a great mouth of bicuspids, rather it was a quiet, confident thing that said: The whole world is mine, I've got the real thing down in the old thump-thump, just the mere act of breathing is a pleasure, nothing in this world will ever bother me.

He'd been everywhere, done everything, known every experience and was happy about the whole thing. He could look at a globe and thirty minutes later he'd been around the world; he could read the columns and immediately be on intimate terms with all the people mentioned. Mere fantasy, of course, in his injured brain, but far more real to him than real experiences in my normal mind. During the three hours of that evening he'd worked at any and all radio stations and all the major networks. He'd made a dozen fortunes. He'd been to Switzerland the year previous for the skiing. He'd worked on the MGM lot and had gone steady with Dietrich for three years. He'd played piano for Weeks, sax for Duchin and violin for Stokowski. He'd published three best sellers and put out his own magazine until he tired of it. He'd been a Rear Admiral in the Navy for a year . . . and on and on . . . just name it and he'd done it. But not an unpleasant situation anywhere. His was the real thing and it was very beautiful and very enviable.

I tried hard for the answer but it wouldn't come. It is a thing you cannot figure on a slide rule. ⧺

Breath in the Afternoon

Continued from page 69

heard a quick step on the barn floor.

"Wait! Zack! Don't you tech that!"

The voice was Sarah Bourne's. She stood in a patch of sunlight just inside the barn doorway, holding a paper in her hand. Zack and Jeff were so startled that they almost spilled their priceless nectar.

"Honey," said Zack piteously, "we'll die if we don't drink this one little drink."

"You'll die if you do!" declared Sarah. Approaching, she removed the dewy can from Zack's hands, did the same for Uncle Jeff, emptied the contents of both down a crack in the barn floor, handed Zack the bit of paper she had brought, and said: "Read that!"

"I can't," said Zack. "Can't hold her steady enough, honey. You read it."

Sarah knew the message by heart. Standing with her hands on her hips, and looking from one invalid to the other, she quoted:

ARRIVING AT TEN BRINGING ONE GUEST PLEASE HIRE JEFF COONGATE FOR EXTRA GUIDE AND MEET US IN PRIVILEGE
(Signed) REUBEN USHER

Zack told Uncle Jeff later that each word was like a horse shoe striking him in the back of the neck. The silence following Sarah's quotation of the message was broken by two dismal groans. Ten o'clock was a little over an hour hence. If they drank their medicine—two full doses remained in the gin bottle—they would both reek of juniper when Mr. Usher and his guest arrived. But if they didn't drink it, they felt certain they would go up in flames.

"Yest'dy afternoon," said Sarah, eyeing her shaking husband, "you declared you'd go through hell for Mr. Usher!"

"He's doin' it," moaned the one-eyed poacher. "So'm I."

"I said I'd cut my throat for him," gasped Zack, with a desperate glance at the half-full bottle of Old Blow-Torch, "and by God, I've done it!"

"Shame!" said Sarah. "Come in an' eat a morsil. I fixed you up a platter of pork chops an' sweet potatoes in Emmy Tethergood's kitchen."

At the mention of food, both culprits went gray to the gums and nearly keeled over. Their suffering melted Sarah's heart, but she was determined that Mr. Usher would not find Zack and Jeff with gin in every pore at ten in the morning. Zack and Jeff were equally determined, and their misery thus intensified.

"Come outside, Zack," Sarah said. "It's hot in here. But there's a little breeze comin' in off the lake."

"I felt that breeze when I went out to get the ice," shuddered Zack, "and it scraped me."

There was work to be done before the arrival of Mr. Usher and his guest. Zack engaged Jumbo Tethergood's motor boat for the trip uplake, changed a spark plug, and filled her with gas. The one-eyed poacher bought a list of supplies at Sim Pease's store. As ten o'clock drew near, the two comrades discovered new and more terrible pains. Fear of dying and fear of living were about equal. Uncle Jeff's neck took to twitching, and Zack's tongue was an open flame searing his lips.

"When we get to the cabin," Zack said, his voice rustling like sand on a shovel, "we'll go down in the root cellar, and we'll make our medicine. No one'll be the wiser, then."

"That will be about three o'clock this afternoon," rasped Jeff.

"Nearly ten now," Zack nodded. "That's five hours."

"Jesus! Don't know's I can hold out."

"If we jest kind of fasten ahead to three o'clock, we might last," said Zack. "Here comes Mr. Usher now. Got the gin an' stuff hid safe?"

"In that bulkhead in the stern of the boat," said the one-eyed poacher.

For Zack and Uncle Jeff, the trip uplake was a compendium of hell. Dearly though Zack loved Mr. Usher, respected him, and depended on him, he wished the kindly old man wouldn't talk. Invariably in the past, these trips

Continued on page 142

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BOURBON OR RYE • KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY
National Distillers Products Corporation, N. Y. 100 Proof

Breath in the Afternoon

Continued from pages 69-141

up-lake, full of reminiscence and happiness at seeing one another, had been a delight. But not now.

"There's Genius Island, where we caught the trout, remember Zack?" cried Mr. Usher.

To Zack, Genius Island appeared to heave and totter. Fantastic trout, the size of mako sharks, seemed to bulge beneath the adjacent waters. "Yes, sir," replied Zack, through his parched throat, "that was the day we struck 'em good."

Mr. Usher's guest was a man about his own age. His name was Henderson, and he was tall and dignified, with a white mustache, and graying hair. Mr. Usher joyfully pointed out objects of interest to Mr. Henderson—Caribou Rock, Mopang Bar, and the white cross on the church on the far shore at the Indian Village. Sometimes Henderson and Mr. Usher came astern to talk hunting and fishing, and doings of other years.

"Beautiful country!" exclaimed Mr. Henderson to the one-eyed poacher. "Beautiful! I'm already indebted to Mr. Usher for bringing me. The heat in Boston was terrific. It drove us up here for relief."

"Well, sir," said Uncle Jeff, to whom the local, or internal heat was 212 degrees, "me and Zack'll see you have an enjoyable stay. Too bad there ain't any huntin', legal huntin', that is."

"We brought some sandwiches," said Mr. Usher, offering them to Sarah.

Sarah beamed, and accepted one. "My, that's good!"

"Pass them on to Zack and Uncle Jeff," urged Mr. Usher. "There's tuna fish, and sardine, and cheese, I think."

With a sick glance in the direction of Mopang Ridge, Uncle Jeff muttered: "Jest et a big charge of beans."

"Me, too," said Zack, gulping hard, and stooping to turn a grease cup on the engine.

Mr. Usher and Mr. Henderson went forward out of earshot. Sarah gave both Zack and Jeff a distressed-mother look. But they were beyond her help. Zack pulled out his watch, and held up two fingers to his companion in pain. "Leadmine Cove," he said. "An hour to go." Uncle Jeff sighed, crouched lower in the stern, and tapped the bulkhead where the gin lay hidden.

After the fearful trip was done, there remained but a few chores before the quenching in the root cellar. The cellar was under the cabin where Zack and Sarah lived. Mr. Usher and his guests used the larger cabin, thirty yards away among the spruces on the point. Zack aired out the cabin, and helped Mr. Usher and Mr. Henderson with their bags. The one-eyed poacher got some ice, washed it, cached one piece in the root cellar, and put the other in a pail of fresh water, which he carried to the main cabin. Sarah made the beds, and went over to fuss about supper.

"Is they anything else we can do for you, sir?" said Zack.

"Can't think of anything," said Mr. Usher. He had been showing his guest some of Zack's beautiful axe-work, which had gone into the building of the cabin. Mr. Henderson was enthusiastic.

"Would you an' Mr. Henderson like us to get the canoes an' take you out on the lake?" Zack asked.

Uncle Jeff Coongate, standing in the cabin doorway, held his breath till the answer came.

"I don't believe so, now, Zack. It's pretty hot. I think we'll just unpack our bags, and sit on the porch. That suit you, Henderson?"

"To perfection," said the guest.

Two minutes later, Zack and the one-eyed poacher were lighting a lantern in the root cellar. There was the cool odor of earth, vegetables, and stone. The two sufferers spoke in eager whispers.

"Gawd A'mighty, Zack—hurry an' git that ice busted up."

"I am hurryin'! Hurried so I closed my jacknife on my fingers. Put in plenty gin."

"I put her all in, half an' half, every jeesely drop."

In the lantern glow, the dew glistened on the cans. There was a sweet scraping sound, as they stirred the nectar with a couple of rusty abutment spikes. Overhead came Sarah's footsteps, as she worked in the kitchen.

"Ready?"

"Sure!"

"Never thought we could stan' it! I damn' near had a convulsion, when Mr. Usher offered me that tuna fish sandwich."

"Don't mention it!" whispered Zack. "I seen trout forty foot long in the water 'round Genius Island! You got yours stirred good?"

"Yuh. Well, here's to—"

A knock on the bulkhead door paralyzed them. They pushed their cans back out of sight. They heard the creaking, as someone lifted the bulkhead. A gray patch of daylight reached into the cellar, and Sarah's voice came to them, whispering:

"You Zack! You down there with Jeff?"

"God, I thought it was maybe Mr. Usher showin' Mr. Henderson around!" groaned Zack. Then he hollered to Sarah. "Sure, honey—we're down here. Got our medicine all fixed to take."

They heard Sarah's firm and hurried steps descending into the dungeon. "Don't you tech a drop!" she hissed. "Where's them gin cans?"

"Right here, honey—why?"

Sarah caught the gleam of lantern light on tin, and with a single swipe of the broom she was carrying, knocked the cans over. As the contents darkened the earth of the cellar floor, Zack let his head fall forward into his hands, and moaned: "You've killed us, Sarah—killed us both."

"I can feel myself dyin'," said

Continued at top of page 144

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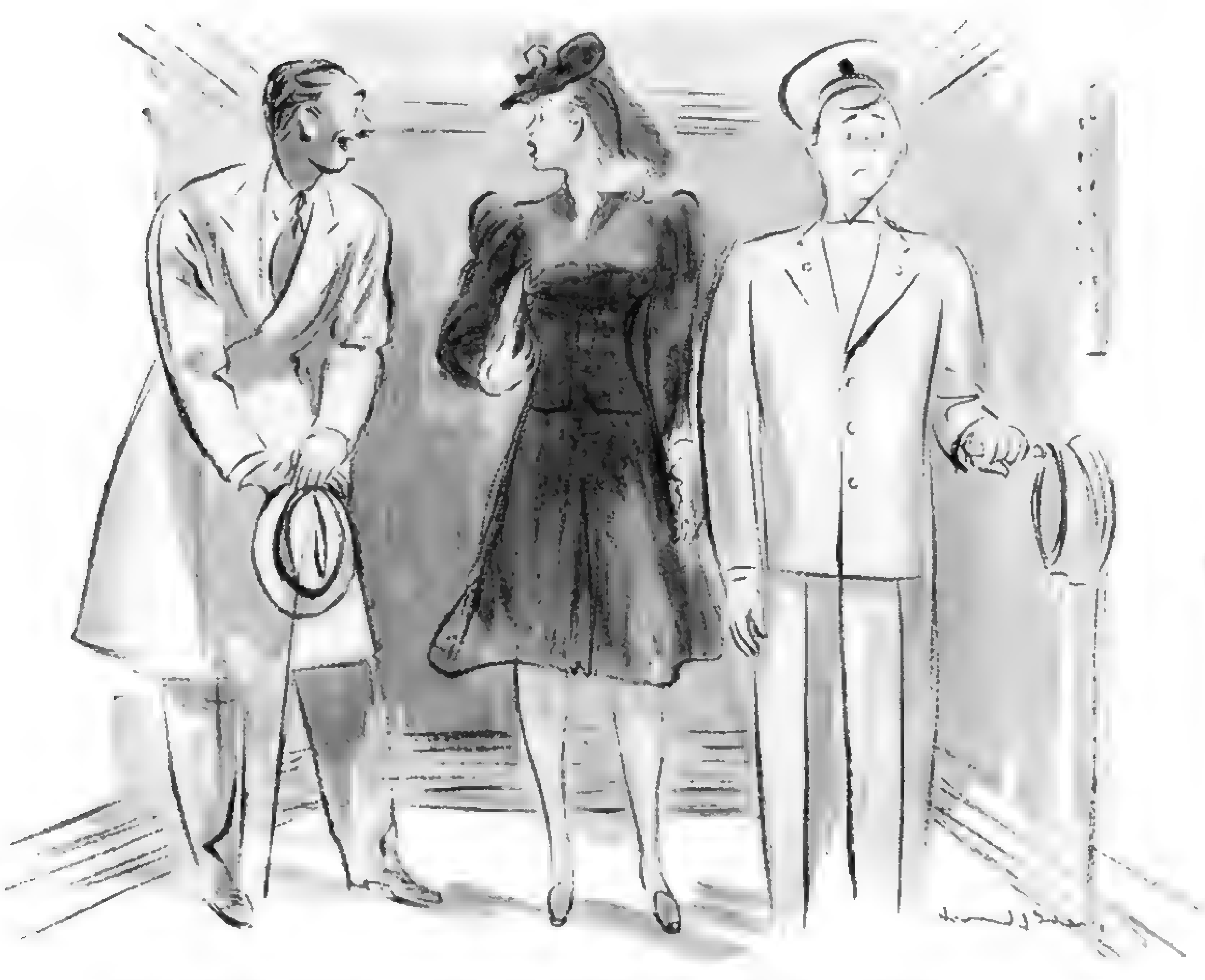

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Breath in the Afternoon

Continued from pages 69-141-142

the one-eyed poacher, his hands to his throat. "That's all the gin we had."

"Well, you can both come right straight to life!" sparkled Sarah Bourne. "Mr. Usher come over here jest a minute ago. Said he wanted both of you right away over to his cabin."

"I couldn't get that far," said Zack. "I'm a goner."

"You'll go! Both of you. If you have to crawl! You're indebted to that man, an' you'll do your job for him, like he says."

"Prob'ly wants us to take 'em canoein'," wailed Uncle Jeff. "Oh, Lord—I couldn't hold a paddle."

"Up with you! Out of here! Get them cobwebs off your heads!"

They dragged themselves from the cellar, and swayed across to Mr. Usher's cabin. Their moccasins were soundless on the porch, as they stood before the cabin door. "You knock, Zack," said Jeff. "I ain't got the stren'th left."

"Don't need to knock," quaked Zack. "They'll hear my teeth chatterin'. He'll think it's the dead caperin', and come."

But they managed to knock, and presently Mr. Usher came to the door, smiling a welcome through his warm, blue eyes. He opened the door and beckoned them in.

"You wanted us, sir?" said Zack, bracing himself against the wall.

"Why, yes—if you weren't too busy. But it was nothing important, really."

From the rear of the cabin, Zack and Uncle Jeff caught a motion. They turned their heads slightly, the effort exploding rockets in their eyes. Mr. Henderson was coming toward them carrying a tray on which stood four of the tallest glasses the two woodsmen had ever seen. Zack passed his hand across his eyes. Uncle Jeff Coongate blinked. Both were wary, suspecting a mirage.

"This what you wanted us for?" Zack managed to ask.

"Why, yes—it was."

"Just try these, boys," said Mr. Henderson.

As in a dream, the two old-timers reached for their glasses. The rich, aromatic smell of juniper smote their nostrils delectably.

"Well," said Mr. Usher, "it was so hot, we thought these were indicated. Here's luck."

Speechlessly, Zack and Uncle Jeff brought their glasses to their lips. There was a long, cool, gurgling sound, as of horses watering in a shallow trough. At last Zack took his glass down.

"'Mighty good—mighty quenchin', sir. What is it?"

"It's called a Tom Collins," said Mr. Usher. "You take plenty of gin, and sugar, and ice, and the juice of—" ⧣

Retreat from the Undecorated Age

Continued from page 72

buggies and flatirons and one-tube receiving sets, you ought to look at, and even to read part of, a book by Walter Dorwin Teague, called a little magniloquently, *Design This Day*. Teague is one of the very few topnotch designers; he did the Ford exhibit at the New York Fair and the one at the San Diego Fair in 1935; he has remade Kodaks and glassware and business machines and a lot of other things. His mind works architecturally and, I suspect, he's a little puritanical in the single sense that he doesn't tolerate fools gladly. Or, in other words, about design he will have no nonsense. He illustrates his book with a variety of pictures, from legs by Steichen to Greek temples and a lot of modern machinery. And he has some old horrors of houses—all brackets and cupolas and tortured woodwork and scrolls and gables; of which he says, "the nineteenth century was an age of confusion which attempted to overcome its uncertainty by self-assertion."

I am writing this in a room in a nineteenth century house; a good, rather pure example of the Hudson River Gothic style (not the bracketed style, but the simpler one). There is a triple triangle above each window—and all the windows are French windows, including those on the upper floor. The three parts of the triangle are a diamond and two smaller triangles, all nestling together; and the shutters are built accordingly. Yet this house which is of a local gray granite, quarried in the "age of confusion," is a handsome thing, to put it mildly; and every stonemason in the neighborhood has come to see it and admired it for its remarkable craftsmanship. The mortising in of the stone is as delicate an operation as any I know; the way the masons (not artists, but day laborers) managed to get infinite variety in the placing of the stone, bringing back the same design at varying intervals, reversing a stone so that a vein shows at the top instead of the bottom or the side—all these instinctive and masterly handlings of the material make you feel that a grand piece of work was done. It is "ornate" by our standards, but it is not confused.

In the neighborhood—and nearly everywhere else in the United States—there are a few octagonal houses; they are oddities; you feel that they may be the most sensible habitations in the world, but they don't look right. And that's where you go back to Mr. Teague.

He has intense admiration for Frank Lloyd Wright, as a generator of a new style. He shows the cantilever construction of Edgar Kaufmann's house over a waterfall and calls it "a clear statement of functional and structural facts." Which it is. It is a style, not an oddity. It will last because it will

Continued on page 146

4 FACTS

TO REMEMBER ABOUT THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

1 —When you sell in Chicago, remember (As Benjamin Franklin once wrote on the flyleaf of a book) "If you are not getting into the home with what you have to SAY, you will never get in with what you have to SELL."

2 —When you sell in Chicago, remember—The CHARACTER of the medium that carries your advertising is of vital importance to the success of your sales campaign. *Belief* has to be present before a sale *ever* can be made.... The people of Chicago depend upon The Chicago Daily News for trustworthy news, for editorials of strength and sincerity, for entertainment that is wholesome and clean, *and for advertisements that are reputable.*

3 —When you sell in Chicago, remember—that readers of a publication of character come to hold faith in the *advertising* as well as the news. Chicago families know that through The Chicago Daily News they can satisfy their buying wants as satisfactorily as their desire for accurate information. Thus, the *prestige* of this newspaper is shared with *your product or service.*

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Retreat from the Undecorated Age

Continued from pages 72-144

change, whereas an octagonal house cannot change. But it remains possible that we like modern because it is novel; and that when it ceases to be novel, we may retreat to other principles besides those of function and structure. We may begin to cry for decoration.

The modern designer has covered himself with color; he has used leather and glass (the combination of which was once used by a Frenchman to make the most beautiful bath-and-dressing room in the world—for a gent, of course). The designer has used light, and a variety of new substances have made it easier for him to carry light—including lucite which bends light around a corner, and fluorescent lights which come out like a ribbon, practically. The new metals, the new fabrics, the new colors of the Twentieth Century are genuinely decorative. The designer's chatter about being purely functional conceals a morbid weakness for decoration. He is making everything he touches as handsome as he knows how.

He knows how—but differently from the unconscious designer of the 1840's and the early 1900's. They saw a blank space in a washbasin and at once they slapped some flowers on it, or on the back of a watch and engraved a stag, or they took out a stove pipe and saw a hole in the wall, and they painted a love scene on an inverted pie plate to cover. They wanted a story picture on the front of a piano and silver filigree all over a fountain pen.

Terrible! Terrible! But remember that they also made the simple black tube fountain pen and the rather prettier mottled ones and that, as design, these were impeccable. And now look at the unspeakable onyx-and-pfui desk sets on sale today—not at the fine simple ones, but at the monstrosities. My first fancy pen (with filigree) was better. It was also handier to the fingers than some odd-shaped pens and pencils which rise in the world—and quickly disappear. For you can bet your last dollar that the survivors are designed to survive.

In itself, a decoration of chromium is no better than a decoration of decalcomania. The chromium often—not always—follows the line of the object on which it is placed. But even in motor cars there were, a few years ago, splashes of metal which proved only that the manufacturers had heard of industrial design and thought it was something you bought by the yard. Even this year the car grilles have been enlarged so that more metal can be placed on the front elevation of the car. It is decoration—and nothing else. And I don't mind. In fact I'm a little pleased, because patter always gets tiresome—and the modernist patter (based on something absolutely sound in itself) was particularly annoying because it sounded so goddam superior. (Maybe the reader had better skip the goddam, which is used as a single swear word, without reference to any deity, living or dead. The reader has probably not been so often exposed to the patter as I have.)

The patter gave off a slight stink of self-righteousness—"You," it said, "poor tasteless blighter, want traditional chairs or Victorian mirrors, because you are too soft to stand up to the great Functional Facts! Everything has to be prettied up for swine like you. We, the knowledgeable ones, we the pioneers, have passed way beyond all that." And with that went a vocabulary which was altogether muddy and vague and unfunctional. People talked about a right angle as if it were an act of righteousness, a plain surface was hailed as if plainness might not be next door to ugliness; there were moral virtues in certain curves, and the essence of evil in scrollwork.

Well, the modern style has killed off a lot of unnecessary fancy work; it is an antidote to the fussiness which covers lack of purpose and plan (in making a house or a shaving mug). I think that its pretenders will die out quickly because the style *is* against them; and the style will survive even the puritanical patter of the moralists. But the human instinct to decorate will survive, too. Children have it and draw pictures on the walls; morons have it and draw moustaches on women's faces in the ads; and sane adults have the instinct also—but lack time, so they want a slap of color here or there—and pay artists to give it to them.

The first kitchen range I ever saw was a cast-iron job which we shined up every Friday until its blackness glistened; the next one we had was decorated—it had nickel facings and gleamed by itself. Today I have gone from wood and coal to artificial gas and my range is all white except for black composition trim. It is cleaner because the material can be dusted off with a damp cloth; it is simple and the oven lights up so you can see a soufflé rising. It is a little severe; sitting on bright red linoleum, it isn't too forbidding. But my first black kitchen stove was not offensive—and the decoration of the second was as legitimate as the glass panel in the oven of my present one.

The late Herbert Croly, founder of the *New Republic*, was considered by many people to be a severe and puritanical moralist. One day we were talking about some articles he had published by Stuart Chase, and Croly said, "Maybe *The Tragedy of Waste* is too melodramatic for a title. Maybe waste is necessary—maybe we couldn't live without it."

Maybe that's true about the unfunctional, too. Maybe there is always a hidden function, which is not to work, but merely to please.

The Fall of the Funny Papers

Continued from page 77

stop, America!" (*Super-cheers.*)

Superman Legions were soon formed in every city, and our Leader's followers now walked the streets unmolested. Newsboys whose papers did not carry Superman were "pushed around." Mass demonstrations were held everywhere, and as a gesture of appeasement, Superman's daily appearance was moved to the top of the Comic Page.

Newspapers, broadcasters, and advertisers were aware of the crisis. The sale of Whackies and Post-Ghosties, two breakfast cereals, had fallen off sharply. Children refused to eat their spinach and to brush their teeth with Yum-Yum Tooth Paste. Some advertisers were so incensed that they were ready to break contracts and bar the offenders from all press and radio appearances. But there was too much money tied up in the endorsements of the humbug "heroes" for such a hasty action. And so it was decided to call in the erstwhile leaders of the people for a talk. This historic conference was held in Radio Center, December 1, 1940. All Americans awaited its outcome with bated breath, and a surly crowd gathered outside Radio Center to watch the arrival of the accused.

From the start the conference had every sign of disaster. The inter-planetary team of Rogers, Dixon, and Gordon refused to come, and sent Professor Zarkoff as their representative. Tracy and The Lone Ranger came only under great pressure. Mandrake the Magician, furious at the hoots of the mob that greeted him, changed himself into a snake and bit a couple of innocent bystanders.

The spokesman for business at the conference was Mortimer Spott, an advertising man. Let me read you a section from the verbatim report of the hearing:

Spott: I will be brief. There is an economic crisis. Sales of Whackies, Loco-Malt, and other commodities have fallen off 50 per cent in the past two weeks. You are responsible for this chaos . . .

Lone Ranger: Yore wastin' yore time, pard.

Pop-Eye: You kin take this here spinach an' . . . (censored).

Tracy: Great Scott, man, it's not our fault. It's Superman!

Zarkoff: Zere can be no compromise wiz Superman.

Chan: Humbly suggest in union is strength.

Green Hornet: Great idea, old boy! If we work together we can drive Superman off the Page!

Spott: But are we prepared for that final step?

All: It's a thousand-to-one chance, but we've got to try it.

And so you see where the war guilt lay. The new Union of Funny Paper Heroes lost no time in marshalling its forces against Superman. Tracy appealed to the people in the next Sunday Edition, and crudely "explained" the war aims of his Allies. "We are fighting," he said, "to crush Supermanism once and for all. Our cause is the cause of humanity, whether humanity likes it or not."

The entire Comic Section, including Donald Duck, blamed the war on Superman. Buck Rogers promised an expedition from Mars. Flash Gordon offered to duel Superman at two miles with disintegrating pistols. Mandrake the Magician alluded darkly to a new war implement that would blast Superman out of existence. It seemed that Superman had his super-hands full. (*Super-smirks.*)

But these scoundrels were doomed. On January 15, Superman began his offensive. He marched across the Comic Page, smashing Joe Palooka, Pop-Eye, and Dynamite Dunn in twelve successive panels the first day. On Friday morning, Dick Tracy, Brick Bradford, Tailspin Tommy, and The Lone Ranger died in action. On Sunday, Tarzan and Charlie Chan, trapped in a pocket at the bottom of the Want Ads page, were forced to surrender. By February, the Allies were in full retreat, and Superman visited the outer planets, where he disposed of Rogers, Dixon, and Gordon.

The cowardly advertisers turned to Mandrake the Magician for advice. Mandrake had an ace in the hole. He sent a message to the planet Venus, asking for a woman of Superman's calibre who might persuade him to make peace before the Funny Papers had completely folded. Venus' answer came in the form of . . . Superdame! (*Shouts of "A Superdish!" and "Hurray for Supersex!"*)

But Mandrake's plan came a cropper. Not only did the American people fall for Superdame, but our two great Leaders fell for each other. Superdame declared she would fight by the side of her lover to eradicate the Little Orphan Annies, the Ella Cinders, the Tillie-the-Toilers and other female bores from the Funny Papers.

In vain the business men pleaded with the Invincible Pair. In vain renegade advertisers tried to secure cereal endorsements from them. Superman and Superdame refused to endorse any products; they even devoted three pages of the Sunday Comic Section, which they now fully controlled, to exposing the Advertising Age.

What happened then every Super-student knows. On January 20, the day of Roosevelt's inauguration, Superman made his epoch-shaking leap onto the front page.

The President ordered him to stop hogging the news and get back to the Second Section. In reply, Superman announced the coming of a blessed event: Superkid. American Civilization as They Knew It was doomed. The Age of Superman was at hand.

(*Prolonged super-cheers. Cries of "Wham!" and "Zowie!" echo through the hall as a chorus chants the Supernational Anthem.*) ⌗

I'M GETTING TIRED OF PLAYING SECOND FIDDLE TO THOSE WINTHROP LEISURE SHOES
Winthrop Shoes

THE WESTERNER
Antique Copper Tone.
Leather sole. ½ rubber heel
$5

THE SADDLER
Brown and Beige Kid
Triple deck rubber sole
$5

We knew we had a great shoe in the Westerner . . . but we didn't realize what a rip-snortin' bit of the Ol' West we really had until the Sultan gave his Westerners preference over his ladies. We don't say you'll prefer the Winthrop Westerner or Saddler to such lovely femininity, but we do believe you'll say they're the smartest, loafingest leisure shoes you've ever worn.

Write today for your dealer's name.

WINTHROP SHOES $6.85 to $8.85
Colonial Grades $5 to $6
Slightly Higher West of Rockies

WINTHROP SHOE COMPANY • Division: International Shoe Co. • **SAINT LOUIS**

The Yellow Man's Adolf

Continued from page 35

along with the shapely girls of the famed Takarazuka Opera, agreed on no more lipstick, rouge, pearls or rings in public. And the Geisha Girls Association, of Nagoya, agreed to abandon expensive silk kimonos and obi for dull-colored uniforms.

But this was only the beginning. Sixty of Tokyo's leading cartoonists were gathered together by one Z. Horikiri, of the Spiritual Mobilization League, and told to keep their drawings in tune with the stress of the times by henceforth confining themselves to subjects like exposes of illicit business deals, exalting of patriotic movements and public economy in consumption of substitute rice and substitute bread. The Tokyo Comic Story-Teller Association was put on the carpet and warned to stop telling stories that dealt with concubines or prostitutes and to limit themselves to 380 specially selected stories of spiritual value.

Then there were other niceties. All Tokyo taxi dance halls were advised to close their doors, and their 400 employees were ordered to become factory hands. Gramophone companies were told that swing and hot jazz was taboo, including such old Japanese favorites as *Dinah* and *Tiger Rag*. All women of the Empire were commanded to stop having permanent waves, and return to the coiffures of twelve centuries ago. Couples were advised to marry young and marry fast, but a new law permitted them to spend no more than five dollars on their weddings, explaining that, "Ceremonies should make up in sanctity what they lack in expense." A committee was appointed to visit each of the nation's 100,000 shrines, temples and churches and talk each into contributing sixteen and a half pounds of metal from its structure to give the New Structure a total of 825 tons of material for war weapons. Also, there was a law about rounding up all stray dogs, because the soldiers needed shoe leather.

And, while his people mulled these edifying morsels, Prince Konoye began formulating Japan's new and dynamic external policy. Here the sledding was hard. The army men now in control, extremists, unruly, disinterested in such minor problems as iron embargos, lack of oil, lack of mechanized forces, emphasized that the troops had one unbeatable weapon —*Nippon Seishin* or "Japanese Spirit"—and pressed Konoye and his cabinet for a firm foreign policy.

But first, of course, the China "Affair." What a mess. Three years adding up to Manchukuo and some poor provinces that Japanese laymen thought too cold to emigrate to. Three expensive years of chasing the Generalissimo and his Soongs. And no end in sight. Yet, the army could not stop fighting China. It would be a loss of "face." And so it decided upon a terrific scheme. Why not set up their own Chinese government in the conquered area, then make peace with that government—withdraw with plenty of "face"—and go on to bigger things? No sooner said than done. Mr. Wang Ching-wei, turncoat and poet, was set up as President of China in Nanking. Konoye sent ex-Premier Abe as Japan's Ambassador to China. Through August the sham was enacted. Some kind of peace was arranged. And today, though inexpert bombers of the Rising Sun continue to pour hail and hell on Chiang in Chungking, the Japanese army is in a position to gradually withdraw from China and march to the South.

In the South lay the Netherland East Indies, French Indo-China and Dutch Borneo, with enough vital materials to make Japan happy and more self-sufficient. But the United States wouldn't like that. It would rob Uncle Sam of tin and rubber. Well, to hell with the United States! The army forced Premier Konoye into something he didn't care to stomach, a Mutual Alliance Pact with Germany and Italy. That would certainly make the move South easier.

For a year Germans and Italians had been pouring into Tokyo. They filled the Imperial Hotel with gutterals, beer bottles and salutes. When the Pact was consummated, the Imperial Hotel hung out a huge Swastika where Ambassador Ott of Germany was lavish with his tips.

From today on, the Japanese army expects to show its people some very diverting maneuvers. But, believe me, the Empire's dictator is a brooding and unhappy man. Konoye, well educated, cosmopolitan, liberal, realizes that expansion to the South is something a bit more serious than the nonsense of the New Structure. He knows that when he wants to light a fire there are no matches; when he wants a bath, there's no water after nine; when he wants a solid meal, there isn't the food; when he wants a taxi, there's no gas. He knows what a war with the United States and Great Britain—with the Allies using an economic blockade as their main weapon—might do to the people of Japan. And, as a realist, he's afraid.

But, no matter what he thinks, Prince Fumimaro Konoye is dictator of a country that's well on its way to causing fireworks in the Pacific. In the near future, he may be forced to lead this country into a bitter and hopeless war—or, may yet, rip his strings and become the first puppet to talk back.

Either way, this strange, complex Japanese aristocrat, believed by seventy million countrymen to be a direct descendant of the Gods, will be in the news. As one of such importance, I thought it well to better make his acquaintance.

Prince Konoye comes from one of the five leading families in Japan. His paternal ancestor's face graces all ten-yen notes. Konoye's background enables him to be one of the few who can get chummy with the Emperor-God, and, it is said, Konoye is the only man alive who can slump in a chair before Hirohito, say "No" to him and wear informal attire in His presence.

Konoye's mother died a week after his birth. His father, President of the House of Peers, passed away at forty-one, but not before bemoaning, in a poem, that his orphan son must be "reared by nurses."

A moody lad, the Prince dropped his courses at the University of Tokyo to attend the smaller school at Kyoto because he wanted to hear the lectures of Professor Kawakami, a radical political science instructor and a Marx man. Here, Konoye began reading Tolstoi, got excited about social injustice, wrote a steaming pamphlet that no one except his relatives read—and finally, decided to forsake all his fancy titles, his aristocracy, his birthright and emigrate to the United States, land of equality and justice.

Before leaving, however, he decided to visit his father's dearest friend, the late Prince Kimochi Saionji, the Elder Statesman or Genro—who was a playmate of the Emperor Meiji, and who was until his death last fall at the Japanese age of 101, advisor to Hirohito and "official" nominator of Premiers.

"My first impression was not good," Konoye admitted later. "Because Saionji, though older, treated me like a superior, using the expression 'Your Excellency,' whereas I was only a humble student. I thought he was making a fool of me. So I didn't call on him again."

But Konoye did not emigrate to America, and *did* call on Saionji again. This meeting was different. The Elder Statesman took Konoye, as his secretary, to the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919. Here old Saionji created a fine scandal by bringing a 'teen aged geisha named Ohana (now abbess in a Tokyo nunnery) along as his mistress—and a bigger sensation when Woodrow Wilson presented her a pearl necklace. Konoye created no sensations, but, learned much.

When Konoye returned home, he forgot about social injustice, discarded Marx and Tolstoi, took his proper seat in the proper House of Peers—and, by 1933, was its President.

Konoye first became Premier in 1937. He assumed office entirely independent, with no party ties or subterranean obligations. He lasted one year and seven months. Before the end, he felt, for the first time, the pressure of the blunt, relentless army oligarchy. Earlier, the Marco Polo Bridge incident had sparked off the China "Affair." Konoye and his civilian ministers wanted to go easy in China. The thing was becoming too costly. But the army men, especially Baba and Araki, insisted on more vigor in China. A split came. The army pushed on further in China—and Konoye resigned, ungracefully.

Today, after a year to think it over, Prince Konoye, slightly mellowed and aware of who totes the sword, is back in the earthquake-proof, steel-vaulted Premier's residence.

"As a statesman," commented the editor of the *Nichi-Nichi*, "Prince Konoye still remains an unknown quantity in many respects . . . but with his high popularity coupled with his political acumen and force, he ought to be successful to some degree."

However, the yellow man's Adolf doesn't wear his dictatorial kimono comfortably.

First of all, he doesn't look like a dictator. He is slight, and very tall for a Japanese, in fact, too tall to sleep in Japanese Pullman berths. He hasn't much of a chin, much of a speaking voice and wears an expression of eternal boredom. His hands are feminine. He visits the barber seven times a month, never plays out a game of golf, is rarely punctual for appointments.

Secondly, his private life hasn't the exciting pornographic implications Hitler's or Mussolini's might have. Konoye married the second daughter of a renowned Viscount. She bore him two girls and two sons. Both girls married well, though one died a few months ago. The younger son, aged eighteen, is going to school in Tokyo. The older son, Masataka—"Butch" to you—went to Princeton, where he excelled in golf, was voted "The Most Likely To Succeed" and then flunked out. Butch is now at the China front. As to papa's private affairs, well, Konoye has probably had a mistress or two—Mr. Kubo, head of the Shimbashi Geisha Guild, told me, "Some of the leading men in Japan spend nights here, even Premiers." But in Japan, that's ordinary stuff.

Two other things make up this pseudo-dictator's anatomy—his sense of humor and his bad stomach. The sense of humor is surprising in one so gloomy and so constantly harassed by very unfunny army men. But, twice, Konoye appeared at public costume parties dressed as Charlie Chaplin's version of Adolf Hitler. And, at his first daughter's wedding, Konoye breezed in late, attired in his wife's evening gown!

However, the bad stomach is another matter. Konoye is a hypochondriac. He doesn't smoke, doesn't drink, boils all foods and sterilizes all fruits. He gets up a half-dozen times a night to take sleeping potions—but sleeps very well during Diet speeches! He spends half of his time on a sick-bed, though how much is genuine illness and how much is diplomatic genius, no one knows. For example, after the crimson revolt on that snowy February 26th of 1936, when a handful of army lads mowed down, among others, three Admirals—Konoye was offered the

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"It has to be GOOD to get me so excited!" ★

When are You going to try

Chrysler's Fluid Driving?

"Of course I had heard about *Fluid Drive* . . . who hasn't? But I didn't know it was so wonderful until we got our new Chrysler!

"This Chrysler has so much power, you just put it in 'high' and start off for anywhere . . . it pulls out of snow banks and mud holes . . . climbs hills . . . dashes away from a standing start . . . travels all day without your touching clutch or gearshift!

"Of course *Fluid Drive* is the magic that enables you to do all these things . . . but it's the enormous power of that Spitfire engine that gives you the extra thrill.

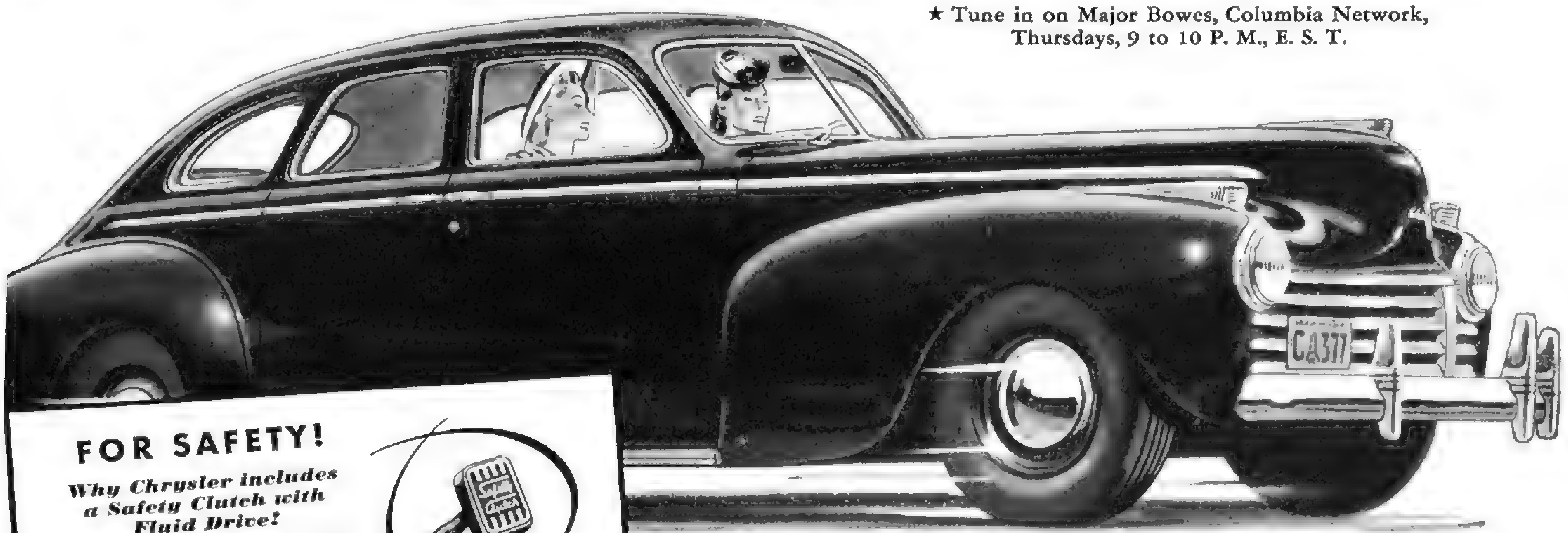
"Fred says that the Vacamatic transmission has something to do with it, too . . . it changes the power ratios, or something, like the variable-pitch propellers on a plane.

"Anyway, it's perfectly amazing that so much power can be so smooth and silent . . . and so economical!

"Why shift gears . . . when *Fluid Driving* is so much simpler, smoother, and easier? The minute you drive a Chrysler, you'll agree with me that there is no substitute for *Fluid Drive* . . . there just isn't anything in the world like it!

"I don't see how anybody can afford to buy any new car without seeing and driving a Chrysler!"

★ Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



FOR SAFETY!

Why Chrysler includes a Safety Clutch with Fluid Drive!

The Safety Clutch is like a lifeboat on a ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking . . . for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!

BE MODERN . . . *with Fluid Drive and Vacamatic Transmission*—

BUY CHRYSLER!

The Yellow Man's Adolf

Continued from pages 35-148

Premiership. But he became "ill," and remained in bed until another Premier had been selected. When the China "Affair" finally broke open, Konoye suffered a "heat stroke." When the army foisted the National Mobilization Law on the Diet, Konoye suffered a "bad cold" for a week, while the papers labeled it a "lie-down" strike.

A short time ago, after signing the Mutual Alliance Pact, Prince Konoye, using the "fireside chat" idea he'd picked up from F. D. R. while in the States on a vacation, informally addressed his people:

"Facing a period marked by a radical turn in world history, the Government, in accordance with the boundless will of the Emperor, has decided to proceed to co-operate with Germany and Italy for achievement of lasting peace and progress through conclusion of an agreement with these countries.

"It is possible to find a solution to things only by eradicating the inconsistencies which are rooted in the old world structure. Japan is left with no choice but to solve the China Incident, which is its immediate concern, while also participating in the great task of renovating the era of the entire world in which it has to assume an important role."

Immediately afterward, a statement was read from the Emperor, giving His Divine approval. Whereupon, according to the remarkable newspaper *Hochi*, "Premier Konoye was so affected by the manner in which the Emperor was pleased to permit a change in Japan's foreign policy, that large tears welled in his eyes, his hands trembled and his voice quavered—and he was not able to sleep a wink all the following night."

But I'm still puzzled. I'm not so sure Konoye wept out of pure joy. But then, maybe the army oligarchy, who clubbed him into the deal, and toward certain aggression that Japan is not prepared for, would better know.

I don't. But I *do* know the people of Japan are beginning to think, again, of a very un-idealistic item, to wit—their bellies. ⧺

The End of a Long Journey

Continued from page 33

arbors. If you look close you can see a low white wall and a gate."

"Yes. I know the place. It belongs to an old man."

"An old man? How old?"

"Very old and most respected."

"And he is still alive?"

"Yes. But he has a secret longing in his heart and this longing is quickly consuming his remaining years."

"How could you know this?"

"Because he prays to the Lord so often."

"A fine man like that. I wonder what he could so desire?"

"What he desires, no money could purchase."

"How do you know that?"

"Because he is a rich man. And he is not only rich but generous."

"How do you know he is generous?"

"Because only last week I chanced to pass his gate. He sent a servant after me and begged that I come into the garden and rest myself. And while I was resting he ordered that refreshments be brought."

"And do you think that he would do the same for others? If I, for instance, passed his gate—look at my face, my feet, my hands; see the rags on my back! —would he also. . . . No!"

"Yes. He would."

"You do not know! Ah, how little you really know!"

"That is true, my son. We know little. The heart of one man is hidden from the other. But the old man understands everyone and everything. Go to his gate and he will give you food."

"How am I to go? Must I stand there with my cap in my hand and wait until I am seen? Must I hold my hand out as a beggar begs for a crust?"

"No. Merely go."

"Never!" cried the wild youth. "For two days and two nights I have been here and now I am ready to go on. The land is wide, the world is large, it is full and it is rich."

"But one cannot run away from the loneliness in one's own heart. Wherever one goes that is ever there."

"You speak wisely," said the youth. "Perhaps you might know of a certain Prophet who lives in these parts. It is reported that He is wise and understands the hidden secrets in the soul of man. I have been told that He performs miracles and I have need of such, for nothing less could cure my illness."

"What is the name of this Prophet? There are many prophets."

"The One I seek is named Christ of Nazareth."

"Yes. I could tell you where you might find Him. But before you start out from this place I will wash your feet and bring you some refreshment."

"My feet!" said the youth in astonishment. "You would wash my feet!"

"Yes. It will refresh you."

"You have water and a basin with you?"

"No. I will go to the rich farm below and I will say to the old man that there is one, a youth, who has come from very far and he has in his face tenderness and love. He will lend me a copper basin and he may also offer some bread and meat. These I will bring here promptly."

"No, no, no! Not even a crust. Tell me where I can find the Prophet. He is the One I now seek, Only a miracle would cure my malady."

"He is in these parts. He wanders about and at the very moment I think I know where He could be found. Only . . ."

"Only what?"

"The sun is now setting. You would have to hurry and . . . But before I tell you where He is, I would like you to tell me why, for two days and nights, you have been on this spot. And why you wanted to send me away so rudely, only a few minutes ago."

"Forgive me," said the youth. "I was troubled. There was bitterness in my heart. I was envious and consumed with jealousy. All these things are true and more. But now I feel differently. I breath more easily. And I do not mind telling you the real reason. Listen carefully, for you may not believe what I am about to tell you. Here, this very spot where we now sit under the trees, this whole hill and a good part of the rich valley which you can see below, all this once was mine. And more too which you cannot see. Cattle, houses, stores, wine, gold, silver, silks . . . I could not begin to count it all. Now look at me. That pile of patched rags, which I call my coat, that is now my only possession. You may think that a great injustice has been done. No. I am a victim of nothing but my own folly. My own stupidity and wickedness are the cause. The fine old man who sent his servant running after you is my father. I am pleased to hear what you tell me. I am glad to learn he is still alive; but I doubt if I will ever see his face. It would be a miracle."

"That is why you seek the Prophet?"

"Yes. Only He could advise me. It is now many years since I left. And I left in haste and with anger. I quarreled with my elder brother and I went to my father and said to him: 'Must I wait until you die before I may claim my portion?' I said this! My father looked at me and replied that he could divide everything between his two sons and that I could take my portion at once. 'Give it to me now,' I said. And so the land was valued and also the cattle and buildings and the money counted and I took my share in gold and jewels. My father went to the gate to say farewell to me but I did not reply to him. And I did not even turn around for a last look. First I went to Jerusalem, where I lived gaily. Then I journeyed to Arabia, seeking fortune, and finally I went to Persia. Here I lost all and I hired myself out to a farmer. A famine came to our land and we had very little to eat. But our hogs had plenty. They were fed husks and other things which we ourselves could not eat. And often at night as I lay weary and hungry, I thought of my father's house. And I thought of his servants. Never did I hear of one of my father's servants going hungry. There was always bread enough for all. But I sold my share and it was not possible to return. I wandered here and there and I have endured hunger in many lands. At length my feet have brought me to this spot. And that is why, as I sat here, overlooking what once belonged to me, and secretly feasting my eyes on what is no longer mine, that is why I was angry at your being here also. But now it is done. I have feasted my eyes for two days and I will depart. See, here come several of your friends. They are hailing you from the distance."

At His right He could see several of His disciples returning.

"Supposing," He said to the youth, "that the old man himself should be among these companions of mine. Supposing he suddenly appeared here, what would you do?"

"I would throw myself on my knees and say that I have sinned against heaven and against him and that I was not worthy to be called his son. Gladly would I be his hired servant. Gladly!"

"You say it with all your heart."

"I mean it truly. But see. Here come more of your companions from the other direction. There must be five or six together. I must hurry on. Tell me now, where I will find the Prophet."

"Yes. Hurry before the twilight thickens. Follow the path down into the valley and toward the very place you know so well. Fear not. When you get close to the wall, pause for a moment to have a good look about the place. Sometimes the Prophet sits in the shade of the garden wall, but at this hour when the sun is down He often wanders about. When you come close, pause and look about. If He is there He will see that you are looking for Him and He will hail you with His staff."

"Does He stay often beside my father's house?"

"Yes, often. Hurry on or you will miss Him."

The youth threw his ragged coat over his shoulders and started down the hill. His feet seemed to know how to find every turn in the path.

When the disciples came to the place where they were to meet the Master, they found Him looking far off into the distance.

"See," He said to them. "There goes a youth who once was lost and now is found. See him hesitate and look about. He cannot find what he is seeking. And his feet move slowly toward the gate. Now see. His father stands at the gate and the youth has fallen to his knees. At last! At last he is home. The prodigal son has returned." ⧺

ON THE MARCH Coronet

With the March issue, Coronet is definitely on the "march." Sharp increases in sales prove that each issue is finding a host of new friends in addition to Coronet's enthusiastic regular readers. And small wonder. For underneath America's most beautiful magazine cover are 160 sparkling pages of diversified entertainment, including not only things to read, but also things to look at and things to do! Here are just a few of the many features which make the new March issue of Coronet your biggest pocket-size magazine money's worth:

CORONET
25¢
MARCH
MY ADVICE TO CHURCHILL by H. G. Wells
Kraus, August Derleth, Eve Curie, Louis Zara, Genevieve Tabouis

things to read

Is Mussolini's Number Up? . . . Geneviève Tabouis knows the European scene better than any living woman. And her prophecy is noteworthy for its first-handedness.

My Advice to Churchill . . . H. G. Wells leads you into the innermost sanctums of English war-leadership, revealing the off-guard opinions of England's strategists.

Peru's Five-Year-Old Mother . . . Two years ago, papers related that a five-year-old girl had given birth to a healthy baby. Now, Coronet introduces you to the youngest mother in the history of the world.

Yesterday is Dead . . . Another Coronet Bookette. Stuart Cloete's brilliant evaluation of our world . . . is rightly a national best-seller. Now, in condensed, interest-packed form . . . a complete 6,000-word Coronet book-within-a-book.

things to look at

Three more full natural color double-page gatefolds, including the complete plans and drawings for *The Coronet House of Earth*, a beautiful *Nude Photographic Study* by Paul Garrison and a handsome *English Coaching Print.*

World Criers Around the Dial . . . Candid shots and personality sketches of the seven most listened-to radio newscasters in the world . . . revealing their most intimate working habits.

Coronet's regular 32-page section of full-page, story-telling photographs . . . the world as seen through the lenses of the best cameras of today. Here's real proof that "one good photograph is worth 1,000 words of descriptive prose."

things to do

Test your knowledge of the world's raw materials with Coronet's fifty "Nature in the Raw" questions. Today, America's future and the future of the world depend to a great degree on the availability of certain raw products. How many do *you* know?

Send for your choice of any of the three colorful gatefolds described at left . . . absolutely free! All that's needed is the coupon contained in each copy of March Coronet. Your gatefold will then be shipped to you promptly . . . unfolded, ready for framing!

Help edit Coronet by sending in your own experiences. There are liberal cash awards.

COMING IN APRIL CORONET

(On Sale March 21st)

Gracie Allen asks, "Do You Pamper Your Husband?"; René Kraus, famous biographer of Winston Churchill, reveals the inside facts on why "Hitler Despises German-Americans"; and Pearl S. Buck, Maurice Maeterlinck, Rockwell Kent, plus many others bring an amazing variety of entertainment features . . . things to read . . . things to look at . . . things to do.

38 FEATURES IN ALL

MARCH

CORONET

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THE "Pace-Setter" Suit
by Raleigh

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 8

ON DISCOVERING THAT LIFE IS SORDID

I am seventeen. ("That's no excuse," I can hear you saying. "Look at Lois Andrews.") I go to college, am reasonably intelligent, and not unsophisticated. I've relished your cartoons ever since I was twelve, read my share of Zola and D. H. Lawrence, and laughed immoderately at Dwight Fiske and his ilk. Yet it seems that I've led a sort of charmed life, for having early been steeped in the King Arthur-Captain Blood tradition, it appears that I've come, unscathed, through the swill that later was my lot, still firmly believing that the ultimate intentions of my fellow men were noble. However, the February issue did a lot to shatter my illusions. The whites corrupt an Indian boy, a low-life issues an invitation to all and sundry to come and take advantage of the Tahitians, and a sot gives detailed instructions on how to drink your way through South America and sleep off your hangovers in an airplane. Tell me, ESKY, have I just been brought to a rude and sudden awakening? Are all men dominated by the base qualities your magazine appeals to? Or, may I hope that somewhere, there exists at least one man with the soul of Richard Haliburton and the honor of the Amateur Gentleman?

Yours sincerely,

Brooklyn, N. Y. CAROL

P.S. Though I, too, am a blonde from Flatbush, you can see we're not *all* like Diana.—But don't get me wrong. I still relish your cartoons.

BRODY ADDENDA

I have followed Iles Brody's "Man the Kitchenette" with reasonable consistency, sufficient to rate me as a Brody "fan," but having tastes that run more on the side of "Plain Grub" I cannot lay any claims to being a Gourmet. I'll coast along in the "Corned Beef and Cabbage" group.

Undoubtedly Brody has been around a bit and I wonder what his ideas are on New England Yankee cooking, particularly Fish? Having partaken of that atrocity known as Manhattan Clam Chowder, how does he feel about the New England style? By what vivid stretch of imagination can that spiced-up concoction of vegetable soup, canned tomatoes, chopped peppers, and dish-water in which someone may have swished around a so-called clam tied to a string, known as the Manhattan variety, lay claim to being called Clam Chowder anyway?

To call it Clam Chowder you've got to have Clams in it—by Clams I mean those delectable long-neckers with soft-shells, sometimes called by another term, apropos of their tendency to squirt a little stream of water at you while being dug from the Clam Flats, and not those hard-shelled Quohogs which turn to rubber on cooking, masquerading as Clams in Restaurants.

For serving 6 people, you need one quart (liquid measure) of these long-neckers (the Ipswich-Essex Massachusetts district variety) when shucked-out. Trim-off only the long necks, saving the bellies and side strips including by all means the juice. This procedure follows, first slice-off about one-quarter pound of Fat Salt Pork into rashers and fry-out until crisp, in a large iron spider (frypan to you). Remove the crisp rashers and nibble on them between Saltines while you are working on the rest of the Chowder, they'll substitute for Hors d'Oeuvres with the drinks! In the hot fat in the spider lightly brown six average-sized onions that have been sliced-up, pour these, fat and all, into the Chowder Kettle. Next, dice-up into cubes roughly three-quarters inch square, six good-sized Irish Potatoes and add to the kettle with the onions, cover with water and boil until potatoes are nearly done (about 20 minutes), then add your Clams plus their juice and cook the whole until potatoes are thoroughly done (another 10 minutes), then add two quarts of milk and let it simmer, not boil, on back of the stove until ready to serve.

If you can get hold of any, a beneficial addition is to use a dozen Marblehead HARD crackers, split in halves and soaked in milk until soft (about half-hour), add these to the kettle the last thing. Let the individual salt and pepper to taste on being served. That Boys and Girls IS a Chowder.

Fish Chowder is made on the same idea with this variation, boil separately in cheese-cloth until done (about 20 to 25 minutes) four to five pounds of whole Fresh Haddock, head and all. Remove skin and bones putting meat and juice back into the Chowder just when the potatoes are done, add the milk and simmer on back of stove, not forgetting the Hard Crackers if you can get them.

Has Brody ever had a "Corned-Fish Dinner"? I don't mean that dried, salt-cod affair, I mean the Fresh-Corned species. Can he tell us why every well-known, "Big Name" dining establishment universally persists boastfully in serving "BROILED Live Lobsters," when such sacrilegious treatment ruins the most delectable Epicurean delight the Good Lord blessed our Oceans with? Why not Baked Live Lobsters, or Plain Boiled hot or cold? Baking Lobsters is a bit tricky to the uninitiated but the rewards are great when the knack of it has been accomplished, it takes time and patience but it's well worth it. How's about it friend Brody, can we get together?

Appreciatively yours,

Philadelphia, Pa. RICHARD TUTT, JR.

NATIVE SON GOES NATIVE

Our compliments on the comprehensiveness of "Winter Sports and the Forest Service," by John Tunis. I would have liked to add "orchids for its accuracy." But can't.

Hope the balance is not as bad as the California paragraphs and that every native son who is threatening to upbraid you, hasn't. Here are a few:

Sierra Nevada *Range* is repetitive, as Sierra Nevada means Snowy Range and we never add the word.

Mt. Lassen is not our northerly skiing outpost. Mt. Shasta some 80 miles further north is, with skiing eight months in the year and possible glacier skiing on six live glaciers all year around.

"Four or five months" is shorter than any year I have skied in the past 16 years. Our first tournament is on Thanksgiving day and our last and biggest (with worldwide list of entries) the Inferno on the last day of June—seven months and over. Not on thin patches of snow but on course several miles long.

For some benighted reason Tunis repeats an age old myth that Tahoe is a ski resort. Once upon a time a tournament was held there and received national recognition. Now, it has fair skiing of a very minor kind with a score of better places. It is not in the north but in almost the very center of California, with a dozen bigger resorts further north. "Norden, near Donner Pass" is one of a score on that road and is not "350 miles from San Francisco" but 176 only. Etc. etc.

Tell Tunis to come out and we'll show him around, meanwhile we'll be glad to check any further articles on our fair State—free of charge.

Cordially,

OLIVER KEHRLEIN
Ski Editor, San Francisco Examiner

ON MAYHEM IN MODERATION

Apropos of *Mayhem at the Box Office* by Leo Fischer in your March number, I believe that every first class high school or college today takes proper care of their players and we don't have trouble. Medical exams, careful conditioning that brings a team along slowly is all important. Also I feel a coached system gives the proper rest to each man that is needed, for his proper rest during a game. In city leagues, gym classes, and church ball there are many young men playing the game that don't have medical exams, conditioning, or supervision. Trouble may result here as it does in sand lot football, but the turnstiles don't click here either.

We at Wisconsin are of the old school and do not play race horse basketball. In other words we set up plays most of the time, try to control the ball, and attempt to break only when the door is open. Our average this year is over forty points a game and our fans like it as we have the best attendance of any school in the Western Conference. Our players don't lose any more weight in a game now than they did ten years ago and after a ball game are able to shower and dress themselves and feel pretty happy if we've won the game. Since I've been coaching and playing at Wisconsin I've never heard of a former player having any after effects from basketball that were bad.

Please don't get me in a fight with Leo Fischer as he is a pal of mine, but I'm pretty sure that his fears for the game will apply only to those who shouldn't be playing the game anyway. Once I knew a man that had orders not to drink, but he did and it killed him. On the other hand I know other men that drink a lot and it doesn't seem to hurt them a bit. There may be some reasoning like the above mixed up in your basketball story.

Last year a fellow coach held a stop watch on fifteen college players in the National College Tourney at Kansas City. He found that the average time that they moved faster than a walk was a little over twelve minutes out of the forty. This doesn't seem too hard on a young man that has practiced for several months, is in training, and was found to be of strong body.

Sincerely yours,

Univ. of Wisconsin Madison, Wis. H. E. Foster
Coach of Basketball

A FAREWELL TO PHELPS

Congratulations to Esquire for surprising its readers so unexpectedly! Good old Esky has managed to come through with a bang and a crash in an article that dares to disagree with the general consensus of opinion of John Q. Public. Could it be that Esky is hard up for material? Billy Phelps has managed to prove to his fans that he has a mind of his own by stating that "For Whom—" is a poor attempt at literature because:

1. It contains a description covering 27 pages.
2. On page 407 there is a sentence containing 143 words.
3. Because the author substitutes the word "obscenity" for more particular concreteness.
4. The characters sweat.

It might be interesting to note that Mr. Phelps has written exactly 16 paragraphs of vague criticism, the longest of which is a quotation from "Impressions and Opinions" by George Moore. He might have substituted for this paragraph the three words of the above listed number 4.

The description of "tortures" was nothing of the kind. The method of killing was necessary to save ammunition. It was drawn out to show how the local boys reacted under those conditions.

The fact that Mr. Hemingway called the Civil War the Civil War pleases Mr. Phelps. Mr. Phelps also thinks we should aid Britain. It is also interesting to know that he liked Anne Lindbergh's "North to the Orient" and "Listen the Wind" and that he didn't like "The Wave of the Future." Mr. Phelps hates communism. In his criticism of "For Whom—" Mr. Phelps very cleverly inserts many interesting points (28 paragraphs) which have nothing whatsoever to do with the title of the article.

I agree with Mr. Phelps in regard to the quotation from Page 333 beginning, "Concentrating on his report."

In a slightly off-hand manner I would like to mention the case of the struggling student who, in vain effort to fulfill the required "fourteen pages" for an English theme, "spreads it on thick," "slings the bull" about everything in general except the topic of the title and gets a failing mark because of it.

I have loved Mr. Phelps dearly but it pains me to see him not only getting away with such an amateur trick but getting paid for it.

Sincerely,

Boston, Mass. Marjorie M. Brawn

P.S. I think "For Whom the Bell Tolls," though not monumental, is a landmark for literature of this age.

LADY TAKE A BOW

Please write me a letter giving me your candid opinion of a man who wears *bow ties* to the complete exclusion of *all* ties. It's bow ties, morning, noon and night.

It's driving me to drink. Tell me what *you* think.

Compton, Calif. Barbara Tuthill

P.S. I can't think any more.

FIGHTING WORDS

I notice in your January issue that two of your readers are all wrought up over the "Varga" girl. One who signs himself Haroun-al-Rashid nearly wrote a book on the subject. He is either a very old man with a very poor memory or a very stupid young one with nothing to remember.

The Varga girl, in the opinion of everyone to whom I have talked, is tops. The Petty girl, at best, cannot approach her. The punkest example of a Petty girl I've seen in years is proudly (?) displayed in January Esquire on gatefold opposite Page 41.

Petty, perhaps knowing his worst failing, has in this instance covered the legs, which are always disgustingly "horsey" from the knee down. However this poor girl's face is very poorly outlined. In fact it's rather hazy. Her hair is a color which Our real Creator never approaches. *No doubt on purpose.* Why waste your paper, Esquire?

Would you care to compare the rather trashy looking redhead to the sleek, sophisticated, interesting looking Varga girl opposite page 72 in January Esquire?

The features are clear, the hair a *natural* color. She looks clean and rather refined, the sort of person you could take anywhere proudly which is more than you could say for that dyed-in-the-vat Petty creation.

I'll wager more of your readers will agree than disagree on this point.

Wanna bet?

Charleston, W. Va. J. H. W.

SIGNIFYING SOMETHING

I never seem to hear of a new magazine before it gets started and has settled the name of its 'letters to the editor' page or column. You have a good one, *Sound & Fury*, but I think I have a better one for any paper that will print letters on both sides of a question. My suggestion is, yes—no—perhaps. The "Perhaps" is to include those who don't take sides. You have heard the old story:—A politician who says "Yes," means perhaps. When he says "Perhaps," he means no; but if he says "No," he is no politician. Perhaps you have heard the modern version:—When a lady says "No," she means perhaps. When she says "Perhaps," she means yes; but if she says "Yes," she is no lady.

Sincerely yours,

Bernard Rowntree

Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

Continued at top of page 155

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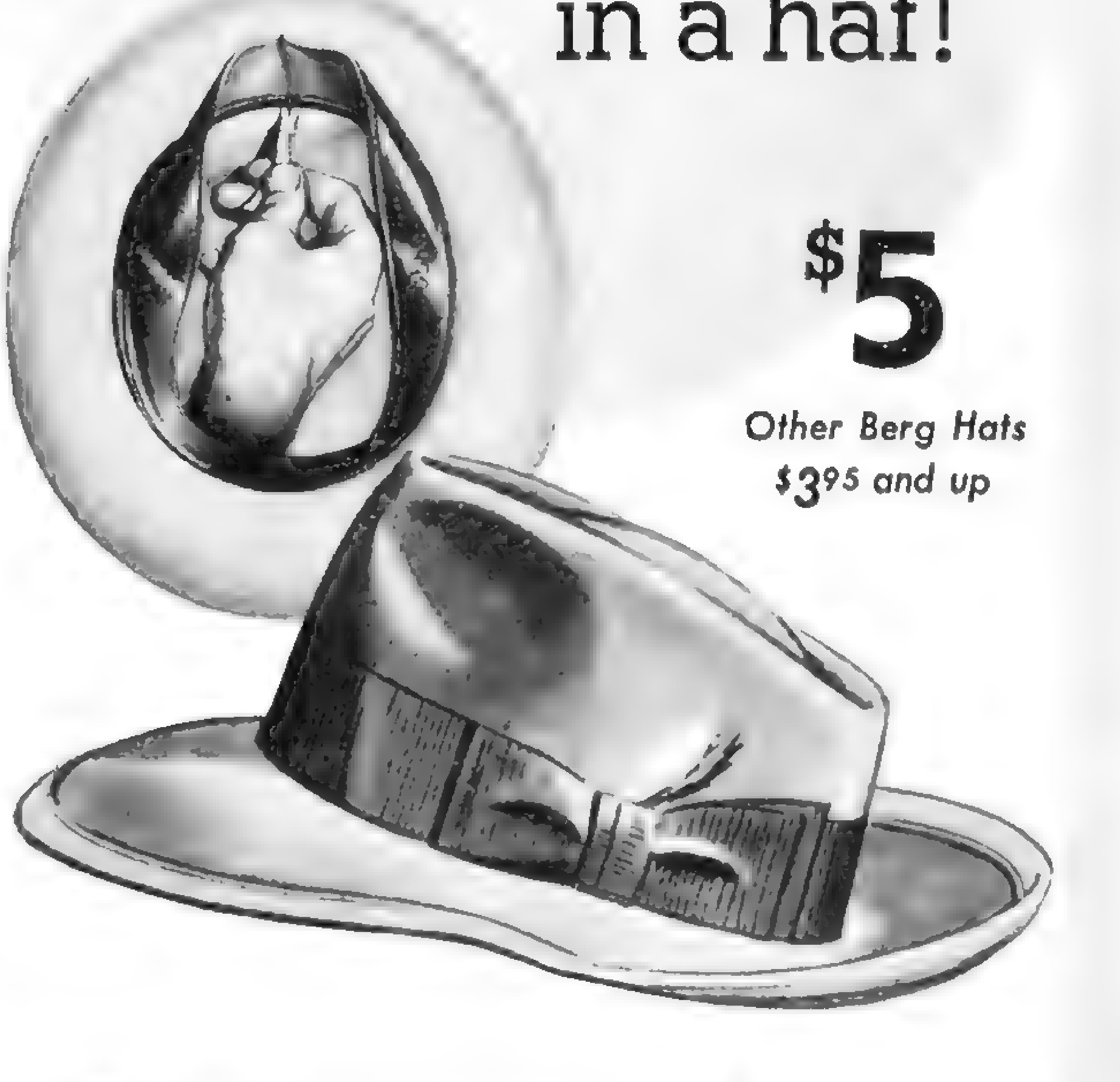

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LOOKING AHEAD WITH THE Varga GIRL

or THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

According to the old legend, Lilith came before Eve. Adam, it seems, found in her only a foretaste of pleasures to come—Lilith being little more than a shadow, a passing suggestion, nothing you could put your hands on . . .

Foretastes were also common in Greek stories. Take the case of Paris. The Goddess gave Paris promises, visions, even a kind of Hellenic Gypsy Rose Lee come-on, long before he was able to get hold of Helen of Troy in her fleshly form. You remember, of course, that prehistoric Gallup poll on beauty—decided with an apple.

Well, the Varga Girl has already gone through those evanescent stages. You saw the drawing of the first Varga Girl, lush as the Medici Venus. You saw the seasonal variations, the moods, humors, and tintinnabulating sweetnesses of her—in the Varga Calendar.

But both of those unveilings, we admit, were little more than the variations of visions and dreams and promises that Venus conjured up for the restless Paris. They were not very tangible. Their form was for the eye, not the long tapering fingers; they would scarcely yield to the touch; and only in the wildest phantasy could you squeeze their mortal forms—the way you would squeeze a lichee nut.

But wait a month, a short month—some thirty morns. The Varga Girl, bathed in new magics, anointed with the dream-twisting milk of unicorns, fragrant with the delights of pleasure's pastures, will come to you in more pliant form—to while away the darkling hours.

Thirty days more—by the will of Allah. Then the seneschals will deliver up the waiting pearl of the Prophet's paradise neatly bound, and ripe for the games to follow. Thrice ten times the sun will rise; then the hillocks of Ispahan, smooth as the eggs of the starry ibis . . . the long gleaming limbs, lithe as a Damascus rapier . . . these, all these, will be stacked in the palms of your palsied hands.

Scatter cushions around your kiosks, fellaheen. Hang banners on your minarets . . . and polish up your *hookahs*—the nights of Ramadan will soon be on us.

IN THE JUNE ISSUE

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-153

CALLING THE SHOTS FOR BILLY PHELPS

A couple of months ago I intended to write you the sincere request to, if you insisted on keeping him, exercise some judicial, editorial restraint on the chaotic meanderings of William Lyon Phelps.

But I'm afraid that now my request must turn into just another howl of disgust from a frustrated Furyman.

Your own editorial page declaims your aversion to brandishing a blue pencil over the work of any of your contributors, so that's that. And my own conviction is that a critic should not be severely nudged away from his muse lest the purity of his critique be necessarily contaminated.

But——. If I have ever seen a critic straining for a logical objection to a book that has not pleased him, even though his displeasure arises from within the narrow confines of his own psychosis and has nothing to do with the shortcomings of the book—— and I do mean straining, it is Phelps cocking a rheumy eye at the characters of Hemingway's "For Whom" and totting up demerits because they don't *think!* Or rather, because what they *thought* was not the focus and vehicle of the story.

He says "Novelists are right in drawing our attention to the unclassed, but they are not in insisting that such men and women are more interesting than those with brains."

Yet isn't it true that it is the *action*, the crawling, subordinated, completely futile action of the tiny little people in the book that builds into something real in the minds of the readers the fact that the tragedy of the whole story is in the obvious futility of any individual *thought* on their parts? And isn't it true that the whole sorry mess that was Spain was focussed around the fact that the "unclassed" people were the victims of the *thoughtlessness* that is Power Politics? And isn't it true that Hemingway never intended that it be thought he meant that his people were more interesting than the story their actions told? And isn't it also true that the whole impact of the book went over Phelps' head like a flock of migratory fowl? Since when can the intricate, bloody, factuality that is modern war be written of in terms of the intellectual cogitations of its victims? And how can the reader, sitting in the comfort and safety of his library, be persuaded to grasp the horrible reality that war really is if he is exposed only to the Olympically detached mental processes of those who, being in the midst of it, have the time or the safety to pause long enough to give it a thought?

If you don't like Hemingway, Mr. Phelps, take another shot. You're coming in from the wrong angle.

Respectfully,
Jackson, Miss. A. A. HUFFSTUTLER

APPLAUSE À LA CARTE

For years I have humbly submitted to the dictates of our modern 'Horror Club,' to which all good critics belong. No matter how my intelligence was insulted I persistently, and painfully, struggled through volume after volume of literary trash in quest of the causes for almost universal critical acclaim. Needless to say, I was never successful, so finally I came to the conclusion that all critics were either sheep or idiots (the raving variety).

Now your Mr. Phelps comes out in the February issue and proves the exception to the rule with his emphatic refusal to join the praise shouting chorus boys in Mr. Hemingway's latest production. Thank you Mr. Phelps, and count me on your side in the battle you are going to have with those other lame brains who take their reading Table d'Hote.

In sincere gratitude,
New York, N. Y. RALPH DEAN

I Lost My Hedy

Continued from page 60

have to bother her pretty head trying to think up something to say. Just sit there and nod once in a while.

She looked at me curiously, and, if I may so, rather lovingly, for a minute. Then she laughed.

She lifted her chin and looked at me and laughed, then she took charge of the situation.

And of me.

And now you can try this one on your flute:

She'll be one of Hollywood's top actresses, in lighter, funnier, more spirited roles, within a year. She's a comedienne, and a peach. The score at the third beer:

Humor, A.

Intellectual qualities, A.

Sex appeal (sorry), B.

All right, she's through laughing at the joke she's told on herself, and now I sit there looking at her, and I'm mighty sorry I have told her to forget me. That was a mistake. Suddenly I have an impulse to say something. Maybe a million others have had the same impulse. The difference is, I say it:

"Hedy, I love you."

Her first name, by the way, is Hedwig, which is pronounced, where she comes from, something like Haydveek. So when you say Hedy, you say Haydy.

"Haydy, I love you."

She drinks the last of her coffee and touches the napkin to her incomparable lips. They're a bit too inclined to wander out of bounds when viewed head on, but in profile they're damn incomparable. "You must forget me," she says softly. "Just," she adds, breaking my heart, "as I forgot you."

"You mean," I falter, "there's-somebody else?"

She can only nod, which indicates to me that she is hiding her true emotions.

"Where?" I ask. Maybe it's just an old flame back in Vienna.

She glances at the clock. "On stage 16," she says.

"You mean right here on the lot?"

"Yes."

"Who is he?"

"His name's Gable. He's waiting for me now. Please come with me."

Okay, Haydy.

* * *

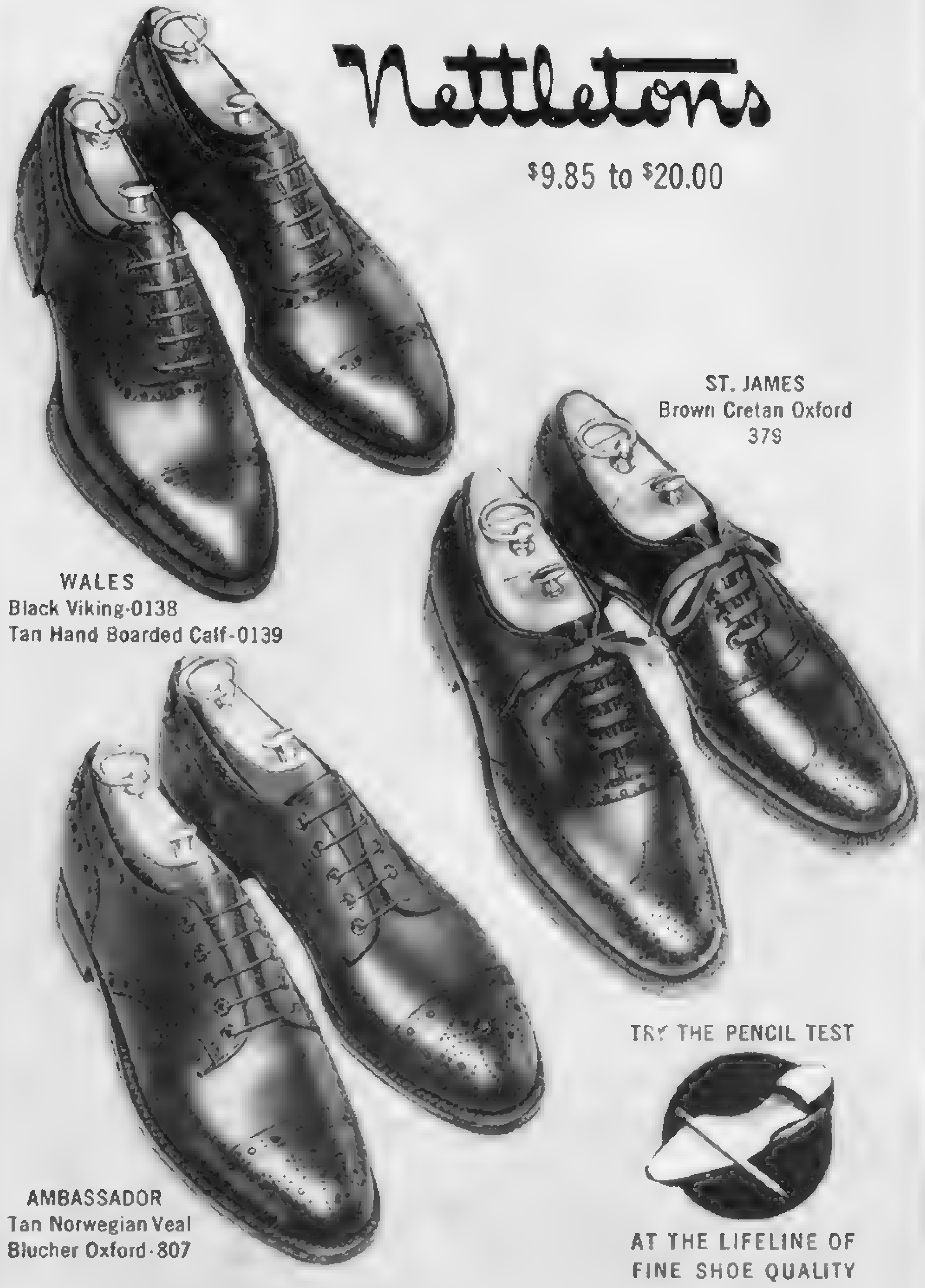
Well, they have built this dungeon, it is supposed to be in Russia, and they have this actor on hand, this Gable. He and Hedy and some old man, I don't know who, walk into this dungeon, see, and the old coot sits down on a stone slab and begins to cry. It seems they are in jail.

So Hedy sits down beside him and kisses him on the cheek and tells him not to cry, this is just

Continued on page 156

ON THE RIGHT FOOTING

When you prepare your wardrobe for town and country this season bear this in mind: The difference in cost between Nettletons and commonplace shoes has narrowed so perceptibly, that never before has it been so MUCH to your advantage to buy the superb product of Nettleton shoemaking. The pronounced swing to Nettletons enables us to price them CONTRARY TO THE TREND!



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I Lost My Hedy

Continued from pages 60-155

another clink. It is a very fine, tender gesture, and I am all for it. Then what? Then she stands up and throws her lovely arms around the neck of this other fellow, this Gable, and kisses him, and it is not a polite peck and it is not on the cheek.

This does not set well with me. But it doesn't last long, it's soon over, and I'm glad it's over and I sit back and relax.

"Let's rehearse that again."

I look over toward the camera. King Vidor, the director, is standing there. He waves his hand at the dungeon. "Another rehearsal."

I see. That was just a rehearsal, and now they're going to rehearse again. A chill goes up my spine and I am very bitter. So they can't do a simple thing like that the first try. They got to do it over. How much you slipping Vidor on the side, Gable, so you can do it over? Listen, Gable, do you want me to be your stand-in for the rehearsal? Hell, no, Gable, you wouldn't want me to be your stand-in for the rehearsal, would you? You big ham.

So they try it again, but something goes wrong, maybe this bum didn't kiss her long enough, and they try it a couple more times and finally they get it right, and the palms of my hands are wet and I have chewed up my cigarette. Then, so help me, the director, the idiot Vidor, wants to try it with a different lighting effect.

While they're waiting for the lights to be shifted, Hedy and Gable stand there watching, and he puts his arm around her. How do you like that? It's not even in the story. This big clown isn't satisfied with doing the kissing scene ten times over, he has to invent some new idea, he has to make up a whole new plot. Maybe he thinks he's a script writer. Hey, you! HEY! Let go of the woman of my dreams, will you?

Well, they get the lights set, and they do the scene, and right after the kiss Gable blows a line of dialogue, and they'll have to shoot the whole thing AGAIN.

Take him out!

Kill him!

Whoever told you you could act?

I walk around the set, seething within. What has this Gable got that I haven't got? I pass Vidor at the camera. "Look at his ears," I say out of the corner of my mouth, sneeringly. I sit down heavily in a canvas chair. Let the chair break if it wants to. Let the whole set fall down. Let Gable stand in the dungeon, there, and we'll spring Hedy and the old fellow, then close the gates on Gable, and get a stonemason and have him cement up the whole—

Oh, oh! They are moving the camera back, out of position. So that's it. Vidor has decided to use the first shot, never mind the new lighting. Good old Vidor, my pal. They are getting ready for the next scene. The camera is now a good twenty feet back. This evidently is going to be a long shot. The actors take their positions. The old duck sits down on the stone slab and begins to cry again. What the hell. Does he cry through the whole picture? Hedy sits down beside him, and pecks at his cheek.

The horrible truth stabs me. This is the same old thing, with a different camera angle. This scum, Vidor, wants a different camera angle. My enemy, Vidor. Vidor, the no-good. Take him away.

As in a nightmare I hear the familiar lines. Hedy is telling the elderly gent that this is just another clink. She is standing up. Gable—

He is kissing her again!

I open my eyes after the scene is over. Gable is strolling over my way. Now is my chance. I'll pulverize him.

"Listen," I ask him bitterly, "how many times do you feel you have to kiss my girl?"

He gives me an ugly leer.

"Hang around," he says.

Oh yes, I'll hang around. Maybe.

Out in God's sunshine I breathe deeply, and the cool air is a tonic to my feverish lungs.

* * *

Jules Buck calls me up. He is a photographer. He says, "Well, I'm going out to take the Lamarr pictures today, for the Esquire story."

This is the next day.

"There is no Esquire story," I tell him. "It didn't come out the way I figured. But look, I'll go out with you and we'll take the pictures anyway."

Jules is silent a minute. Then he says, "Why?"

"Well," I tell him, "they have got this dungeon, see, and the old man sits down on the stone slab, maybe he's her father, I don't know, and he starts to cry because they're in jail. So Hedy tells him to never mind, then she stands up and turns to this other fellow—"

"I know all that," Jules says.

"Anyway," I go on, "he kisses her, six hundred rehearsals. This actor."

"You mean Clark Gable?"

"I didn't catch his first name. What I have in mind is, I'll go with you while you take the picture, this Gable won't be there, and while you're taking the pictures I can win her back from him. See what I mean?"

"Yes," Jules says, "I see what you mean, all right. But it won't work."

"Why? What has Gable got that I—"

"Look," he says, "what time were you on the set?"

"Right after lunch."

"You should have stayed longer. About four o'clock he married her."

I hung up.

I went to the kitchen and got a bottle of whiskey out of the cupboard and poured myself a quadruple one.

On the house, darling. On the house. #

First Nights & Passing Judgments

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me, he hesitatingly concluded to do some more rewriting. In due course I read that script too, and boorishly purveyed the hint that it was not only worse than the second but even worse than the first. What was even ruder of me, I suggested it might be a fine idea to throw the whole thing in the wastebasket and forget all about it.

As an example of my great influence over my friend, he went right out and sold the play—it was called *The Old Foolishness*—to John Golden and after a while it was produced in the Windsor Theatre. Or rather a still further rewrite of it was produced. And I now make increasingly bold to announce to Carroll and all the others concerned that the version exhibited was considerably worse than the three previous scripts. It was also given the catcall by my fellow reviewers, and it went to the storehouse after just three performances.

Cast and directed by Rachel Crothers and, what is more, rewritten to conform to various suggestions of hers, the stage exhibit became a travesty of Irish drama. The variety of accents ranged from vaudeville Andrew Mack to, in the instance of one actor, way-down-south-in-Dixie. The setting of the old ruined castle in the second act, with its misty blue lighting, tinsel stars and battleship beam of moonlight, was appropriately Celtic in spirit as Debussy. The script, bad as it originally was, had been so further monkeyed with that its few touches of some relative merit had been cut out. For one example, the lyric speech of the brother who most deeply loved the questing girl, the one genuinely poetic passage in the entire play. For another, the roar of the train carrying the girl into the searching future which provided a dramatic obbligato to the final scene. And so on, from the miscasting of no less than four of the important roles, particularly the girl and the central of the three brothers, to the musical comedy direction of the impish character written by Carroll with Barry Fitzgerald in mind.

The management, previous to the opening, sent a communication to the critics explaining that Carroll's heroine symbolically represented Ireland, that her three lovers were the Soldier, Scholar and Man-of-the-land, and that the play was an allegory suggesting that Ireland could never give herself wholly and forever to any one of these but must keep herself free. The management, if I may be so impolite as to inform it, was wacky. If Carroll ever had any such idea he must have had a lot more Scotch and sodas than appeared on the check. What he had in mind, as I have noted, was simply a play about a girl in quest of the ideal of love. There was no more symbolism or allegory about it than there was or is about *George Washington Slept Here*.

But, oh Caesar, what has befallen the good and talented author of *Shadow and Substance* and *The White Steed?*

III

The promptly deceased *Cue for Passion*, by Edward Chodorov and H. S. Kraft, was a bitterly and meanly conceived slam at a certain famous American novelist and his politically-minded writer wife. Beginning as a study of acrimonious relationship it tailed off into a ten-cent murder mystery. It was cheap and contemptible stuff and noteworthy only for the acting performances of Gale Sondergaard, the refugee Austrian Oscar Karlweis, and an impressive new ingénue, Claire Niesen. That more than covers that.

IV

An essay might be written deploring the tendency of the new musical shows to be rather dirty, but I fear I am not the one to write it. They have been pretty dirty all right but they have at the same time also been very amusing, so that would leave me professorially with my shirttail out. I am prepared to write all the essays you want—for, of course, the customary honorarium—disparaging shows that are dirty purely for dirt's sake, but when they skilfully extract good sound fun from what would otherwise be mere dirt you can keep your money in your pocket so far as Georgie is concerned.

It isn't that I can't appreciate the feeling of some of my colleagues when they lament the decline of romance on our musical stage. There is something still to be said for the musical show that makes one think of holding vicarious hands with the beautiful Princess Mirabella in the moonlight, the while a white swan is pulled by a stagehand across the watery backdrop and the lovely girl herself sings softly about looking for a man like yourself to love. And there is also surely something to be said against shows which indiscriminately substitute for the Princess a lavatory attendant brushing off a client's backside. But nobody in later years has invented a show in which the Princess has seemed other than a coloratura pain in the neck and several fellows have written shows in which the lavatory attendant or his equivalent has been mighty comical. So as between the two I'll take the lavatory attendant or his equivalent with gratitude and preserve the more tender emotions in my bosom until such a time as Mirabella is her old self again.

This is all by way of getting around to the show called *Pal Joey*, book by John O'Hara, music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart. Some of my more delicate critical associates have offendedly complained that its story of a night-club heel kept by a rich older woman is hardly on the ecclesiastical side, and they are not to be contradicted. Yet the rough stuff

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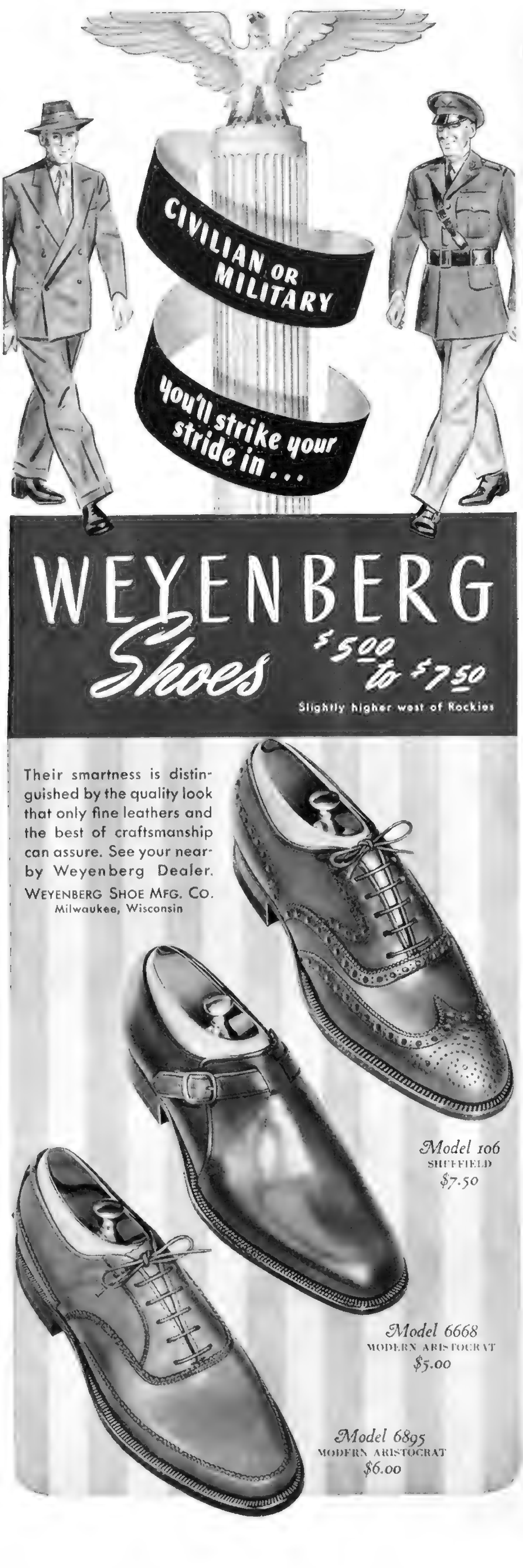

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

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is not only so humorously and pointedly reported but frequently so drolly projected that I for one am perfectly content to leave what few remaining morals I have left on temporary vacation. The greater share of critical credit for the evening, however, goes to Rodgers for his happy accompanying melodies and to Hart for his tickling lyrics. But you have already been bathing yourself with vocalizations of *I Could Write a Book*, *Love Is My Friend* and, certainly, *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered*. Gene Kelly, as the hoofer jerk, and Vivienne Segal, as his amorous Secretary of the Treasury, come off with top honors.

V

Irwin Shaw's comedy, *Retreat to Pleasure*, produced by the Group Theatre and a quick failure, once again disclosed the talented short story writer as a deficient playwright. The tale of three men in chase of a girl, it resolved itself into the kind of play Saroyan might write if he were foolishly to write the kind of plays certain of his critics demand. That is to say, plays slightly better ordered and definitely more plotty than those he presently confects and, in addition, plays that contain what the aforesaid certain critics contemplate as intellectual content.

This intellectual content, in Shaw's case, consists largely in utilizing as parsley for his supposedly meaty reflections the names of writers like Gibbon, Cabell and Hemingway and, further, in investing his mouthpiece character with philosophies compounded of a diluted mixture of Karl Marx, Elbert Hubbard and Richard Halliburton. And his emotional content, in turn, consists for the major part in such stereotyped and familiar scenes as, for example, the one in which a man and woman who have loved and separated sentimentally recount to each other tender episodes out of the past: the little house by the sea with the sound of the waves penetrating into their room, the picnic lunch, the delight in jointly listening to Mozart, the ride on top of a Fifth Avenue bus, etc. Two or three episodes in the play are original and have some merit, but for the rest all we get is a short story composer's attempt to develop a single note into a fugue.

VI

Old Acquaintance is the best thing John Van Druten has done in some time. Taking for his plot scheme that old French favorite, the mother's lover who falls in love with her young daughter and simply changing the latter into the offspring of the mother's best woman friend, he has looked at the old warhorse through eyes at once so hep to the eccentricities of mortals and withal so witty that his comedy seems for a portion of the evening as fresh as they come. His sense of character is generally sure; his dialogue is unstrained; his humor is not of the wisey mold; and his action is never arbitrarily forced by way of achieving a bogus stage movement. He is, as heretofore, much too slow in getting his play started but once the wheels manage to turn—the thing glides along felicitously. In short, as we boys say when we are even more unimaginative than usual, it's not important drama but it's good theatre.

An Englishman, Mr. Van Druten here for the first time has laid a play in an American setting. Although by and large he has managed the business pretty well—he has spent considerable time here—there are nevertheless moments when a slight uncomfortableness betrays itself. This is often the way when a writer of one land dares himself to write of another. Thus, his American publisher character intermittently gives him away by falling into a rather English locutionary manner. Thus, again, a reference here and there to something essentially American has the appearance of having been studiedly incorporated in the hope of persuading audiences of the play's American authenticity.

The acting performance was in the main of large value to the script. Peggy Wood, as the pulp novelist mother of the young feminine love interest, proved herself a tasty comedienne; Jane Cowl, except for that old manual tendency of hers to play *Madame Butterfly* on an imaginary piano swinging in the air, gave true character to the superior novelist who loses her lover to youth; and Adele Longmire was more than convincing as the girl who weaned the lover. As the lover himself, however, Kent Smith, who had got himself up to look like a ragout of Laurence Olivier, Warner Baxter, Don Ameche, Ronald Colman and other such hair-lipped Hollywood Lotharios, offered all the attributes of those beauties save only their ability to persuade audiences that they have what it takes. Auriol Lee's stage direction was first-rate, but I wish she wouldn't so steadfastly believe that young girls are always impetuously jumping up and kneeling on chairs, adorably curling a leg under them when they sit down, and modestly dejecting their heads whenever someone says something slightly embarrassing to them.

VII

There is more good play news. Joseph Fields' and Jerome Chodorov's farce-comedy, *My Sister Eileen*, based on the Ruth McKenney stories, amounts in sum to excellent fooling. Or it at least amounts to it under George S. Kaufman's remarkably expert direction and whatever other hand he may have had in it. Consisting of a succession of episodes in the life of a couple of girls who come to New York from Columbus, Ohio, and install themselves in a Greenwich Village basement studio previously occupied by a fancy trollop, the exhibit moves quickly from one beautifully nonsensical incident to another and involves the two hayseeds with everyone from a hairy football player living upstairs in sin with a cutie to the doorman of the Russian Kretchma in full Cossack regalia and from a grafting idiot of a Liggett clerk to a squad off a Brazilian battleship. Is it funny? It is damned funny.

The only satisfactory way in which to review a show as hilarious as this one would be to describe all the fantastic characters in detail and quote all their lines, but that would crowd out so many of the advertisements of what the well-dressed man must wear that the editor would probably have to cut my wages, which would never do. So you will simply have to take my word for everything.

There is only one fault I have to find with the gay exhibit and that is the same one that is likely to crop up whenever George Kaufman happens to be around the premises. It is that wisecracking female character who almost always has tired feet, sits wearily to one side of the stage action, and passes out mots like a minstrel end-man. On this occasion there is one such dame in pretty constant eruption and, for extra measure, another who pops up in the third act as a substitute end. I think I could get along wonderfully from now on without some such deadpan pulling some such excruciating, rib-busting facetia as "I wouldn't take this apartment if you gave it to me rent free and threw in Tyrone Power."

VIII

Let's charitably skip *The Flying Gerardos*, by the Messrs. Nicholson and Robinson.

IX

The overnight flop, *The Lady Who Came to Stay*, by Kenneth White out of R. E. Spencer, not only contained the familiar stage ghost who returns to earth to safeguard the child who is in danger but, for double measure, another and very nasty one who comes back from the grave to see that ghost No. 1 doesn't get away with it. All this went on for two and a quarter long hours, which was just about one and a quarter hours too much. The first hour provided a fairish Grand Guignol horror show, but thereafter repetition flavored the enterprise increasingly with low burlesque. W. W. Jacobs' *The Monkey's Paw*, a good ghost play, said its say most satisfactorily, it will be recalled, in something like forty minutes.

X

Save for a moment or two when he whips out the old pistol, Elmer Rice's *Flight to the West* is basically the peanut-gallery melodrama of our boyhood merchanted in terms of oral instead of physical conflict. Laid in a transatlantic clipper flying from Lisbon to New York and carrying a cargo of assorted Americans, Nazis, refugees, Jews and Gentiles, its three acts resolve themselves, except for the aforenoted momentary flash of the revolver, into a *P M* editorial debate on the political and racial points of view of the various passengers, with the Jews—as is usual in contemporary melodrama of the polemic species—in the role of Little Nell.

Although Mr. Rice's high sincerity is unquestioned and although he succeeds in evoking a share of the audience reaction automatically resident in his materials, his play remains mostly a succession of literal quotations of his assembled company of topical stock characters. The impression I could not get out of my head while reviewing it was of some such old 10-20-30 melodrama as *The Ensign* with its conflict between British and American seamen alternately converted into one between Nazis and Americans, Fascists and anti-Fascists, and Gentiles and Jews. The writing only increased this impression. Where in *The Ensign* the American seaman was hissingly insulted by the British seaman and replied, "Maybe we Americans ain't got no manners, but we kin fight like hell!" in *Flight to the West* when the American airship officer is hissingly insulted by the Nazi official with, "You Yankees, someday we will teach you!" he simply indicates an improvement in American manners by saying nothing in reply, contemptuously. And so on. Further, the devices wherewith Mr. Rice seeks to give melodramatic suspense to his extended discussions are the all too recognizable devices. One character thus permits a look of trepidation to cross her features and remarks, "I feel something is going to happen." Another observes ominously, "I don't know, but I am sure I've seen that man somewhere before." And a third, who evidently saw George Arliss in *Disraeli* and liked the curtain line to one of its acts, puts on a puzzled look when in a quandary and says, "I've got to do *something!*" and in reply to "But what?" returns, "I—don't—know."

Mr. Rice more and more seems to become a mere dramatist of popular indignations. And popular indignations are the province much less of the artist than of the commercial melodramatist. He sells back to his audiences the prejudices they already have when they enter his theatre. The worthy dramatist makes his sale, rather, after they have been sitting skeptically in the house for some time. ⧺

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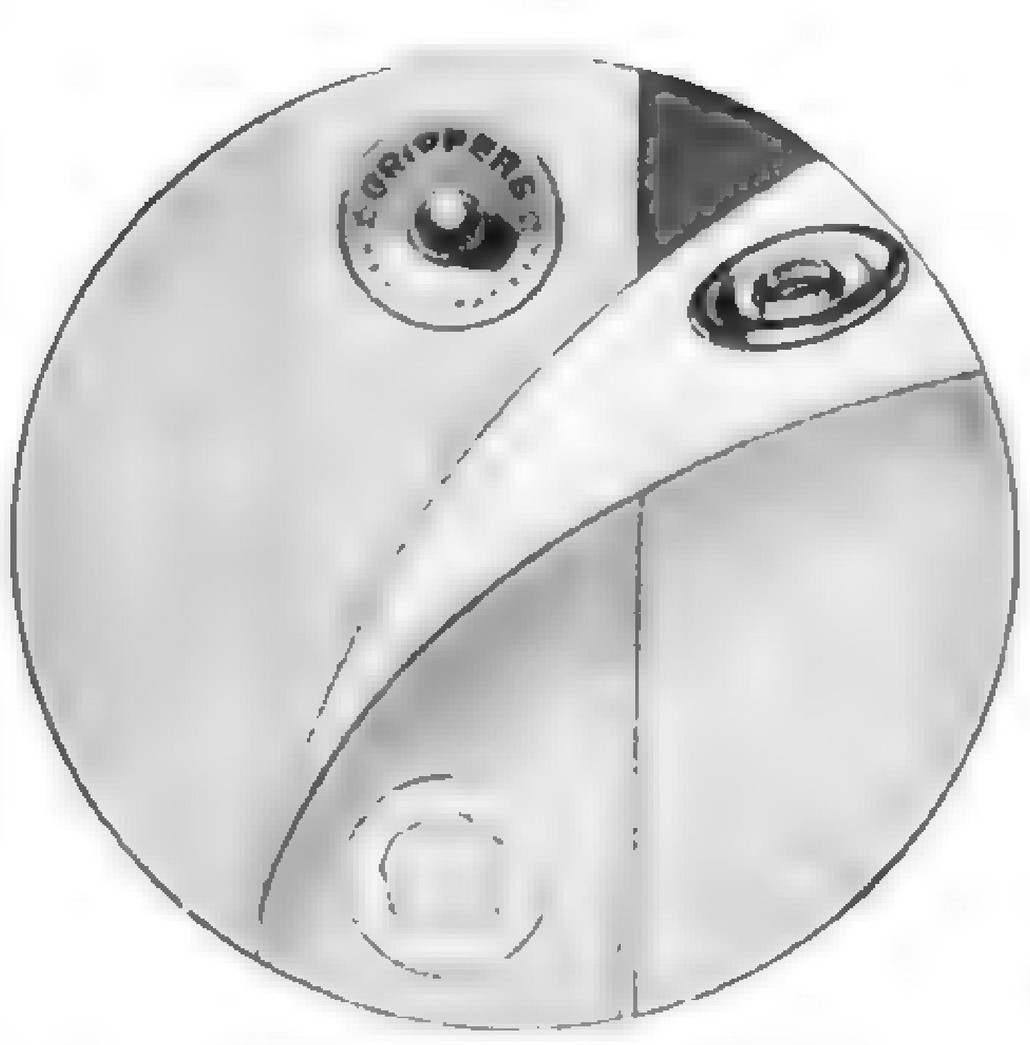

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Rain in Tanyard Hollow

Continued from page 55

mornin sunshine on the land.

"It's a dry time, Tracey," Pappie said as he kicked the dry strawberry plants with his big brogan shoe. The leaves that looked green fell from the stems and broke into tiny pieces. Little clouds of dust rose from among the strawberry plants where Pappie kicked.

"We don't have a half a strawberry crop," I said. "And if we don't get rain we won't have a third of a corn crop."

"You air right, Tracey," Pappie answered. "We'll get rain. If it takes prayers we'll get rain. Why won't the Lord listen to me same as he will listen to Lizzie? Why won't the Lord answer my prayer same as he will answer any other man's prayer in Tanyard Hollow."

When Pappie said this he fell to his knees among the scorched strawberry plants. Pappie come down against the dry plants with his big fire-shovel hands and at the same time he turned his face toward the high, heat-glimmerin sky. Dust flew up in tiny clouds as Pappie beat the ground.

"Lord, will you listen to my prayer?" Pappie shouted. "I don't keer who hears me astin you fer rain. We need it, Lord! The strawberries have shriveled on the vines and the corn is turnin yaller. It's bumblebee corn, Lord. Give us rain, Lord. I've kilt the blacksnakes and hung 'em on the fence and the rain don't fall. Never a croak from the raincrow ner a drap of rain. The blacksnake on the fence is a false image, Lord."

Pappie beat his hands harder on the ground. He jerked up strawberry plants with his hands and tossed them back on the ground. He dug up the hard dry ground and sifted it among the strawberry plants around him. He never looked at the ground. His face was turned toward the high clouds. The sun was beamin down on Pappie and he couldn't look at the sun with his eyes open.

"Send rain, Lord, that will wash gulley-ditches in this strawberry patch big enough to bury a mule in," Pappie shouted. "Let it fall in great sheets. Wash Tanyard Hollow clean."

I didn't bother with Pappie's prayer but I thought that was too much rain. Better to let the strawberry plants burn to death than to wash them out by the roots and take all the top-soil down Tanyard Hollow too. Can't grow strawberry in Tanyard Hollow unless you've got good topsoil of lead-leaf loam on the south-hill slopes.

"Give us enough rain, Lord," Pappie shouted, "to make the weak have fears and the strong tremble. Wash rocks from these hillsides that four span of mules can't pull on a jolt-wagon. Wash trees out by the roots that five yoke of cattle can't pull. Skeer everybody nearly to death. Show them your might, Lord. Put water up in the houses—a mighty river! Put a river of yaller water out'n Tanyard Hollow that is flowin faster than a hound dog can run. Make the people take to the high hill slopes and let their feet sink into the mud instead of specklin their shoes and barefeet with dust!"

Pappie prayed so hard that white foam fell from his lips. It was dry foam, the kind that comes from the work cattle's mouths when I feed them cornnubbins. The big flakes of white foam fell upon the green-withered strawberry plants.

"Send the thunder rollin like tater wagons across the sky over Tanyard Hollow," Pappie prayed. "Let the Hollow grow dark. Let the chickens think that night has come and fly up in the apple trees to roost. Let the people think the end of time has come. Make the Hollow so dark a body can't see his hand before him. Let long tongues of lightin cut through the darkness across the Hollow and split the biggest oaks in Tanyard Hollow from the tip-tops to their butts like you'd split them with a big clapboard fro. Let pieces of hail fall big enough if ten pieces hit a man on the head they'll knock 'im cuckoo. Let him be knocked cold in one of the biggest rains that Tanyard Hollow ever had. Let the rain wash the dead-leaf loam from around the roots of the trees and let the long twisted black-oak roots look like ten million blacksnakes quiled at the butts of the big oaks. Lord, give us a rain in Tanyard Hollow to end this drouth! Give us a rain that we'll long remember! I'm through with the brazen images of blacksnakes! Amen."

Pappie got up and wiped the dry foam from his lips with his big hand.

"I ast the Lord fer a lot," Pappie said. "I meant every word I prayed to him. I want to see one of the awfulest storms hit Tanyard Hollow that ever hit it since the beginnin of Time. That goes way back yander. I ast fer an awful lot, and I hope by askin fer a lot, I'll get a few things."

"Pappie, I don't want to wish you any bad luck," I said, "but I hope you don't get all you ast fer. If you get all you ast fer, there won't be anythin left in Tanyard Hollow. We'll just haf to move out. The top-soil will all be washed away, the dirt washed from around the roots of the trees and they'll look like bundles of blacksnakes. The big oaks will split from their tip-tops to their butts—right down through the hearts with forked tongues of lightin. Trees will be rooted up and rocks washed from the hillsides that a jolt wagon can't hold up. There won't be any corn left on the hillsides and the strawberry patch will be ruint."

"Tracey, I've ast the Lord fer it," Pappie answered, "and if the Lord is good enough to give it to me, I'll abide by what He sends. I won't be low-lifed enough to grumble about somethin I've prayed fer. I meant every word I said. I hope I can get part of all I ast fer."

"It's time fer beans," I said. "I can step on the head of my shadder."

Pappie left the strawberry patch. I followed him as he went down the hill. He pulled a cigar from his shirt pocket and took a match from his hatband where he kept his matches so he could keep them dry. He put the cigar in his mouth . . . struck a match on a big rock beside the path and lit his cigar.

"When I was prayin fer the rain to wash the rocks from the hillsides," Pappie said, "this is one of the rocks I had in mind. It's allus been in my way when I plowed here."

"If we get a rain that will wash this rock from this hillside," I said, "there won't be any of us left and not much of Tanyard Hollow left."

"You'd be surprised at what can happen," Pappie said. "You can turn a double-barrel shotgun loose into a covey of quails and it's a sight at 'em that'll come out alive."

Sweat run off at the ends of Pappie's beard. It dripped on the dusty path. Sweat got in my eyes and dripped from my nose. It was so hot it just seemed that I was roastin before a big wood fire. It looked like fall-time the way the grass was dyin. Trees were dyin in the woods. Oak leaves were turnin brown.

Pappie took the lead down the hill. It was so steep that we had to hold to sassafras sprouts and let ourselves down the hill. The footpath wound down the hill like a long, crooked snake crawlin on the sand. When we got to the bottom of the hill, Pappie was wet with sweat as if he'd a-swum the river. I was as wet as sweat could make me and my eyes were smartin with sweat like I had a dozen sourgnats in my eyes.

"Whooie," Pappie sighed as he reached the foot of the mountain and he rubbed his big hand over his beard and slung a stream of sweat on the sandy path. "It's too hot fer a body to want to live. I hope the Lord'll answer my prayer."

"I hope Mammie has dinner ready."

Mammie didn't have dinner ready. She was cookin over the hot kitchen stove. Aunt Rett and Aunt Beadie were helpin Mammie.

"Lord I hope we'll soon get rain," Mammie said to Aunt Rett. She stood beside the stove and slung sweat from her forehead with her index finger. Where Mammie slung the sweat on the floor was a long wet streak with wet spots from the middle to the wall.

"It's goin to rain," I said.

"Why is it goin to rain?" Mammie ast.

"Because Pappie got down in the strawberry patch and prayed fer the Lord to send rain and wash this Hollow out," I said.

Mammie started laughin. Aunt Rett and Aunt Beadie laughed. They stopped cookin and all laughed together like three women standin at the organ singin.

"We'll get rain," Mammie said, "because Sweeter has prayed fer rain. We'll have a washout in Tanyard Hollow, fer Sweeter prayed fer a washout in Tanyard Hollow. We'll get what Sweeter prayed fer."

They begin to sing, "We'll get rain in Tanyard Hollow fer Sweeter prayed fer it."

"Just about like his hangin the snakes over the rail fence to get rain," Mammie cackled like a pullet. "That's the way we'll get rain."

Uncle Mort Shepherd and Uncle Luster Hix sat in the front room and laughed at Pappie's prayin fer rain. They thought it was very funny. They'd come down out'n the mountains and were livin with us until they could find farms to rent. Uncle Mort and Aunt Rett had seven children stayin with us and Uncle Luster and Aunt Beadie had eight children. We had a big houseful. They's Mammie's people and they didn't think Pappie had any faith. They didn't think the Lord would answer his prayer. I felt like the Lord would answer his prayer, fer he was a man of much trouble. Seemed like all of Mammie's people worked against 'im. They'd sit in the house and eat at Pappie's table and talk about gettin a house and movin out but they never done it. They'd nearly eat us out'n house and home. When they come to our house it was like locust year. Just so much noise when all their youngins got to fightin you couldn't hear your ears pop.

"It's goin to rain this atternoon," Pappie said. "There's comin a cloud-bust. It you ain't got the Faith you'd better get it."

Uncle Luster got up from the rockin chear and went to the door. He looked at the yaller-of-an-egg sun in the clear sky. Uncle Luster started laughin. Uncle Mort got up from his chear and knocked out his pipe on the jam-rock. He looked at the sun in the clear sky and he started laughin.

Uncle Mort and Uncle Luster hand't more than got back to the two rockin chears and started restin easy until dinner was ready, when all at once there was a jar of thunder across the sky over Tanyard Hollow. It was like a big tater wagon rollin across the sky. Mammie drapped her fork on the kitchen floor when she heard it. Aunt Rett nearly fell to her knees. Aunt Beadie set a skillet of fried taters back on the stove. Her face got white. She acted like she was skeered.

"Thunderin when the sky is clear," Aunt Beadie said.

Then the thunder started. Pappie was pleased but his face got white. I could tell he was skeered. He thought he was going to get what he'd ast the Lord to send. The thunder got so loud and it was so close that it jarred the house. Peared like Tanyard Hollow was a big pocket filled with hot air down among the hills and the thunder started roarin in this pocket. It started to gettin dark. Chickens flew up in the apple trees to roost.

When Mammie saw the chickens goin to roost at noon, she fell to her knees on the hard kitchen

Continued on page 162

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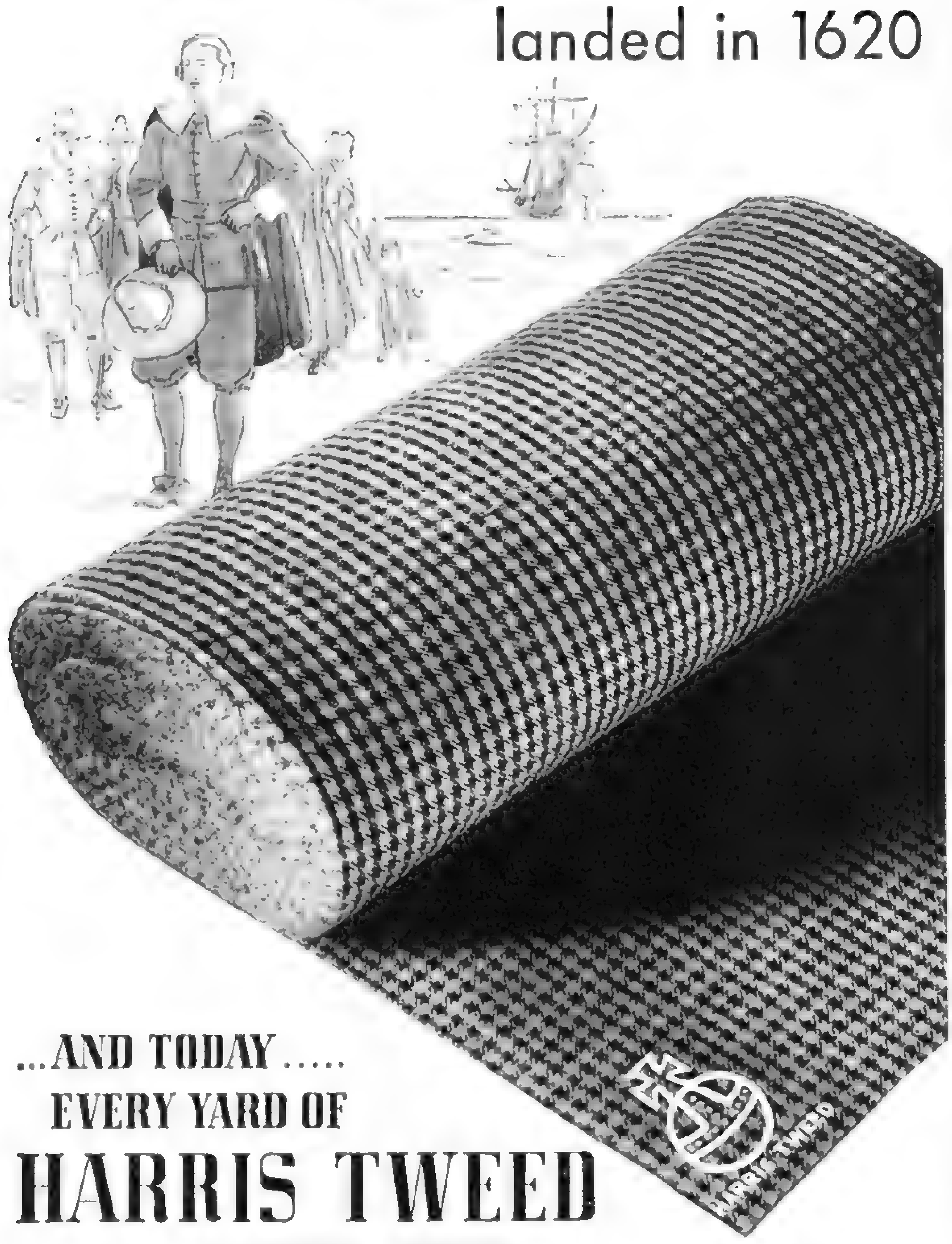

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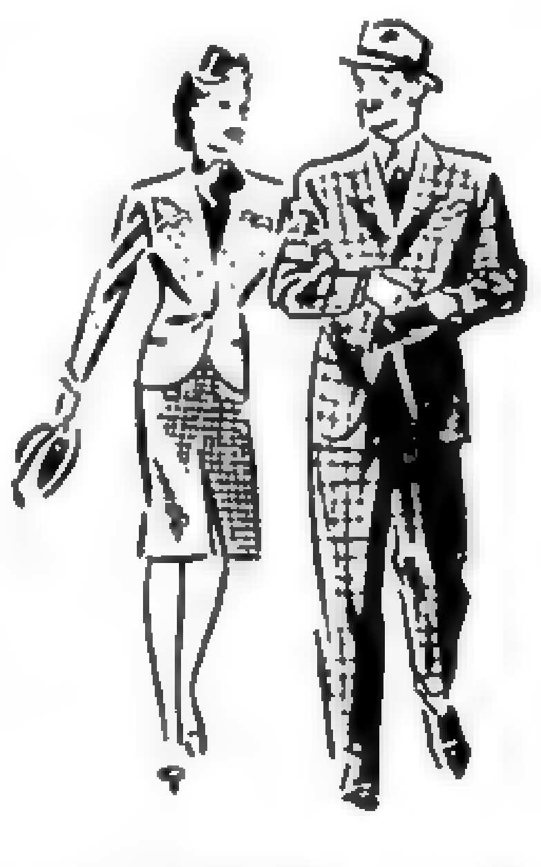

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Rain in Tanyard Hollow

Continued from pages 55-161

floor and started prayin. Mammie thought the end of time had come. The chickens hadn't more than got on the roost until the long tongues of lightnin started lappin across the hollow. When the lightnin started splittin the giant oak trees from their tip-tops to their butts it sounded louder than both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun.

"Just what I ast the Lord to send," Pappie shouted. Mammie jumped up and lit the lamps with a pine torch that she lit from the kitchen stove. I looked at Pappie's face. His eyes were big and they looked pleased. All Aunt Beadie's youngins were gathered around her and Uncle Luster. They were screamin. They were screamin louder than the chickens were cacklin at the splittin oak trees on the high hillsides. Uncle Mort and Aunt Rett got their youngins around them and Uncle Mort started to pray. All six of us got close to Mammie. I didn't. I stuck to Pappie. I thought about how hard he'd prayed fer a good rain to break the long spring drouth. Now the rain would soon be delivered.

Mammie, Aunt Rett and Aunt Beadie let the dinner burn on the stove. I was hungry and I could smell the bread burnin. I didn't try to get to the kitchen. I saw the yaller water comin from the kitchen to the front room. The front room was a big room and we had a big bed in each corner. When I looked through the winder and saw the big sycamores in the yard end up like you'd pull up a horse weed by the roots and throw 'em down, I turned around and saw Aunt Beadie and Uncle Luster make fer one of the beds in the corner of the room. Their youngins followed them. They were screamin and prayin. Uncle Mort and Aunt Rett and all their youngins made fer the bed in the other corner of the room. Mammie and my sisters and brothers made fer the stairs. Mammie was prayin as she run. I stayed at the foot of the stairs with Pappie. When he prayed in the strawberry patch, I thought he was astin the Lord fer too much rain but I didn't say anythin. I didn't interfere with his prayer.

The water got higher in our house. A rock too big fer a jolt wagon to haul smashed through the door and rolled across the floor and stopped. If it had rolled another time it would have knocked the big log wall out'n our house. Uncle Mort waded the water from the bed to the stairs and carried Aunt Rett and their youngins to the stairs. When he turned one loose on the stairs he run up the stairs like a drowned chicken. Uncle Luster ferried Aunt Beadie and their youngins to the stairs and turned them loose. Pappie had to take to the stairs. I followed.

"If we get out'n this house alive," Uncle Mort prayed, "we'll stay out'n it, Lord."

Uncle Luster prayed a long prayer and ast the Lord to save his wife and family. He promised the Lord if He would save them that he would leave Tanyard forever. I never heard so much prayin at a churchhouse at any of the big revivals at Plum Grove as I heard up our upstairs. Sometimes you couldn't hear the prayers fer the lightnin strikin the big oaks. You could hear trees fallin every place.

"The Lord has answered my prayers," Pappie shouted.

"Pray fer the cloud-bust to stop," Mammie shouted. "Get down on your knees Sweeter, and pray."

"Listen Lizzie," Pappie shouted above the roar of the water and the thunder and the splittin of the big oaks on the high slopes. "I ain't two-faced enough to ast the Lord fer somethin like a lot of people and atter I get it—turn around and ast the Lord to take it away. You said the Lord wouldn't answer my prayer. You've been prayin! Why ain't the Lord answered your prayer? You ain't got the Faith. You just think you have."

When the lightnin flashed in at our upstairs scuttlehole we had fer a winder, I could see Uncle Mort huddled with his family and Uncle Luster holdin his family in a little circle. Mammie had all of us, but Pappie and me, over in the upstairs corner. I looked out at the scuttlehole and saw the water surgin down Left Fork of Tanyard Hollow and down the Right Fork of Tanyard Hollow and meetin right at our house. That's the only reason our house had stood. One swift river had kilt the other one when they met on this spot. I thought about what Pappie said.

I could see cornfields comin off'n the slopes. I could see trees with limbs and roots on them bobbin up and down and going down Tanyard Hollow faster than a hound-dog could run. It was a sight to see. From my scuttlehole I told 'em what I saw until I saw a blue sky comin over the high rim of rock cliffs in the head of Tanyard Hollow. That was the end of the storm. I never saw so many happy people when I told them about the patch of blue sky that I saw.

"This is like a dream," Uncle Mort said.

"It's more like a nightmare to me," Uncle Luster said.

"It's neither," Pappie said. "It's the fulfillment of a prayer."

"Why do you pray fer destruction, Sweeter?" Mammie ast.

"To show you the Lord will answer my prayer atter the way you talked to me in the strawberry patch," Pappie said. "And I want your brother Mort and your brother-in-law Luster to remember their promises to the Lord."

The storm was over. It was light again. The chickens flew down from the apple trees. The big yard sycamore shade trees went with the storm but the apple trees stood. There was mud two feet deep on our floor. It was all over the bed clothes. There were five big rocks on our house we couldn't move. We'd haf to take the floor up and dig holes and bury the rocks under the floor. Trees were split all over Tanyard Hollow hillside slopes. Great oak trees were splintered clean to the tops. Our corn had washed from the hill slopes. There wasn't much left but mud, washed-out trees, rocks and waste. Roots of the black-oak trees where the dead-leaf loam had washed away, looked like bundles of clean washed black snakes. The big rock upon the steep hillside that bothered Pappie when he was plowin had washed in front of our door.

"I promised the Lord," Uncle Mort said, "that if we got through this storm alive, I'd take my family and get out'n here and I meant it."

"Amen," Pappie shouted.

"Sorry we can't stay and hep you clean the place up," Uncle Luster said, "but I'm takin my wife and youngins and gettin out'n this Hollow."

They didn't stay and hep us bury the rocks under the floor. They got their belongins and started wadin the mud bare-footed down Tanyard Hollow. They's glad to get goin. Pappie looked pleased when he saw them pullin their bare feet out'n the mud and puttin 'em down again. Pappie didn't grumble about what he had lost. The fence where he had the blacksnakes hangin washed down Tanyard Hollow. There wasn't a fence rail 'r a blacksnake left. The strawberry patch had gully-ditches big enough to bury a mule. Half of the plants had washed away.

"It wasn't the brazen images of snakes," Pappie said, "that done all of this. Tanyard Hollow is washed clean of most of its topsoil and lost a lot of its trees. But it got rid of a lot of its rubbish and it's a more fitten place to live." #

Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 98

casserole and skillet dishes are the simplest to handle in a kitchenette, since the lack of space leads to loss of time and breaking of dishes.

Later on I shall give you some special recipes created by Mrs. Owen, who often prepares them in her kitchenette; and although they belong to the gourmet class of foods they are still very simple to make. But first, let me enumerate the ten commandments for the Man in the Kitchenette, which I very conscientiously thought up during sleepless nights.

1. Plan your dinner carefully in advance.

2. Prepare the course in chronological order (that is, prepare your soup, and other things that may be reheated, and in fact gain in flavor by reheating, and lay them aside in the refrigerator).

3. Prepare all raw ingredients beforehand; set them aside, and clear the kitchenette of all debris.

4. Use a pressure cooker in the kitchenette for vegetables; they work very fast.

5. Wash the salad in advance and put it in the refrigerator where it will stay crisp, and make your salad dressing in advance, but always fresh and just enough for the occasion. Don't ever put away salad dressing for another meal.

6. Either serve cheese on the same plate with salad, or serve dessert and no cheese. (This way you save a set of plates.) To give the meal a sweet flavor, serve liqueur with the black coffee.

7. Do not serve butter and bread—there is no space for bread and butter plates. Besides there is a generous amount of butter in good food. It is a bad habit to stuff oneself with bread and butter between courses. Just place a piece of bread on the napkin of each diner.

8. Pile the used dishes in the sink and let the hot water run over them; forget about them until the morning, when you will find them easier to do, or if you have a maid, she'll find them ready to scrub.

9. Do not serve too elaborate a meal; don't try to imitate a big household or a restaurant with all the facilities in the world.

10. Be unselfish, get up toward the end of the meal and make the coffee fresh. You won't have to walk far to your kitchenette—the great advantage of a small bachelor apartment.

A man's kitchenette should contain the following necessary utensils: a kettle, a set of aluminum saucepans, preferably with long handles; a frying pan, a roasting pan, a double boiler, an earthenware casserole, a wire sieve, a wire salad basket, an egg beater, three kitchen knives, a small wooden chopping board, a wooden spoon and fork, a grater, a funnel, a pepper mill, a pair of scissors, an aluminum measure, a basting spoon, a coffeepot, and a teapot. In the way of staples and condiments you ought always to have butter, flour, sugar, salt, pepper, onions, oil, vinegar, baking powder, gelatin, parmesan cheese, coffee and tea, cocoa, mustard, ketchup, Worcestershire sauce, anchovy sauce, Hungarian paprika, curry powder, capers, bay leaf, garlic, cloves, vanilla, caraway seeds, raisins, rice, macaroni, black peppercorn, nutmeg, prunes, brown sugar, and arrowroot. The wines and liqueurs used for cooking are: Chablis, Claret, Marsala, Sherry, and Maraschino. You should also have a set of china for six and silver service for six, two carving knives, a carving fork, and a steel sharpener for the above.

However, don't despair if you lack some of these utensils and staples; I've suffered from the same condition, and I've often found that dishes break quicker than it takes to write this sentence, pans mysteriously disappear or get a hole in the bottom like the soles of old shoes. My own kitchenette is smaller than a dining room table, and the stove has only three burners in addition to the oven. Yet my food is more often than not well prepared and I try to make it

Continued on page 164

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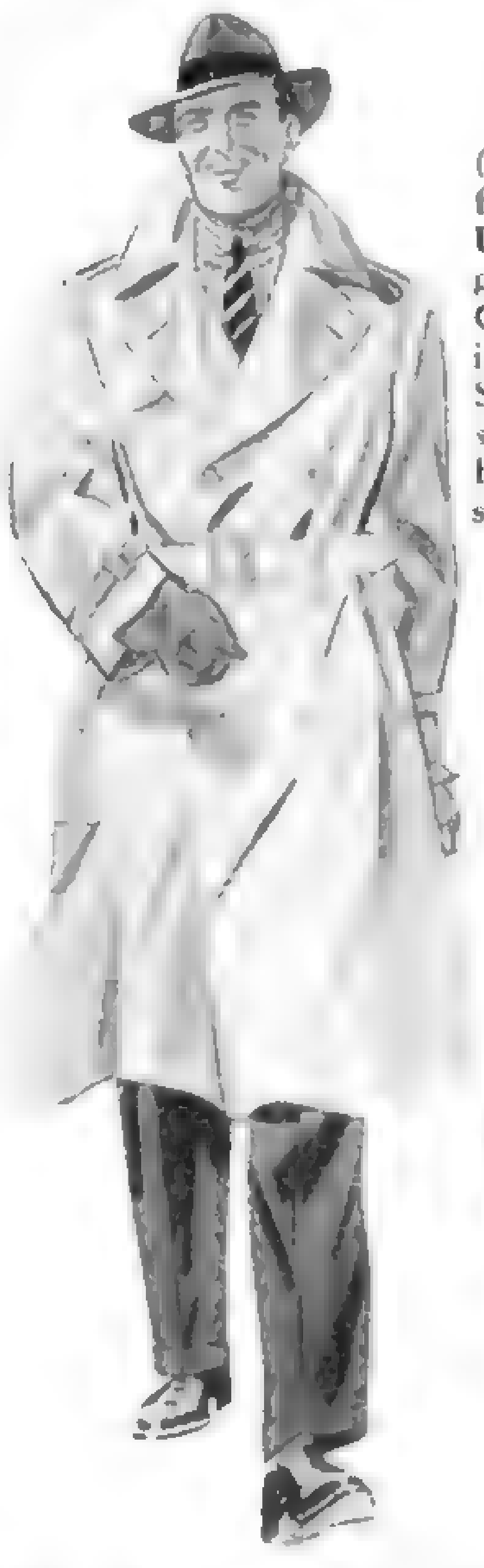

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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from pages 98-163

exciting. Food in a poorly equipped kitchenette can be as good as, or better than, that in any great kitchen—depending on your ability and imagination. Success comes from effort, and to put forth effort is easy if you believe with me that cooking for men—branded sissy in the Victorian era—is not at all sissy or silly. It offers the greatest relaxation and satisfaction. Once you start it you can become so obsessed that you completely forget to turn on your radio. You forget world events and neglect to listen to Raymond Gram Swing's words—provided you cook a late supper—without which you could not imagine existing the day before.

I shall give you a few more useful facts about cooking which you ought to learn if you want to become a good amateur chef. Boiling is cooking in water at a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit; simmering is cooking in water at a temperature of 180 to 210 degrees Fahrenheit, or below the boiling point of water; stewing is simmering either in very small amount of liquid or no liquid at all; steaming is cooking in the steam generated by a small amount of boiling water in the vessel. Broiling is cooking over or under direct heat; pan broiling is cooking in a pan greased only enough to prevent the food in it from sticking. Baking and roasting are practically the same—cooking in the oven at various temperatures required by the food you are cooking. Frying is cooking in a bath of hot fat, while sautéing is done in a small quantity of fat; fricasséeing is a combination of sautéing with stewing or steaming.

Cook starch-rich foods thoroughly; learn to measure accurately; and don't forget to look at the kitchen clock. Time has a great part in cooking. Keep a supply of canned goods at home, like soups, vegetables, fish, meat, a pudding or two, canned fruits, crackers and condensed milk. Don't try to whip thin cream or cream that is fresh—you won't succeed. Cream must be thick and should stand about twelve hours before you whip it.

Look carefully at what you are buying in the way of provisions. For instance, you should select meat with deliberation, taking the friendly advice of your butcher. Fruit, vegetables, cheese, butter, however, require just as careful consideration as meat. You are in business for yourself. You are a bachelor, you run your own household, and you are cooking your own meals.

But sometimes even a bachelor has luck, as I did a few weeks ago, and doesn't have to cook at all. One morning a beautiful and perfectly roasted wild turkey walked in the door of my apartment, which resembles the one in *My Sister Eileen*. (The apartment, not the turkey!) The wild turkey, about which I had often dreamed because I read of it in Brillat-Savarin's book on epicurism, was sent to me by Samuel Martin of Seattle, Washington. Lovers of good food want the other fellow to share in their pleasures and they often make presents of fine edibles. But there was another bond of kinship between Mr. Martin and myself: he is at the head of the firm called "Wild Life in the Kitchenette," so much like the title of this department. Mr. Martin puts up game in cans, and so he does much more for mankind than I do; I merely eat food and talk about it, while he actually distributes it and how very well he does!

Wild turkey has a gamy taste, but only slightly so. The flesh is firm but it is also fine; it holds together and the white meat does not fall apart when you carve it. The drumsticks are a bit sinewy, for this wild bird dashes across meadows and wooded areas and needs the additional muscle that the lazy domestic turkey lost long ago. The wild turkey feeds on acorns, pinion nuts, berries, wood seeds and plenty of small bugs—foods that preserve the delicious wild taste. It is best with the old-fashioned celery and bread stuffing. And it can be cooked in the kitchenette just like any other fowl—like almost anything else there is to eat, if you will only try it.

MRS. OWEN'S RECIPES

EGGS POACHED IN BURGUNDY

Put one ounce of butter in an earthenware casserole; sauté one white onion, finely chopped, and add one pint of Burgundy; salt, pepper, one whole clove, a bay leaf, and a slice of fennel; let it simmer for about ten or twelve minutes. Break one egg per person on the edge of the casserole and slip it gently into the simmering wine. Poach for about two or three minutes—according to taste in cooking. Separate them gently, remove with a skimmer, and put each egg on a piece of toast, ready to receive it on a hot platter. Strain the cooked wine and put it back in the casserole and bring to a boil; thicken it with small balls of butter and flour and pour over the eggs on toast.

SQUAB À LA RUSSE

For four people:

Split one squab per person as for broiling. Put four ounces (one bar) of sweet butter in a large skillet and cook the birds on both sides. Salt and pepper to taste. When cooked, remove the birds and put them on a hot platter. Add to the butter left in the skillet one tablespoonful of finely-chopped shallots, two ripe tomatoes that have been skinned, seeded and chopped very fine, and simmer for a few moments. Then add a pinch of thyme, finely chopped parsley and chives, and when the herbs have been well blended with the mixture in the skillet, add half a pint of cream (sour cream if preferred) stirring slowly. Pour very hot over the squab.

SAUSAGES IN WHITE WINE

For six people:

One cup of consommé and one and one-half cups of white wine in an earthenware casserole. Put one carrot and one stalk of celery, finely chopped, in the wine; when the wine is hot, place one dozen large pork sausages in the casserole, cover and cook over a slow flame. If cooked too quickly the sausages will burst. The length of time for cooking naturally depends on the size of the sausages, so this must be determined by the cook. Serve the sausages in the casserole to keep them very hot; mashed or creamed potatoes will prove the perfect complement. ⌗

Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 93

good machines. They bought other records. Music teachers had more pupils, and everyone was happy.

Newspapers in other cities copied the idea. So many albums were sold that a cash surplus resulted, which the Committee, being non-profit, returned to deserving local musical organizations.

The dinner? Well, that was simply a publicity stunt. It rated space in the news columns next day. Everybody talked about it and about the records. The guests served as salesmen and the cost was charged to advertising.

Next the distribution of twelve opera albums was launched. Double page ads appeared in New York journals and music lovers rubbed their eyes in wonder. The art was being "merchandised" as it never had been before.

Unfortunately, the opera albums were not as good as the symphonic ones. Nowadays there doesn't seem to be enough voices at any one place in the world to give a first-class performance of any opera. Second-string voices (and those in the National Music Committee's albums are definitely not of first quality) will not fill the bill. Also, the cuts are unfortunate, continuity is destroyed and many of the greatest (and best-known) passages in the operas are omitted, reducing the albums to a mere patchwork of excerpts. In addition, the recent cut in prices of regular recordings considerably lessens the saving made on these albums.

Nevertheless, the scheme works. And John Erskine is busily inventing other ideas for the better distribution of music, which Mr. Sarazen is financing and promoting. Sound movies have been made: miniature concerts with more or less famous artists performing ten or fifteen minutes each. José Iturbi, Albert Spalding, Richard Bonelli, Gladys Swarthout, Helen Jepson, Vronsky and Babin, Charles Kullman, Frederick Jagel, Nino Martini, Emanuel Feuermann, Gregor Piatigorsky, Igor Gorin, Bartlett and Robertson, Frank Chapman, Mildred Dilling, Kathryn Meisle, the Coolidge Quartet, the Barrère Little Symphony participate in this Music of the Masters series. Three of them are available to clubs and colleges on one program for a rental of twenty-five dollars.

Seventeen thousand public schools have sound equipment. Those which haven't may rent it from the National Committee. Another project for schools that will be ready in September offers visual aid in the teaching of music. Close-up shots of correct muscular and finger movements have been made and are being tested out for practicability by Mabelle Glenn in Kansas City schools.

Each of the 100 local Music Appreciation Committees will offer a management-at-cost service to young musicians. They will promote concerts by talented winners of local competitions, guarantee a fee of at least 100 dollars. Music patrons and society snobs must be shown a way to raise money not by passing the hat but by supporting local music projects which *by proper promotion* can be made to pay for themselves, and yield a profit. The chief obstacles are that a prophet is without honor in his own city and many listeners feel comfortable only in the presence of a celebrity. Audiences are attracted by Big Names, still regard music as something apart rather than an expression of their own inner feelings.

This, according to Mr. Erskine, is the result of false notions borrowed from Europe. Artists cling to the snobbish rot which their predecessors imitated from a feudal society. The old aristocrat thought it a disgrace to have any contact with trade. No one needed money more than he, but, for him, money was completely fumigated and he could accept it only if everybody understood he hadn't earned it. He expected someone to fill his pocket for him when his back was turned.

When the musician ceased to be a craftsman, he took on the airs of this gentleman with the additional liability of behaving like a genius. Never would he sully his spirit by going and looking for his audience as if he were hunting for a job. The audience must seek him, craving indulgence, and if he had nothing better to do, he obliged. What they'd like to hear was *his* business. Never would he descend from the contemplation of unearthly beauty to talk business. But, like other gentlemen, he'd take plenty of cash. Hence the invention of the artist's agent, who for a proper percentage would run all the risk of soul-contamination and collect the fee.

Mr. Erskine thinks it is time we ended the pretense that the artist would be less noble if he used common sense and took thought of ways and means. Gasoline, he says, would not be so easy to get nor so cheap if business acumen had not discovered how to carry it to where it is wanted.

When neglected talent in the arts lives poorly and dies miserably, we shake our heads. But we still try to support music by private patronage. If we have no kings, princes, dukes, and counts to pay the bill for orchestras and operas, we look for substitutes among the generous rich. We strengthen our high artistic ideals by saying that the best music *can't* and *shouldn't* pay its way. We fear that any music which does reach a large audience, and therefore involves no financial loss for anybody is inferior. Noble patrons in Europe never were much concerned to spread the love of music among the vulgar; Prince Esterhazy, when he maintained Haydn and his men, to ornament his household, lost no sleep over

Continued at top of page 166

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from pages 93-165

the small size of the audience. Today many a great orchestra is satisfied at the end of the season if its accounts balance, thanks to gifts. It doesn't gauge its success in terms of the number of its listeners.

The United States has the greatest potential audience for music in the world. We are all immigrants, some of us a boatload or two ahead of the others. We have the greatest potential reservoir of talent in the world today. Our native-born voices, those of Traubel, Ponselle, Tibbett, Thomas, Anderson, Maynor, Risé Stevens, and the rest, compare with any in the world. Our schools and conservatories—the Berkshire Music Center at the head of them—are first-class. But, as with other items on our capitalist balance sheet, distribution fails. There is a bottleneck. Except over the radio, the art and the artists do not reach the largest audience. A growing number of listeners, though eager and willing, cannot hear high-priced performances.

Our artists and our government do not believe in a true democracy of the arts. They are not sure that 140,000,000 people, if given the opportunity and left to themselves, will like as good music as millionaires do.

Community and Civic Concert courses, the summer concerts (where they are musical events and not circuses), the promotion efforts of the National Committee for Music Appreciation are all helpful. Our people need to become more chummy with Bach and Mozart. They must hear their music, hear it again and again until they can whistle and hum it.

They spend far more money for gasoline than for music. One reason is that gasoline has more filling stations. ⌗

The Fixed Grin

Continued from page 58

being nice, John saw. "These are all good boys, son, they're good boys, but they're normal. They eat too much and they like to have their little hard and fast rules about what they think is sports*manship and school loyalty*. And, you can't get around it: boys are going to think who isn't with them is against them, no matter what the facts may be. They know you went to Lonsdale, and they really hate those Lonsdale boys!

"Even if you do leave here Xmas they'll make things awfully nasty for you if you go out there this afternoon and make a fool of yourself. Xmas vacation doesn't start until three weeks from now, remember that. If you're determined to go through with this foolishness, you're done for. They'll beat you up pretty badly tonight, and I'm afraid they'll have the sympathy of most of the masters here. You see," Coach said queerly, "most of the masters in prep-schools have the same set of ideals as their pupils . . ." Then he laughed abruptly, embarrassed—"But don't you dare quote me!"

It wasn't any good, John knew. He felt sorry for Coach suddenly—he was being so damned decent about all this. He knew Coach would stand up for him if he had to, and if it would do any good, but he also knew Coach didn't want to.

His position at the school was already shaky and he had a wife to support. And his intervention wouldn't have much effect anyway.

He went over to Coach and they shook hands. "Thanks a lot," John said, "I appreciate this—really. But it's no use. I couldn't back down now."

Coach looked out at the rain. "No, boy, I don't guess you could."

John left the school right after lunch and went to the stadium in town. There was no one around yet. It gave him time to think, but he didn't much want to think. He knew what he was going to do. He lounged back against the wall of the stadium, waiting for the Lonsdale bus, and smoked a cigarette. He would get twenty-five demerits if he was caught smoking, but he didn't care now. To pass the time and to keep his mind off other things he wondered about his friends. He wondered especially if Buck Harrison—who was sure to come as he was the best end they had—would be older and dignified now and call him Littlefield, as he had in his recent letters, or whether he would be the same as when they had roomed together and call him John-John. There would be Buck Harrison and Tiny Shepherd and Paul Sellers . . . It would be good to see them again.

John suddenly felt hurt and young, realizing how lonely he had been . . .

* * *

John sat on the Lonsdale bench between Paul Sellers, the water boy, and the Coach, Mr. Simmons. It seemed very natural to be there, and when Buck and Tiny came back from warming up and he told them about what had happened, they laughed and thought it was funny as hell. John laughed with them, after a bit, and began to think it was funny as hell too . . .

When he told Mr. Simmons, he received a smile. "We're leaving after supper—come back with us if you like. If you are really leaving Xmas anyway," he amended seriously.

John thought it over for a moment. But he didn't want to make Dad sore . . . and there was no use running out on the school. They would say he was yellow and had let the Senior Council scare him into it. He could wait until Xmas, and not come back after the vacation.

"Thanks, but I guess I'll see it through, sir," he said.

"They probably won't do anything to you anyway, Littlefield. Just trying to scare you a little."

"Sure," John said, "They're just trying to scare me." He felt a lot better now. Maybe they were just trying to scare him.

* * *

It was in the middle of the fourth quarter that it happened. Before the half both teams had been sluggish, seemingly waiting for the latter half to start serious scoring attempts. In the third quarter both sides had started opening up. Each of the teams scored once, but Lonsdale's try for an extra point failed, the kick going wide of the goal posts. Chardwell Hall led, seven to six. In the fourth quarter Lonsdale started a march down the field, then called for time out on Chardwell Hall's twenty yard line. Coach Simmons looked around for Paul to take the water and sponges out. But he had gone to the dressing room for some bandages. The substitutes were all down at one end of the field. There was no one to take the bucket and things out to the team, and he couldn't yell loud enough against the noise the crowd in the stands was making to attract the attention of the substitutes. Coach Simmons started running heavily toward the dressing room. John watched him. He could see the coach would never make it in time now. The time allowed for rest was over half up. Then he looked at the Lonsdale team. They were gesturing nervously at him, perhaps not really knowing, in their anxiety, just who he was. He saw that they were fagged and wretched . . .

Then he did that fool thing. He leaned over and grabbed the water bucket and the sponges and ran out on the field. As he ran he noticed the sudden silence in the Chardwell Hall stands.

Lonsdale made another touchdown just before the gun, completed the extra point, and the game was over. The final score was Lonsdale: thirteen, Chardwell Hall: seven.

He was crossing the field several yards behind the team when he saw them coming. Eddie Bowers and Chuck Bilden, two Chardwell Hall substitutes, grabbed him by the arms and dragged him toward their bus.

"You don't have to hold me," John said, "I won't run."

"We know damned well you won't run."

"Yeah, you won't run . . ."

They didn't do so much to him on the bus going back to school. They put him on the steel floor between the seats and stripped his coat off and tore his shirt. And they pulled his pants down and beat on him for a while with fibre knee pads. And one of them slapped him several times and then beat his head on the floor. But he managed to hold up pretty well. He didn't cry or anything. But he had started out on the bus with a fixed sort of grin on his face and after they had roughed him around a bit he felt it was still there. He could not seem to get rid of the grin.

They stopped the bus behind the gym and threw him out. He picked up his coat and went around to the middle dormitory. In his room before washing up for supper he examined his face in the mirror for the tight grin he had felt on the bus. It was still there. He twisted his face and stretched his mouth several times, but each time the grin came back.

After supper he skipped chapel, going down the hill behind the dining hall to a grove of tall pine trees. He sat down and smoked.

His thoughts were jumbled and fragmentary. He felt numb and calm, but he knew he was afraid somewhere deep inside himself. He tried and tried to find some explanation for taking the water out on the field. There didn't seem to be any logic in the action. It had just happened. He felt justified in everything else. He wondered about leaving right away and joining the Lonsdale team at the hotel in town. He could be home in two days. But Dad would raise the roof. And they would call him yellow here. He had started the thing, so he had better see it through. . . . He was lonely.

* * *

When they woke him up he was amused to see that the two who had come for him wore masks and carried large red candles. The candles dripped wax on the bedclothes.

"Get up, Littlefield," one of them said. "We've arranged a little party for you."

"Just let me get a robe . . ."

"You'll be warm enough, damn you!" They jerked him out of the bed. John walked between them down the hall and across to the gym. It was cold and there was a moon, he noticed.

The room to the right of the gym, the Senior Commons, was dimly lighted by seven or eight of the large candles arranged on chairs around the walls. There were about twenty masked figures in the room. Two of them were seated behind a large desk at one end, and the rest were sitting down in a semi-circle, facing the desk. About twenty thick paddles with holes bored in their ends were stacked against the desk on one side, and on top of it, just above the paddles, a row of taped and padded baseball bats rested.

The two on either side of John halted him roughly in front of the desk. The middle figure seated behind rapped heavily with a wooden hammer.

"Is this John Beatty Littlefield?"

"Yes," they all said. It was like a chant.

The hammer rapped on the desk again, ringing sharply against the tense silence. John knew this was all ridiculous, but the atmosphere,

Continued on page 168

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The Fixed Grin

Continued from pages 58-167

though overdone, was successful. He felt the grin again and hated it because it was beyond his control.

The boy in the middle behind the desk stared at him. "Littlefield," he said suddenly.

John waited.

"Littlefield!"

"Yes . . ."

"Yes, *sir!*"

"Yes, sir," John said levelly.

"Littlefield," he said solemnly, "We have had boys before this council for stealing, for cheating at gambling, for trouble with town girls . . . and worse things—but I want to say right now that I've never seen, never heard of, a boy coming before this Council for as low a thing as you are guilty of!" A low muttering spread.

"Have you anything to say?"

"I'm sorry I took the water out. I don't know what made me do that."

"Is that *all?*"

"That's all," John said quietly. He wished they would get it over. What he said was true: he really hadn't any more to say.

After some moments of bickering among themselves the boys quieted. The center figure behind the table rapped again.

"Alright, Littlefield," he said, rising. "Now—one last thing. Would you mind fighting me?"

"No," John looked at him. "No I don't."

"Am I too big for you? Take a look around and find someone smaller. We'd all consider it a pleasure to beat you up personally . . ."

"I don't want to fight anyone."

"Twenty licks with the paddles, five with the bats!" the boy yelled. "Littlefield, I want you to know that we have permission from the faculty for this, and from Dr. Benwell . . ."

They bent him over, tying his wrists to his ankles. Then they pulled down his pajama trousers and lined up twenty feet behind him.

It wasn't so bad. After the first round of paddling he began to yell a little, and he got so he would scream when he heard one of them running at him with a paddle. But he didn't completely break down or beg them to stop. It was only when they finished the licks with paddles and started with the baseball bats that he was afraid he was going to have to beg them to stop. He had to be held up then. Stooped as he was, he couldn't keep his balance. But finally one of the bats lost its padding and splashed blood all over when it hit him. They got scared then and quit.

They washed the blood off the floor and desk very carefully. But some of it had splashed on one boy and he started crying violently. John laughed then. He couldn't stop laughing. When they carried him back to his room he was still laughing. It wasn't hysteria, he thought: it was just that everything was so damned funny.

After they left him, the boy who had cried crept into the room. He had a little bottle of brandy he had sneaked in from a weekend and some salve. While he rubbed the salve on John's back and seat the boy kept telling him how sorry he was about it. John said Hell, it was all right. He understood.

John drank the brandy and felt better. He went off to sleep right away.

* * *

He waked while the light was still grey in the room. As soon as he opened his eyes he knew what he had to do. He didn't even have to plan it. He packed a bag, moving gingerly because of his back and seat, and left a dollar and a note for the dormitory Negro, telling him to pack the trunk and get it off.

He went out to the hall and called a cab. Then he called Mr. Faber, the assistant headmaster. He knew it wasn't any use calling Dr. Benwell, the headmaster. He got Mr. Faber finally.

He went over to Mr. Faber's cottage next door and told him about it while he yawned and had coffee. John saw right away that he didn't know anything about it.

Mr. Faber asked him if they had beaten him much, and John said no, not so much—that wasn't why he was leaving. He just didn't like the school and the school didn't like him.

Mr. Faber finally shrugged contemptuously and said if that was the way he felt about it that was just too bad. They wouldn't try to keep him. But he wouldn't give him any money. He said John would have to wait until after breakfast when the Administration office opened if he wanted to draw his allowance deposit.

John looked at him sitting there in his blue silk dressing gown. "You go quietly to hell, sir," John said. "I have some money—enough for my ticket anyway." They stared at each other. John could hear him at the faculty meeting: "And the impudent pup swore at me! Why, gentlemen, I don't blame our boys for what little they may have done to him . . . " John thought that would be just fine. . . .

* * *

At the bus station he found he hadn't enough money for his fare to Washington, after all—the fare was sixteen dollars and he only had fourteen and a half, and he would have to eat. But he remembered that he could wire Dad to send him money at Winston-Salem—then he could pick it up when the bus went through.

He found a seat to himself at the rear of the bus, folded his topcoat and stretched out on it. He lit a cigarette and lolled back. He distinctly felt that grin fixed on his face, but he didn't worry about it much now. That grin was going to be with him a long time, he knew. And anyway he was beginning to rather like it. #

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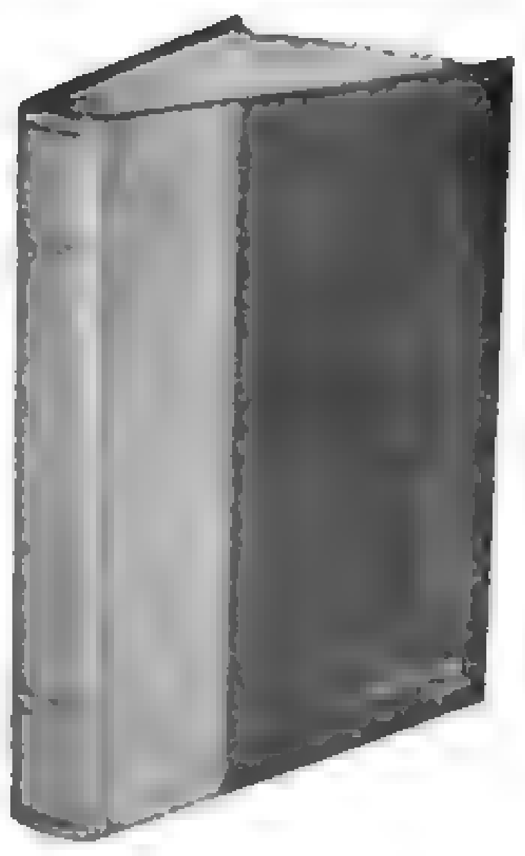

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The Taming of Valenti

Continued from page 43

and when I thought of all these things, and the way he loved her, I knew I would be loyal to him even though I liked Linda very much.

"Let's have another drink and talk it over," I said.

"It's no use," she said. "I'm through."

We had several drinks. We pushed the dispute back and forth, and we always came to the same equation: she thought Valenti was a bum, but she loved him. That was something. I had got that much out of her. As for going back to him, it was impossible. She should have followed her mother's advice. Her mother had once known an Italian, too. The Italian her mother knew had carried a stiletto. She should have listened to her mother in the first place.

She was with me two hours. When I finally got her to agree to go back and try once more, I was pretty happy about it. I had been loyal to my good friend Valenti. I had saved his marriage. I had returned him to his love. To a measure, at least, I had repaid him for his faith and friendship. But one thing she demanded. Valenti had to get down on his hands and knees and say he was sorry.

"And there's something else," she said. "I want a new car. A Chevrolet roadster. The kind with the two-tone body."

"All right," I said. "You go home. I'll see Valenti."

I drove her home. We stopped for some beefsteak for her eye. "He's emotional," I said. "But he loves you."

"The rat," she said. "And he called my mother an old toad."

"That's nothing."

"But she isn't. She's fat, but she's nice."

I let her out in front of their apartment house. Then I drove downtown to the Bureau of Power and Light. Valenti was assistant to the chief engineer. It was a good job, and I knew he would go far. I found him in the blue print room, studying some plans. A thick bandage covered his right ear.

"How'd that happen?"

He smiled innocently.

"She did it. The water pitcher."

"She didn't tell me about that."

"Did she tell you she chased me out of the place with a butcher knife?"

"She told me you knocked her down."

"I barely pushed her—easy like."

"What about the black eye?"

"That wasn't me," he said. "Maybe it was the milkman. Maybe Walters downstairs. Maybe the grocery clerk. Maybe my brother Mike—he's hot-tempered. Maybe they all got there at once and there was a fight. She's got so many of us, there's bound to be a little friction now and then."

"You've got to apologize," I told him.

"To that little tramp? Never."

"You blacked her eye."

"She had it coming."

But Valenti apologized. When he got home and saw the spread of purple under her nose, he fell on his knees and begged her to have her revenge. "Call the police. Send me to prison. Divorce me, Linda. I don't deserve you."

She didn't argue the point. He kissed her purple eye and she kissed his bandaged ear. They stood in the middle of the room and kissed each other's lips. Then Valenti raised his head and sniffed the air. I could smell it too—the fragrance of spaghetti sauce. He turned from her and walked into the kitchen. She stood smiling awkwardly with the good side of her face. We heard him in the kitchen, fussing with a spoon and a pan. He came back to the living room, his face inscrutable.

"How come spaghetti?"

"I thought you'd like it."

"You cooked it for me?"

"Of course, Darling."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?"

She looked at me, frightened a little, and I looked at Valenti. His black eyes sparkled mischief.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I mean, we had a fight this morning. You assaulted me with a pitcher and a butcher knife. You threw me out. I said I wasn't coming back."

Linda sighed. "But Darling! Jim said he'd bring you back. I wanted to surprise you."

"So you cooked enough spaghetti for seven people."

"Is it too much? I didn't know, Darling."

Valenti folded his arms.

"Maybe you were going to celebrate the fact that you kicked me out. Maybe you were going to have a big party. Maybe Mike and Walters and the milkman and the grocery boy were invited."

I said, "Shut up, Valenti."

Linda said, "I can't stand it! I hate him! I could kill him!"

Valenti smiled.

"You see, Jim? You hear that? Kill me."

I got tired of it. I told him so. I said, "Valenti, you're disgusting. This girl loves you. She's trying to make you happy. She's doing all she can. But you reek with jealousy, Valenti. Your mind is diseased with it. You don't deserve her. I think she ought to leave you. I think she's had more than enough."

Valenti threw himself into an upholstered rocker and stared at his shoes. My words had hit him hard. He would probably start crying. We watched him stare blankly. We watched his eyes. Their brightness began to dim. Two black pools took shape, overflowed, and spilled down his cheek.

"Jim's right," he said. "Linda, you ought to leave me."

Then Linda broke. The sight of him, so wretched and conscience-bitten, was too much for her. "Oh, my poor Darling! Dearest, darling Alfredo!" She fell on her knees before him, produced a tiny green handkerchief from some place, and

Continued on page 170

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The Taming of Valenti

Continued from pages 43-169

dabbed away his tears. "Jim's wrong, Darling! It's none of his damn business, anyway."

"And I slugged you!" he sobbed. "Kill me, Linda. Kill me dead."

They started over again, Linda kissing his bandaged ear, Valenti kissing Linda's swollen eye. I'd had enough. I couldn't keep up with their moods. It was either murder and death, or life and love. I guess they both liked it that way. I didn't. Without a word, I backed toward the door. Valenti saw me as I stepped into the hall. "Jim!"

He came after me, put his arm around my shoulder.

"We both love you, Jim. You got to stay. Linda's spaghetti's wonderful."

I told him I had another engagement. To emphasize it, I looked at my wrist watch and whistled. He walked down the hall with me to the automatic elevator. He had his arm around my shoulder all the way.

"You're my best friend, Jim. You're the only one I can trust."

I saw his wild black eyes and thought of something else. "So long, Valenti."

He put both arms around me and hugged me. Then he kissed my cheek. I could smell the disinfectant from his bandaged ear. "The only man I can trust. Jim, you don't know what that means to me."

"I think I do," I said.

When I got out of there and into the cool street, I felt my lungs expand and I realized I had been suffocating. I was glad for the setting sun and the freedom of the pink and gold of the twilight sky. I was glad to be alone. It seemed the most precious thing in my life. I got into my car and drove back to my hotel.

Leon was at the desk. He handed me some mail.

"Leon," I said. "You remember that girl with the black eye? Next time she comes, I've moved. I've gone to China."

"China," Leon nodded.

China. When you're down the home stretch on a novel, and the prose runs smooth, it's like China, or Africa, or the moon. You're far away from everything, the days tumble by and you lose track of them. I don't remember exactly: it was seven or eight or nine days later. I finished the novel and got sick the same day. It was fever and a slight chill. I called Dr. Atwood. He looked at my chest and found what I hadn't noticed. Spots. I had the measles. By evening I had a lot of them. The hotel management wanted me to go to the hospital, but Atwood talked them out of it. I was isolated in my room on the third floor.

It was the night Valenti came. He arrived unannounced. I don't know how he got by Leon at the desk, but I know what he did when he read the *Keep Out: Sickness* sign on my door. He came in. I looked up when I saw the door opening. There stood Valenti. The last time I'd seen him only his ear was bandaged. Now the top of his head was swathed in a thick turban of cotton and white adhesive. The low desk lamp was on the other side of the room and he couldn't see me very well.

"Jim!" His voice was worried. "What's the matter?"

I was feverish and irritated. I didn't feel like taking on other people's troubles. I wanted to be alone in the semi-darkness with my fever and my ugly little spots.

"Your head," I said. "Linda?"

"Yeah. With a claw-hammer. Eight stitches."

"Valenti," I said. "Please go away."

He sat down.

"I need your advice."

"No you don't. I'm sick, Valenti. It's contagious."

He stood up. "What's contagious?"

"Measles. I've got the measles."

I remember very little of the next few minutes. I remember that I was too weak to defend myself, and I remember the heavy thud of Valenti's fist against my jaw. I think he knocked me out of bed, picked me up, and knocked me into bed. Never under-estimate the measles. Some time during the barrage I caught a flash of his black eyes, and I felt that he had gone insane, something I had always suspected would happen, something I didn't like to think about. Then I realized that Linda had probably caught the measles too, and Valenti had drawn his own conclusions. But I was too weak to explain, and it wouldn't have done any good. I remember him standing in the open door, shaking his fist and sobbing: "To think that I trusted you—my friend. Nuts!"

The measles left me in two weeks. Valenti's souvenirs hung like fresh figs from my eyes for two months. I insisted my nose was broken, but Atwood disagreed. As for the three missing upper teeth, my dentist had condemned them before Valenti's visit. I said very little about it. I knew nobody would believe me, anyway. Even Atwood doubted it. Both Valenti and Linda phoned a couple of times, but Leon told them China.

It wasn't China, but it had to be New York, because my new book was coming out. I decided to drive there. It took longer, and it would give my face a chance to heal. I was sitting in my car, watching Julio, the Filipino boy, stacking luggage in the back seat.

Across the street a fancy claxon sounded, and I heard my name called. A new Chevrolet roadster, a two-tone job, slid into the curb. It was Linda. She waved proudly. I thought of driving away; instead, I waved.

She got out and slammed the roadster door. She seemed pleased with the process. But there was something odd about her carriage: it was stiff and robot-like. Then

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ARLINGTON MILLS, Lawrence, Mass.

I saw what it was as she crossed the street toward me. She wore some kind of steel and leather brace around her neck, with a leather cushion under her chin. Valenti was getting rougher every day. I looked up and down the street. You never could tell when Valenti would show up.

"Jim!" she said. "Where on earth have you been?"

"China," I said. I nodded at her neck-brace. "How did he do that?"

"I'm sick of China, China all the time. You haven't been to China at all. You don't like us anymore. He pushed me down the stairs."

She was standing in the street, her head inside the car. She looked lovelier than ever. The brace was surprisingly becoming. It held her face like a pedestal.

"How were the measles?" I said.

"Poor Jim," she said. "You poor darling. Valenti told me."

"What did Valenti tell you?"

"That you had the measles. That's why I kept calling, but it was always China," she replied.

"Didn't you have the measles, too?"

"We thought it was the measles. It was something I ate. Strawberries or something."

"So he broke your neck."

"It isn't broken, Jim. It's only fractured. He's changed, Jim. He's different now. Look what he bought me."

We both looked at the new car.

"Nice," I said.

Then I heard my name called. I knew the voice. It was Valenti's. He was double-parked next to Linda's car, across the street. He was leaning on his horn and waving wildly.

"Jim! My old *paesano*, Jim!"

"Linda," I said. "Step back."

"But Jim."

"*Paesano!*"

I let the clutch out and pulled into the light traffic. They were both yelling and waving for me to stop.

"Jim!" Valenti said. "Where you going?"

"China," I yelled. #

Basketball or Court Game?

Continued from page 65

will be teams which have mastered the new 'fan-shaped bank' style of game. . . . A smaller target of different shape, the new bank will 'muddle' many a team unfamiliar with it. It completely 'junks' the game as played with the old rectangular banks."

If these changes were motivated altruistically, I wouldn't mind so much. But these pernicious tendencies must be crushed if basketball is to continue its growth. It is true that some of these people who propose optional equipment sincerely desire to improve the game. But, as this advertisement bears incontrovertible witness, too many of these opponents of standardization want to get some unfair advantage whereby they can win games from teams which are by nature or training more talented. If their basketball team can't win for them, perhaps the court can.

This business of visibility for spectators behind the court doesn't bear close scrutiny. Most major courts have already installed glass backboards, which give considerably more visibility than the streamlined monstrosities. With the fan-shaped thingumbob you can't see the ball as it passes through the basket, anyway, but with a glass bank you can see the entire court at all times.

And *that's* not all. Still another option makes it permissible to use a seamless ball. Teams composed of athletes who, for years have been playing with the usual balls with seams, are suddenly forced to participate in a game in which they must use a seamless ball. I'm not talking about laces, now, but about the seams. These boys must instantaneously learn a new technique of gripping that ball for passing, shooting, or dribbling. In brief they must learn new fundamentals; and when you must learn new fundamentals, you're not playing the same game. Obviously such a contest is no test of the relative basketball talent of the opposing quintets.

Nor am I conjuring up a hypothetical case. Several of my New York colleagues have run into just this situation when playing out-of-town. The only reason they haven't publicly yelled bloody murder is that they have been around too long to bother with alibis.

There are other categories of small-timers who oppose standardization. The publicity-seekers, for instance. They propose something optional and get their names in the paper. Nor am I alone in objecting to this type of individual as a perusal of the basketball columns of last winter's New York *Herald Tribune* will amply demonstrate.

Basketball has developed considerably since Dr. Naismith hung his peach baskets in the Springfield gymnasium. But if the game is to continue its present rate of growth, *standardization should be included in the rule book.* After many years we now have something approaching a uniform interpretation of the rules throughout the country. It's ridiculous not to have the rules themselves provide for a uniform game.

In baseball, football, tennis, etc., the court has the same dimensions anywhere in the world. Materials of construction may differ, but a pitcher's mound is always the same distance from home plate, the quarterback always has the same distance from the sidelines to maneuver in, a good tennis server will "ace" his rivals at Kalamazoo or Wimbledon. Let's have a game called basketball played the same way and demanding the same skills of its players throughout the world.

Now, don't get the impression

Continued on page 172

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Arlington-loomed Gabardine

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which means that every fleece is cleansed in naphtha, eliminating excessive handling, preserving the life, strength, and resiliency of wool fibers.

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Distinctively conservative in style, this topcoat is finely tailored and expertly finished with military collar, set-in sleeves, slash pockets. Cravenette processed for all-weather wear. In light and dark shades for sale by

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Basketball or Court Game?

Continued from pages 65-171

that I'm opposed to change and am a hidebound conservative. Anyone who has watched my City College teams play will testify that our tactics are continually being altered so as to outwit the opposition. There can be no doubt that, in the matter of basketball strategy, I'm a progressive.

Nor am I one who believes that Dr. Naismith got his inspiration from Mount Sinai and that the rules, therefore, should not be amended. Those who know anything about basketball legislation of the past few years are aware that I have been in the front rank battling for certain rule changes. I am definitely not opposed to experimentation with the rules.

But on two tenets, I do not yield. First: if changes are made, they should apply to all equally—standardization. Second: changes should be designed to correct specific minor ills, but the essential character of the sport should not be changed. In short, let us *all* play *basketball!*

Let's have the ball as it always has been—with seams. By taking away the seams, you make it almost impossible to attain the fingertip control so necessary in basketball fundamentals and you nullify skillful shooting, clever passing and tricky dribbling. You replace basketball with a game of running and jumping. All you have to do is throw the ball down the court, and get a teammate to catch up with it. He heaves it at the backboard—it doesn't have to be too near the basket—and then your bouncing bean poles keep tapping at the backboard until they finally get the ball in the basket. Personally, I think volleyball is a good game for people who like to see tapping. Basketball is supposed to be a game requiring skillful passing, shooting and dribbling. So let's not replace the seamed ball.

As for the backboards, there is a movement afoot to make them convex. First, it was made optional to enlarge the courts so that the ends were beyond the basket. Now, it seems, there is not enough room on the court from which to shoot, these reformers claim. By making the bank convex, it will be possible to shoot at the basket from the corners of the court.

A logical extension of this idea would be to remove the backboard entirely. Then it would be possible to shoot a goal from behind the basket, which wouldn't be possible with the convex bank. But they don't want that. Taking the backboard away would increase the opportunities for shooting, but because it would also place a greater premium on accuracy, they don't want it. It's much easier to change a rule than to teach good basketball.

Now, according to theory, I would benefit by a bankless game because I get comparatively undersized material, and because as a professional, I actually played that type of game for many years. But, I say, for the game's sake let's forget about fan-shaped, convex and any other nightmares. Let's continue with the same rectangular backboard which hasn't seemed to hurt the game 'til now.

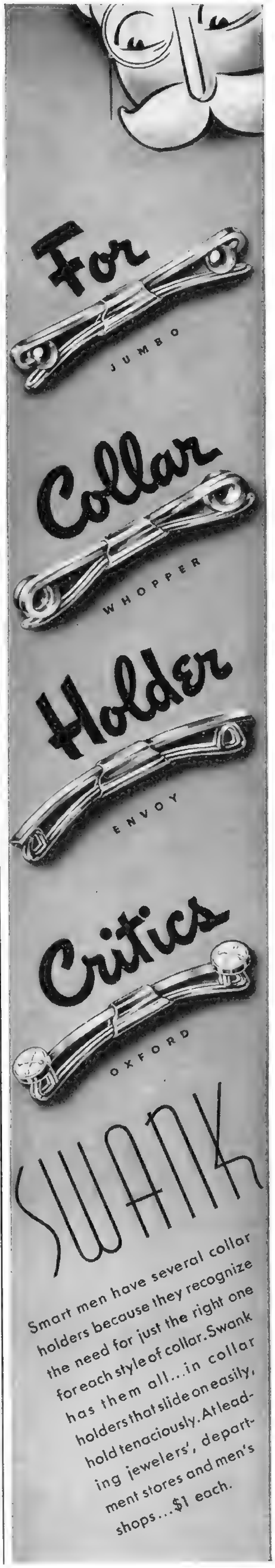
The main argument for a fan-shaped bank is that for little expense you can seat more spectators behind the backboards. But if a team is drawing so many spectators that they can't get enough of them in the gym without having to seat them behind the baskets, it seems obvious that they can afford glass backboards. These, in turn, will further enlarge the seating capacity and will soon pay for themselves.

As for the dimensions of the court, I suggest an area between eighty or eighty-five feet by fifty feet. Such a court places emphasis on basketball skill without making endurance and sprinting ability—important in any game—the decisive factors. Personally, I might like to see the smaller length adopted. But in a poll conducted by Ned Irish, Madison Square Garden basketball director, coaches of all metropolitan teams strongly opposed any increase in the size of the Garden's court, and expressed their approval of the Garden's eighty-four foot layout. These men have traveled throughout the country and annually turn out teams which play thoroughly representative schedules. As much as anyone in the game, they should know what shape court is the best test of basketball skill.

In addition, two important practical considerations enter, which make it unwise to standardize the basketball court at a size greater than the Garden's. First: many high schools, churches, "Y's", etc., haven't got the room for courts even as large as the Garden's, let alone roomier ones. If an acre-size court is made standard, games played in these community centers would be regarded relatively as ping-pong to tennis. Are the teams fortunate enough to have roomy playing-surfaces to be the *only* ones allowed to play basketball? What about those who can't get to a large court? Can't they play basketball?

Finally, and most important. Spectator interest supports intersectional contests and has put basketball in the big-time. By their enthusiastic support of the game at Madison Square Garden, hundreds of thousands of fans have voted their satisfaction with the game as it is played there. These crowds do not assemble four or six times a year. They come back for as many as eighteen games per season—and pay fancy prices.

It is the customers who have made basketball a big-time sport. The customer is always right. He who pays the piper, calls the tune. Something ought to be done about the lack of standardization in basketball. It's the most important problem now facing the game.



Smart men have several collar holders because they recognize the need for just the right one for each style of collar. Swank has them all... in collar holders that slide on easily, hold tenaciously. At leading jewelers', department stores and men's shops...$1 each.

The Deadly Mrs. Pat

Continued from page 44

gave them to his guest to augment Moonbeam's dinner. Mrs. Pat accepted the gift, but not on Moonbeam's behalf. "It will be enough for both of us," she said.

Woollcott was also present at a famous meeting in the dressing room of Katherine Cornell—famous because Woollcott has made it so. Miss Cornell was starring in *Dishonored Lady*. After the performance that night the list of visitors to the star's dressing room was an imposing one—Woollcott, Mrs. Leslie Carter, and last but far from least, the good ship Mrs. Patrick Campbell. Her first words to Woollcott after she made her grand entrance were, as usual, shattering ones. "My dear," she said to him, "tell me, who *should* have played *Dishonored Lady?*" Her stage whispers always rattled the furniture and this was one of the whispers. Woollcott attempted to smooth over the situation by introducing Mrs. Campbell to that other lady who carried her husband's name through an amazing stage career, Mrs. Leslie Carter. The great ladies shook hands. Then Mrs. Pat leaned over to Woollcott and, in another one of those confidential whispers, bellowed, "I thought she was dead!"

There are those who think that her remarks of her last years were born of frustration—cat-calls of a has-been. This is anything but the truth. Her tongue was razor-edged even in the halcyon days.

The nineties and the first two decades of the twentieth century were the great days of Mrs. Pat. They were enlivened by her enormous stage successes, her trips to America, her love affairs, her great roles, and her correspondence with George Bernard Shaw. Shaw was a headstrong youth of some fifty summers when he first started to lay his heart at her feet, via the mails. It was a correspondence that started when Mrs. Pat was recuperating from one of her frequent illnesses and Shaw started to send her the sort of passionately innocuous notes he dashes off between the vegetable courses. The letters never stopped, and his ardor seemed to grow with his summers, although he once wrote her "you might be the Virgin Mary and I an Irish peasant, and my feeling for you could not be more innocent." Shaw wrote her kind, pleading, adoring, cruel notes. Mrs. Pat, in turn, seems to have been mostly patient and aloof with her Irish swain. Once when she was broke he offered to lend her a thousand pounds. She was offended.

In 1922 Mrs. Pat wrote a book called *My Life and Some Letters.* The best letters, of course, were those from Shaw. He always addressed her as "Stella." She called him "Joey." It was on a day when Stella was enraged by something the red-headed vegetarian had said that she made the most famous remark ever made to Bernard Shaw. "Some day, Joey," she said, "you'll eat a lamb chop and then God help all women!"

All their battles were volcanic ones. It was in 1914 that Shaw finished *Pygmalion* for her and directed her in it. She had dazzled Shaw for years and he had bombarded her with letters, but it was not until *Pygmalion* became the biggest hit of its time that they really collided with one another. She would never take direction from anybody, not excepting Shaw himself, and she aggravated him almost to the breaking point. Originally, he ended *Pygmalion* when Higgins, the voice teacher, sends his pupil Eliza out into the night. He asks her to buy him a pair of gloves. The point Shaw intended was to keep the audience guessing as to whether Eliza would ever come back, but Mrs. Pat had her own ideas on the subject. Every night, much to Shaw's indignation, she would say "what size?" when Higgins asked her to buy the gloves. By this simple interpolation she told the audience that she *was* coming back and, incidentally, she took the last line of the play for herself—always the divine right of the prima donna. Shaw was furious but he could not stop her from speaking that last line. In the end he was forced to write an epilogue in which he stated explicitly that Eliza did *not* come back. Mrs. Pat could do nothing about that but get mad. While she was playing in America she made some blistering remarks about Joey. "The old—!" she said. "They read all sorts of wonderful social and sociological meanings into his plays . . . I know what they mean . . . they mean ten per cent!" Even in those days Shaw was getting a ten per cent royalty on his plays.

Mrs. Campbell had shocked London for the first time when she played the title role in *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* London audiences came to expect a heightening of the blood pressure from her, came to expect to see her in roles which in one way or another defied the moral code of the time. She was the lady-with-a-past incarnate. But no audience was ever shocked as was the first audience that saw *Pygmalion*, for in that play Shaw hurled his hottest thunderbolt at Mrs. Grundy. He used a naughty word. He used it at the finish of the play when the Cockney girl who has been transformed into a grand lady suddenly loses her grip on herself, lapses into the vernacular, and speaks the dirtiest word in the British language. When the members of that first audience, who had had no warning, heard Mrs. Pat pronounce the word they almost fled in panic. Then, miraculously, they stayed in their seats and howled with laughter. It started a controversy that raged for years. From that first night on *Pygmalion* became very much like *Sappho*—a play to which audiences came to be shocked. As one English critic of the day put it, "Most of us, if our lips would frame the word, would feel like going out and

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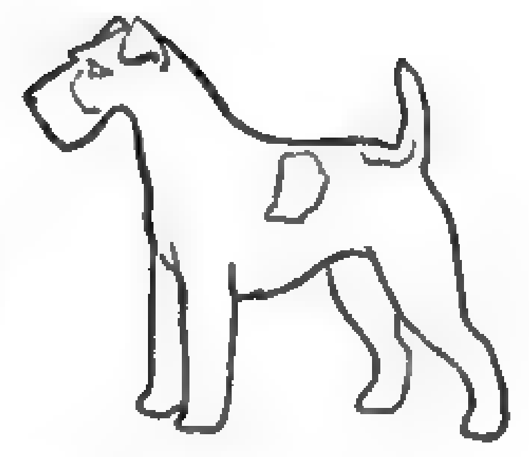
There's no mistaking



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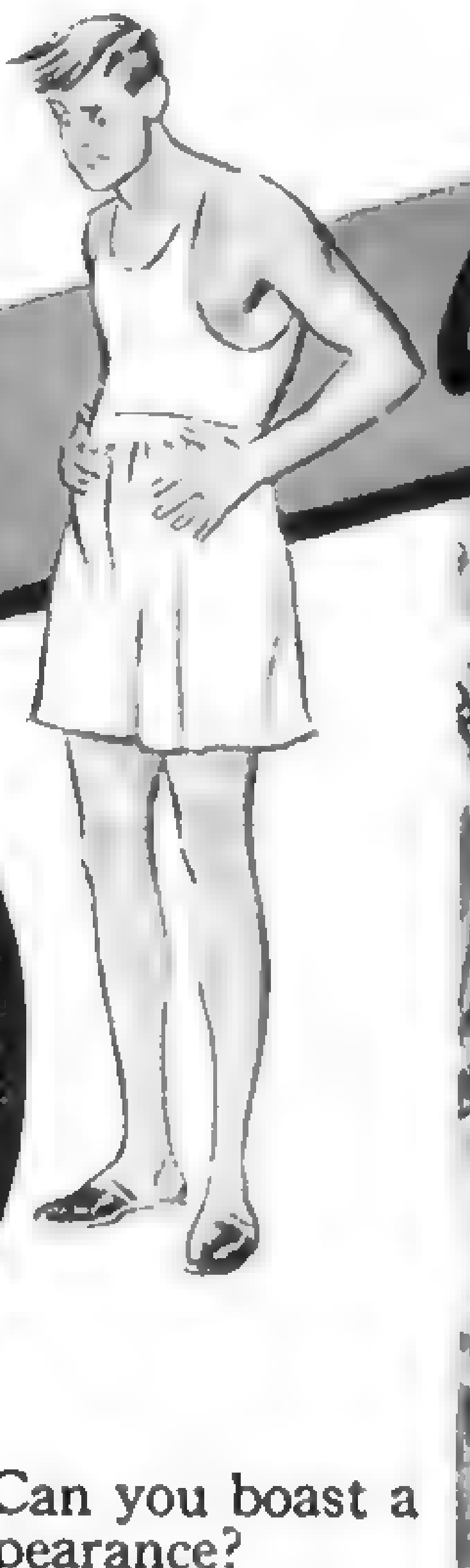

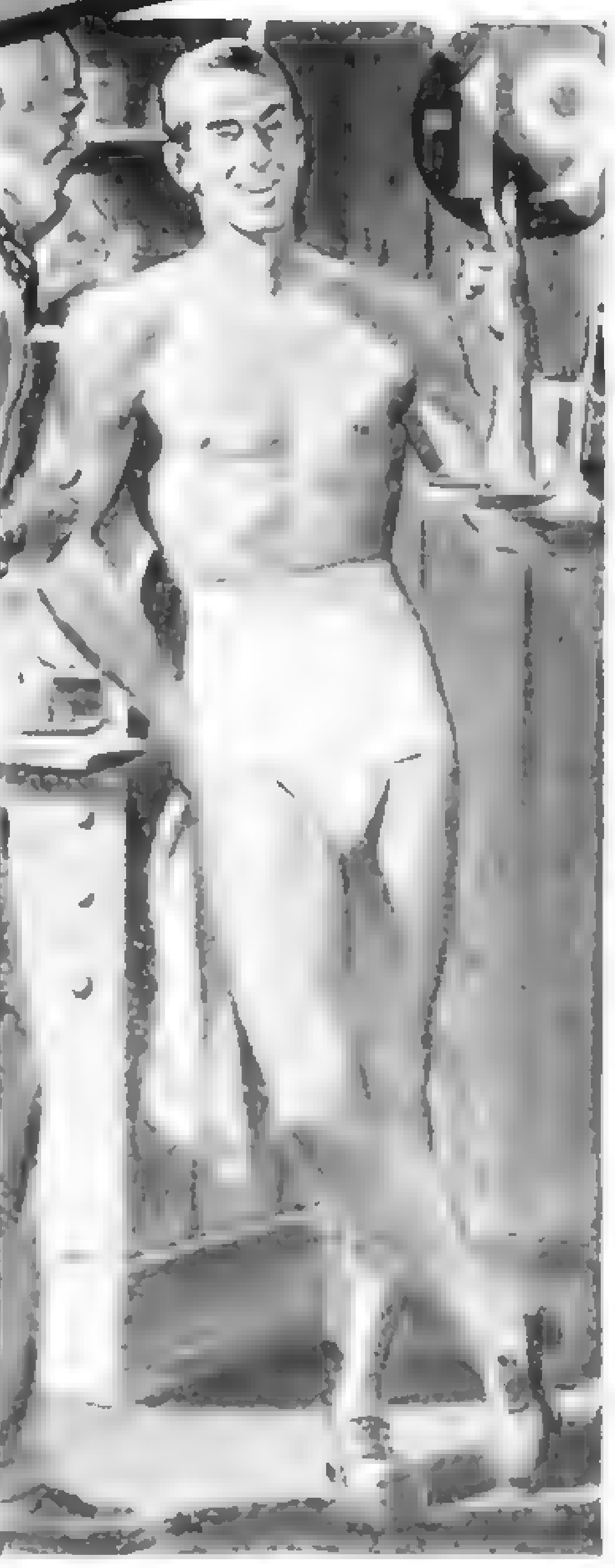

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The Deadly Mrs. Pat

Continued from pages 44-173

washing our mouths with an antiseptic. I know," he continued, "that this is not commonly understood in the United States, but if you will think of the vilest and most shockingly unprintable word you have—some blasphemous masterpiece of the Red Light Saloon in Dead Man's Gulch—then you will have some idea of the sensation which this word might cause when flung down defiantly in the presence of refined English company." The word, of course, was "bloody."

The Shaw letters to Stella, like the words of Astrophel, lasted until the end. He wrote his prose lyrics to the adored one long after she had lost her remarkable beauty, and he continued to call her beautiful and to adore her. He never tired of writing to, and about, her. Her acting technique always astounded him. ("I am convinced," he wrote, "that Mrs. Campbell could thread a needle with her toes.") But beyond adoration he would not go. There was a time when she was so broke she wanted to publish a book made up of their correspondence—such a book as Shaw had made of his correspondence with Ellen Terry—but Shaw flatly refused. He allowed her to reprint some of the hot words in *My Life and Some Letters*, but the more flaming ones he refused to sanction for publication. "Stella," he said when she asked him to let her publish the letters, "I will not play horse to your Lady Godiva."

Mr. Shaw did play horse to Ellen Terry's Godiva, but only after she died. There are those who hope that now that his last Godiva has also passed away, and is forever out of debt, he will finally consent to the publication of their letters.

Mrs. Campbell was twenty-eight years old when she burst upon London in 1893. She had already gone through a marriage, acquired two children, and temporarily lost a husband. The husband had gone to Australia to seek his fortune after he found it impossible to support Stella and the children. Mrs. Patrick Campbell (she used the name as soon as she went on the stage) took up with one of those traveling English stock companies; for three years she toured the provinces. The critic Maurice Baring claimed to have seen something mystical in her eyes. Perhaps he was right, for it was no ordinary stroke of luck that plucked the obscure young matron out of an insignificant stock company and made her, overnight, the rage of London. Baring said the mystical forces were working for her. Perhaps they had whispered in the ear of an influential friend of hers. This friend told Arthur Pinero to go down and watch Mrs. Campbell perform in the stock company. Pinero was then the most eminent living English playwright. He had just finished a play and he was looking for a leading woman. He could have had his pick of the best of London's actresses but he could find no one who suited his needs. The play he had written was the first outspoken Victorian play about a fallen lady and he called it *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.* He knew that the play would either break him and his leading lady—for in those days a fallen lady was in a class with "bloody"—or immortalize them both. And he could find no woman who suited him for the part. In desperation he went to see the unknown Mrs. Campbell and when he saw her he knew he could start his rehearsals.

There is a story about Pinero's visit to the little stock company that night. It is said that in the midst of her most dramatic scene, Mrs. Pat's bloomers fell down. She is supposed to have leaned down in her most queenly manner, picked up the offending article and tossed it behind a screen. Then she turned to the audience and stared it down before there was a chance for a single snicker. Pinero is supposed to have been so charmed by the whole thing that he signed her up immediately after the performance. The story is supposed to be true—the English papers still mention it when they reminisce about Mrs. Pat. If it is true then Maurice Baring's notion about mystic forces can explain a great deal. It must have taken more than luck to dislodge a Victorian lady's unmentionables.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* were the fireworks of the season. There started from that moment the series of plays, the tours, and escapades that were to keep her as much in the public eye as the most famous movie actress is kept now. Her every move was chronicled; her words made history; her clothes were of such stuff as Sunday supplements are made on. She acquired a pet named Pinky-Panky-Poo, which was the most detested animal of its time for she was always thrusting it in the faces of interviewers and reporters. A terrified reporter once asked her if she liked fried eggs. "I fancy you'd have better success," she said, "if you interviewed Pinky Panky Poo. He eats meat." She kept "Pinky" until he died, at which time he was seventeen years old, and bald, and blind, and toothless, but always somewhere near Mrs. Pat.

She scorned the press but the press followed her like a covey of Pinkertons. She was at her most obnoxious when she was being interviewed. A reporter once made his way to her dressing room door, by appointment. While he waited outside he heard Mrs. Pat telling her manager that she would not keep the appointment. The reporter wormed his way into the room. "How do you do," said Mrs. Pat, "I was just trying to get rid of you." When she was in America (she was the first English speaking star to get a three-dollar top in New York) she charged $25 for an interview, and she got it. She

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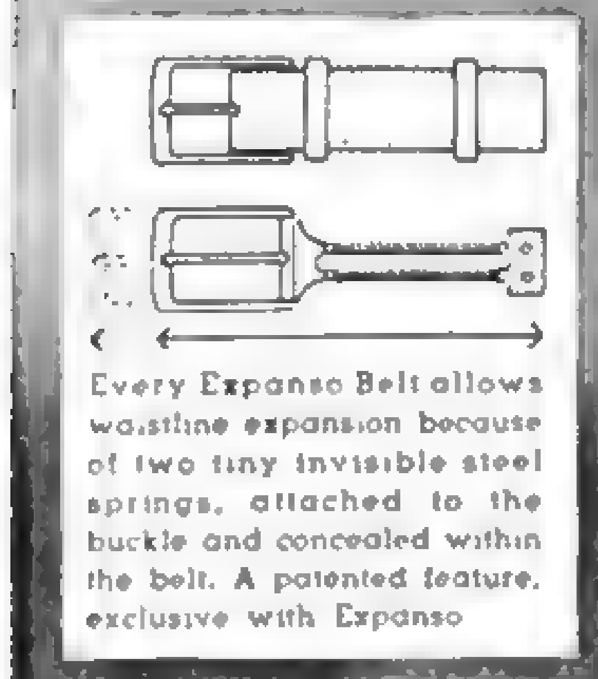

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promptly gave the money to charity.

She played in *Pelleas and Mélisande* with Bernhardt, in French, for Bernhardt would have nothing to do with English.

She seems to have been the great beauty of her time. Her photographs show a slim dark woman who never had the same face in two different photographs. But it is quite obvious that her eyes were enormous and her hair black. Incredible quantities of men fell in love with her but she seems to have frightened as many men as she inspired. The same Maurice Baring, for example, must have exorcised himself before he penned a tribute to her. "It was not only that she was poetical," he wrote, "but she held the secret of glamor, and spoke with the accents and looked at us with the glance that belonged to that mysterious world where Christabel slumbers and Sister Helen burns her waxen man, and fire spirits shine in the Beryl, and the Knight-at-arms loiters on the cold hillside, and where the cups of red wine turn pale, and the hound falls dead at the sight of the woman with the West in her eyes."

She could make the boys turn a phrase when she had a mind to. They all agreed that she was "mysterious." They all knew that although her father was English her mother was Italian, but few of them knew that although her paternal grandfather was English her grandmother was a Parsee woman. That, plus the Italian admixture, explains to some extent the effect she produced when she looked at a man or at an audience. James Barrie, a pixie who rarely left his flat in London, wrote long letters to her and haunted her dressing room. When Shaw wasn't visiting her, Barrie was. Gerald DuMaurier is supposed to have considered entering a monastery when she told him that he was just a growing boy. Aubrey Beardsley found in her his perfect model. She affected the artist Burne-Jones's directly and the author Rudyard Kipling indirectly, for Burne-Jones knew her and Kipling did not. Burne-Jones painted a picture called *The Vampire*, in which an attractive young lady with the glance of a hooded cobra is seen exulting over the lifeless form of her lover. The painting was the sensation of the salon season, especially after it was rumored that Mrs. Campbell had been the artist's model—not in his studio but in his mind's eye. The rumors—and they were typically Victorian, and ugly—said that the painting was Burne-Jones' revenge on the woman who had spurned him. (In her autobiography Mrs. Pat remembered Burne-Jones's as a sweet, happily married little man who used to make funny faces to amuse her.) At any rate, Burne-Jones' friend and relative, Rudyard Kipling, saw the painting and forthwith sat down and wrote a poem. "A fool there was," was the way he started it, and if the gossips were right about Mrs. Pat and the artist then the world owes Mrs. Pat a poetical debt. She inspired the language's most famous description of the female of the species, for it was only a few lines down in the same poem that Kipling called her "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair."

In spite of all the offers, Mrs. Pat married only twice. Mr. Patrick Campbell came back from Australia to find that his wife had made him famous. He became a familiar figure in the London clubs, and then he lost his life in the Boer War. In 1914, during rehearsals for *Pygmalion*, Mrs. Pat suddenly eloped with George Cornwallis-West, who had been the husband of Lady Randolph Churchill, who was the mother of Winston Churchill. Mrs. Pat was forty-nine years old by that time, and Mr. Cornwallis-West was thirty-nine. He became part of her caravan, which already included a son and a daughter from her first marriage and a Japanese spaniel named Poo Poo. All of them followed Mrs. Pat on her American tours. Her son Alan wrote a play for her, her daughter acted in the company, and even her husband played opposite her in something called *Searchlights*. His notices were not very good.

Mrs. Pat rode the crest of the wave for about twenty-five years, but after the war she gave ground. Her son Alan was killed in France and she never quite recovered from that. She was estranged from her daughter after a bitter quarrel about the girl's desire to go on the stage. She separated from Cornwallis-West. By 1927, playing *The Adventurous Age* in America, she was grasping at straws. She was sixty-two. It took six more years, a depression, and the awful realization that she would soon be seventy, to send her to Hollywood.

When she died she was the last of the titans. All the great actresses of her time, her friends and rivals, had preceded her—Bernhardt, Duse, Terry. She was the last of the eminent acting Victorians.

Right up to the end she did not lose her lust for the outspoken truth. So many of her insults were not insults at all. Her victims were often offended because they—like the lady in the Somerset Maugham story—did not know the truth when they heard it.

Neither did she lose her indifference to money. They say that even when she managed to lay her hands on some of the filthy stuff in her last penurious days she would give it away to the first person who asked for it. She had this quality right to the end—this impulsive generosity. It had other manifestations in her character, one of which was a desire to absorb responsibility. She took all the blame for everything. She even shielded her pets from their rightful chastisements. Perhaps the most characteristic story of all is the one of the time that Moonbeam misbehaved in the taxi cab. The driver saw what the dog had done, and was indignant. But Mrs. Pat made him blush to the ears when she apologized. "I'm so sorry," she said, "I did it!" ###

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Taylor-Made SHOE in Brogandi

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A clean-lined casual shoe with a walled last from the line of E. E. Taylor of Boston, Massachusetts. The leather selected is Brogandi, a new Evans tannage of goatskin, which is rugged and durable · soft and comfortable.

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GENUINE GOATSKIN

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Foot Pals For Men in Brogandi T M REG. U.S. PAT. OFF

Rugged Goatskin—Brogandi. A smart sporty leather that looks massive and mannish yet coddles the foot in cool comfort. The shoe illustrated is by Wall-Streeter of North Adams, Massachusetts — in Brogandi, an exclusive Evans tannage.

JOHN R. EVANS & CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

Brogandi
Genuine Goatskin

THIS TAG identifies a shoe made of genuine Evans Brogandi.

Spring Training for What?

Continued from page 49

eskie replied, picking up Sewell and tossing him into the water. Then he rowed away. Sewell knew just enough about swimming to remain afloat until his screams brought a rescue. Coveleskie had no explanations to make. It was just his idea of a good, clean joke.

Fun is fun, of course, but it doesn't offset the many tragedies to baseball careers which develop in these training trips. The great career of Tris Speaker, for instance, was cut short when he stepped into a hole in the outfield during an exhibition game in Texas and badly injured his ankle. It handicapped him all that season and never fully recovered. "Rabbit" Maranville's long and spectacular major league life came to an end after twenty-three years when he broke a leg sliding into home plate in an exhibition game between the Boston Bees and New York Yankees.

So far as rookies are concerned, the pages of baseball history are filled with the names of promising youngsters who faded away. Just last spring Johnny Gee, purchased by the Pittsburgh Pirates for $75,000 from the minors, hurt his arm so badly that he was forced to retire from baseball. He tried too hard to make good.

It was last spring, too, that Jake Powell, then New York Yankee outfielder, suffered a bad concussion when he crashed into a fence chasing a line drive in an exhibition game with the Dodgers at Ashland, Kentucky. Fortunately for him, it was not a skull fracture as first believed, and Powell returned to the lineup some weeks later.

Less fortunate were two other training accident victims—both of whom almost lost their lives as a result of exhibition game mishaps. Hank Leiber, then at the peak of his ability with the New York Giants, was hit in the head by one of Bob Feller's fast pitches in a game with Cleveland just before the 1938 season opened. Leiber never regained his effectiveness and was later traded to the Cubs. Lee Handley, Pittsburgh infielder, hovered between life and death for days after being "beaned" by Johnny Allen in a practice game at New Orleans. That was in 1939, and no one can say that his absence didn't seriously affect the pennant chances of the Pirates.

Almost fatal, too, was the accident which terminated the baseball career of "Dixie" Howell, famous Alabama grid star and a promising prospect with the Tigers. A line drive from the bat of Johnny Mize struck him in the head and upon his recovery weeks later, Howell decided to pass up the sport. He now is a successful football coach.

One could go on and on with such instances, but let's look at another phase of spring training. Just how much good is it?

The Cardinals of 1926 ran into rain and snow all during their Southern stay and trip North. They played just one exhibition prior to the opening of the season and the temperature was at 34 degrees that day. Yet what happened? They breezed through to a pennant.

So did the Yankees three years earlier when easy-going Miller Huggins worked his team only an hour a day and played only a few exhibitions. Their margin over the rest of the league was sixteen games.

You've heard of Charley Ruffing, haven't you? Three years ago he couldn't agree with the Yankees on the value of his services. As a result he didn't sign until May, missing all the spring training. That was the season in which Ruffing, without all the preliminary folderol, won twenty games and lost seven for an average of .741.

And there was Dizzy Dean, who reported four weeks late in his last season as a St. Louis Cardinal. In his first five starts he allowed just three runs.

Paul Waner was another who skipped training camps as much as possible. In 1937 he reported a week before the opening of the season, took a few swings with the bat and then played in every game that year. He finished with a batting average of .354.

Two years ago Joe Di Maggio also had contract trouble and did not join the Yankees until the season was well along. Despite the fact that he had missed all the "valuable" training in the South and all the exhibition games, Joe finished the season with a batting average of .381 to lead the American League.

Ed Roush, one of baseball's greatest outfielders: Bill Terry, manager of the New York Giants, and many other outstanding players, used to shun training camps by devious methods. Usually they'd stall along on contracts until the grind was almost over, and then come to terms. Their playing ability was never harmed by omission of weeks of Southern workouts.

There is no doubt about this training camp business being greatly overdone. There's too much ballyhoo, too many practice games in proportion to the regular league

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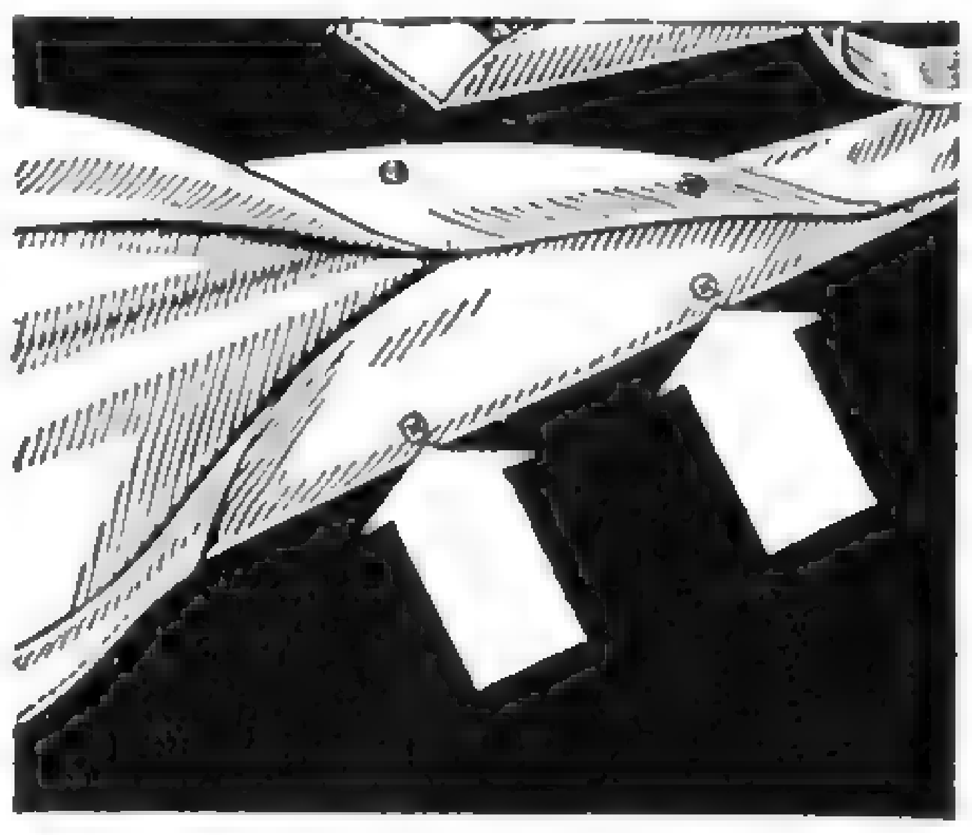

Convenient snap fasteners hold wide end . . . making it easy to open for pressing at home. Note also the extra folds which make ESCORT Cravats tie easier . . . drape better.

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season, too much danger of injury. Players can get into shape in ten days to two weeks and then they have to struggle to keep from getting out of shape again. And ballplayers, who don't think any more of a dollar than they do of their right arm, are a little resentful of playing so many games with no remuneration other than three meals a day and a place in which to sleep.

Prize complaint, though, is that made by Frank "Shanty" Hogan when he first joined the New York Giants. The team was undergoing preliminary workouts at Hot Springs, Arkansas, and someone asked him how he liked it.

"I wish," he said, "there were more mountains in this town. I get tired of climbing the same damn one every day."

Yes, spring training has come a long and devious route since Cap Anson took his bleary-eyed gang to the Spa and boiled them down to fit their last year's uniforms. The bright, business-type baseball player of today reports in condition, because nowhere else can he earn the kind of money he gets with the same sort of ease.

Baseball fans and some of the poverty-stricken major league clubs would be very grateful, indeed, to see this institution reduced to sane proportions. It would save wear and tear on the gullibility of the former in reading of rookie phenoms, and of the latter in trying to make expenses—to say nothing of the gratitude of all concerned in seeing baseball players save their best efforts for the real business of winning games that count in a pennant race.

The Sea and the Jumble

Continued from page 82

in which case you would prepare yourself for short jaunts and a fuel consumption proportionate to the speed. And you certainly wouldn't head for the South Seas, nor the exotic sweetnesses and wraths of monsoons, typhoons, or siroccos.

On the other hand, if it is romance, rest, rapture, or rumbullion you want, you might try your hand at the wheel of the big Chris-Craft 55-foot motor yacht, or the 57-foot flagship of the Elco fleet, or the 62-foot super-luxury Consolidated cruiser.

And again, if you want to go scooting in and out of bayous, or skimming around some aquacade, you could do nothing better than invest in a hydroplane hull, canoe, dinghy, or one of the new U. S. Plywood Vidal "Weldwood" molded-plastic hulls, made into a scooter—tack on behind a good fast Johnson or Evinrude outboard motor, and zoom off like a solitary torpedo.

Suppose we look at some of the new showings in order of size:

Elco celebrates its 49th anniversary, this year, with a fleet of eleven ships, involving six different lengths. The 57-foot motor yacht, most luxurious of the lot, has every conceivable convenience, and sleeps people all over the place—to use the verb so common in nautical argot. It boasts a cruising range of 600 miles. The draft, incidentally, is only 3 feet 4 inches. Speeds up to 23 m.p.h. are available for a price.

An outcome of Elco's experience in building the new high-speed PT torpedo boat for the Navy, the 32-foot Elcoette features for the first time in the Elco line the Navy type "torpedo" bow. Streamlined, the Elcoette is as rakish as a tophat cocked over your left ear.

Other significant items in the Elco line are the Cruisette 44, which is a smaller ship offering all the comforts and abracadabra of a big one, including sleeping accommodations for five to seven humans and a one-man crew, a shower room, and berths said to accommodate the tallest man and/or woman.

The baby of the fleet is the 30-foot Marinette, which is a small and economical, but smart and comfortable affair, drawing 2 feet 3 inches, sleeping six, and trolling along at speeds up to 21 m.p.h.

Chris-Craft, this year, offers practically everything from a luxury liner to a streamlined version of the famous little pea-green boat. The so-called flagship of the line, hinted at a few paragraphs back, is a 55-foot motor yacht with a flying bridge deck and teakwood quarter deck—a nice set-up if you know your decks. The bathroom aboard would do credit to the Waldorf. Other homey touches include a knotty pine dinette giving this alcove something of the quality of a log cabin. (This, of course, is directly in the new American tradition of making everything look like something else—as a hotel tries to make its grill look like a room on shipboard.)

Perhaps the neatest of Chris-Craft's new numbers, however, is the 40-foot express cruiser. For here is a ship that not only flies along at 33 miles an hour, but combines as well the virtues of a fishing smack, diving board, and overnighter of more social purposes. Intended for the man who skips his own boat, it has cockpits fore and aft, guaranteeing delicate privacy—and the separating of wheat from the chaff.

The details of Chris-Craft's 110 different craft are too numerous and too technical to go into here. In passing, however, it might be well to touch on the new line of "Rocket" runabouts with turtle-back decks, shark-nosed boys, and slip-stream folding windshields (manufacturers seem never at a loss for a name). Offered in sizes of 19 feet, 23 feet, and 27 feet, these fly like the Italians. The 27 foot model, in fact, goes up to 51 m.p.h., which is fast enough to get away from most cares and troubles.

Gar Wood gives Chris-Craft a

Continued on page 178

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A slack suit with dress style tailored right in it! V-type, in and outer shirt.. pleated trousers full cut for real comfort. In matching warm weather colors.

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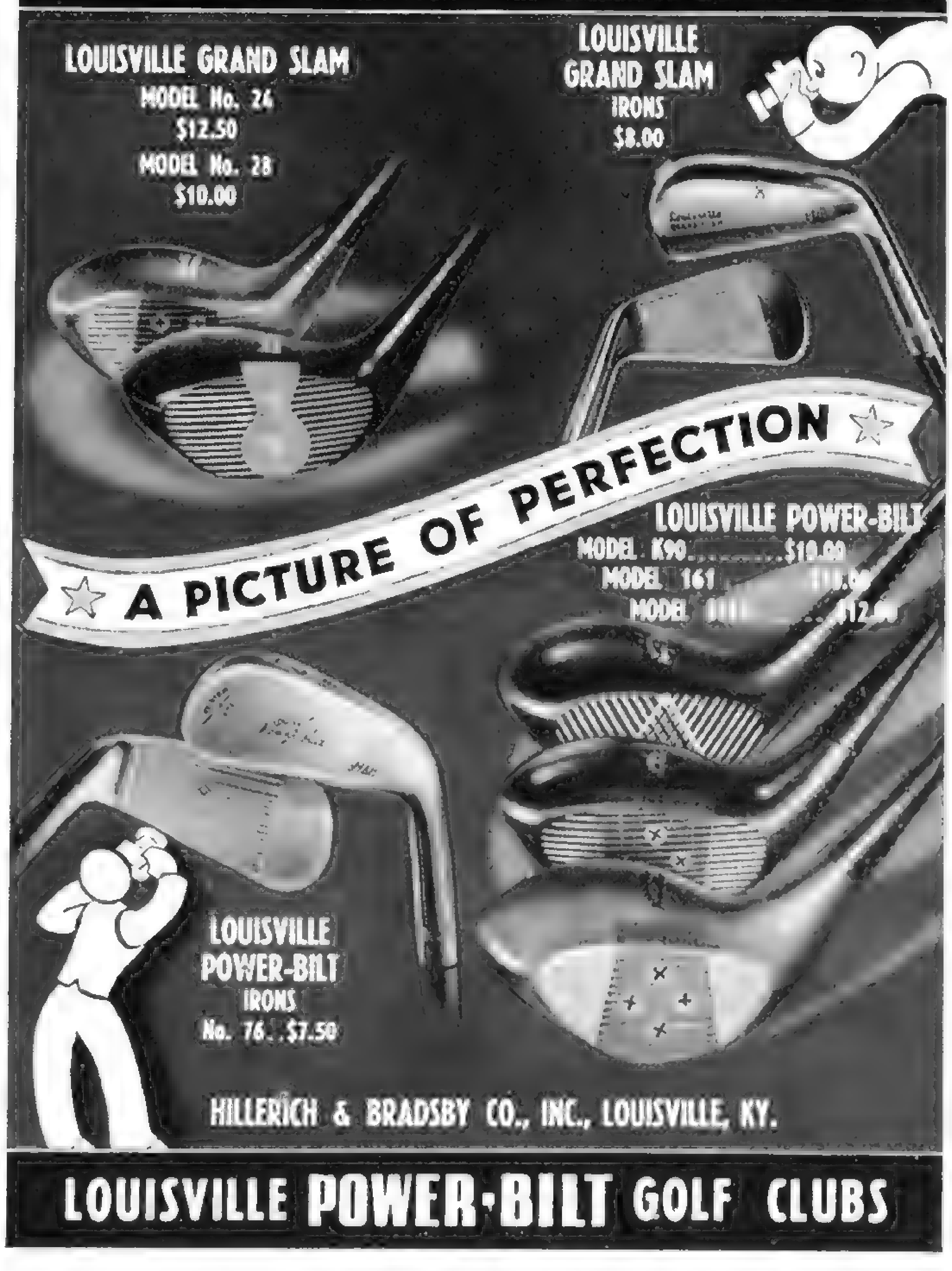

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Study this sophisticated new style — created for the COUGAR by *Scott Barrie of Hollywood. In the suave draping of this and 12 other new models for Spring, fabric shares the spotlight. It's the COUGAR, a luxurious blend of costly fleeces, soft as a kitten yet so finely made as to defy wear. Send for style folder and name of nearest dealer. *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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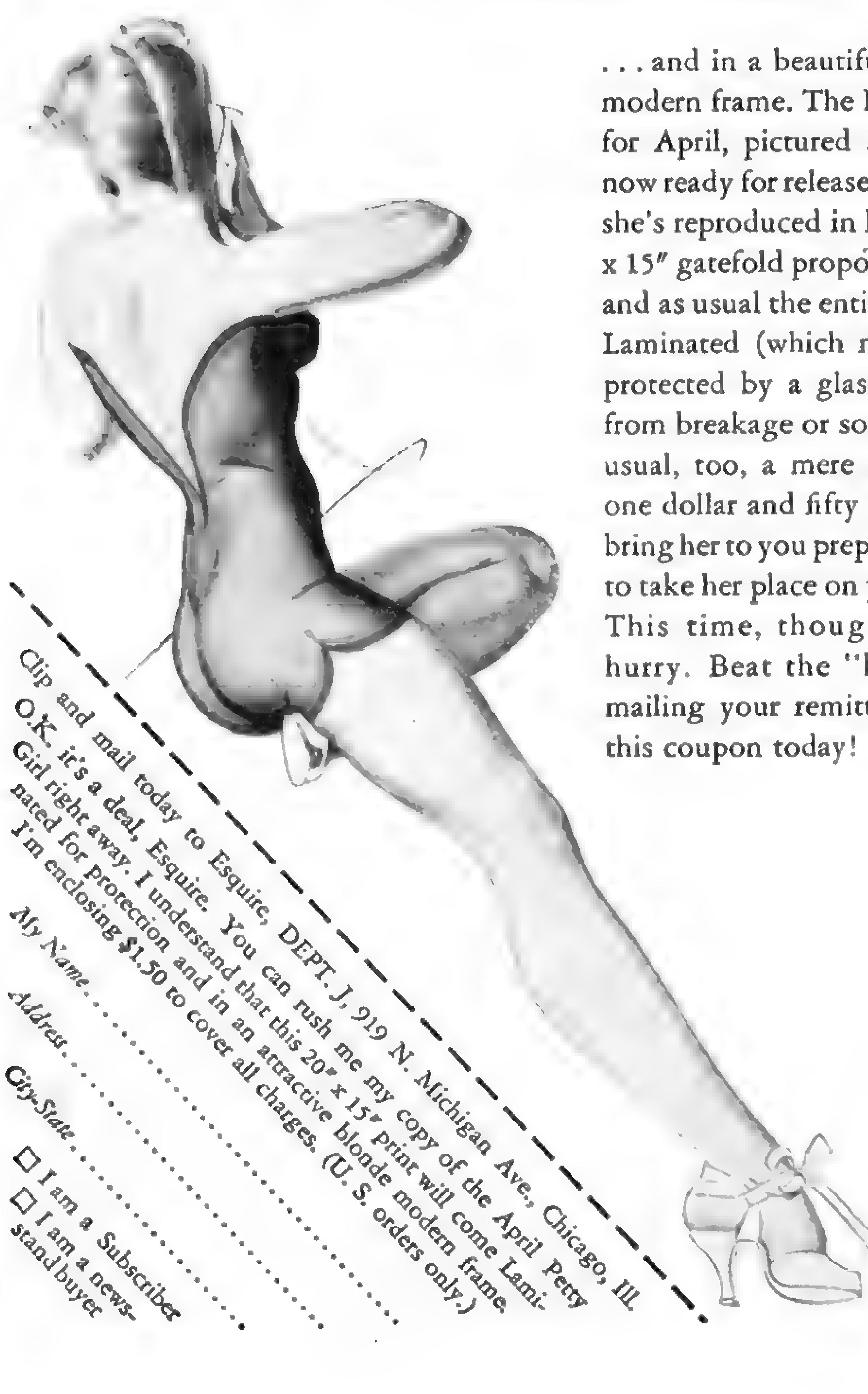

. . . and in a beautiful blonde modern frame. The Petty Girl for April, pictured at left, is now ready for release. As usual she's reproduced in lavish 20″ x 15″ gatefold proportions . . . and as usual the entire print is Laminated (which means it's protected by a glasslike film from breakage or soilage). As usual, too, a mere matter of one dollar and fifty cents will bring her to you prepaid, ready to take her place on your wall. This time, though, better hurry. Beat the "blitz" by mailing your remittance and this coupon today!

Clip and mail today to Esquire, DEPT. J, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
O.K. it's a deal, Esquire. You can rush me my copy of the April Petty Girl right away. I understand that this 20″ x 15″ print will come Laminated for protection and in an attractive blonde modern frame. I'm enclosing $1.50 to cover all charges. (U. S. orders only.)
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☐ I am a Subscriber
☐ I am a newsstand buyer

The Sea and the Jumble

Continued from pages 82-177

close race for speed and swank among lighter craft, this year, offering sixteen separate series of open and cabin boats, including thirty-six deluxe and custom runabouts, sixty-one utility models, and twenty-eight 30-foot boats.

And here, as with Chris-Craft we have a curious reportorial problem—describing and classifying the minute variegations of the almost countless models. In autos and airplanes there is a relative standardization of models; but since boats are generally wholly or semi-custom built, manufacturers generally list as many variations of every style as the draughtsmen are capable of drawing.

Powered chiefly by Chrysler, Scripps, and Gray marine engines, the 1941 Gar Wood models feature increased flare forward, the elimination of straight lines, sharp angles, flat surfaces, and softer and drier rides. Among the touted innovations are barreled bows, barreled sterns, new-type military visors, blue non-rumble tops, new-style windshield with increased visibility, and safety-glass all around. All speeds are guaranteed —from 20 to 50 miles per hour, depending on the model.

The Mathews Company, of Port Clinton, Ohio, offer this year, a completely redecorated line of cruisers in four lengths—from 34 to 50 feet. Interiors have been given a face-lifting by the designing organization of Harry Pack, Jr. Among the innovations, here, are a new type of sliding window, waterproof and foolproof, larger than ever before and with fewer stiles—if you know what stiles are. There are also sliding monel-metal screens, which exclude mosquitoes, moths, butterflies, flying fish, and poisoned arrows.

In the sedan models, an interesting note is supplied in the aft end of the deckhouse. For here is a fully made-up bed which slides out at the touch of a finger from under the divan—giving *La belle dame sans merci* a bed of her own, should you strike torrid weather.

* * *

In the outboard department, Evinrude deserves a special place in the sun for its finely-drawn choice of girls. It is quite possible, of course, for an Evinrude to be operated by a man of average I.Q., or even by a girl with clothes on; but somehow or other, the advertising department of Evinrude have always elected to have these amazing engines operated by zanies whose linear design and décolletage would be a credit to any promotional department in Hollywood.

It is true that efficiency in romanticism doesn't necessarily mean efficiency in mechanics; but somehow, in the subconscious seraglios of the brain, the two go together. Inwardly, and without reasoning about the matter, you feel that if a manufacturer knows what to do with something after he has made it, he will probably put a lot of care into making it. This is the old Guild Spirit.

Evinrude markets nine outboard models, for 1941, and two of these have been given a handy new feature: a full reverse, guaranteed to get you out of a jam more quickly than your lawyer could.

The reversing is brought about simply by the swinging of the motor; the whole essential framework does a complete about-face, like a crack Blackshirt regiment at the sight of a Greek.

Other Evinrude features include a Simplex starter (on 6 models), underwater silencing, co-pilot control (which holds the motor on a steady course while you go about your queasy business), automatic tilt-up (which saves the motor, should you run over a friend), easy-carry handles, and hooded power (which keeps carburetor and ignition protected, even in Davy Jones's locker).

The lightest model weighs only ten pounds, and will almost fit your tobacco pouch; the largest model develops 33.5 horsepower, and will shove along the average runabout at some 35 miles an hour.

The lower-priced Evinrude product is the Elto. This line, comprising six models, starts with an 8½ pound motor, costing no more than a couple of electric razors.

Now about Johnson: The new Johnson Sea Horse outboards are available in seven new "Streamliner" models, each compactly housed in a "slip-stream" hood. Among the features for 1941 are a decrease in price of the "Ready-Pull Starter" models, dual carburetion, "perfected alternate firing" (to give smoother impulsion), oversize gas tanks, synchro-control (one lever for spark and gas), and rubber-flow shock absorber drive. All the models have full reverse. And, like the Evinrudes, all the Johnson Sea Horses have co-pilot control and underwater silencing.

The function of the dual carburetion, incidentally, is to provide what the manufacturer calls "Two motors in one," that is one carburetion rate for speed work, the other for trolling, landing, and mermaid palavar.

* * *

Perhaps the outstanding mechanical innovation of the 1941 show is the light Diesels. Only a few years back, a Diesel for a small boat was as rare as twin smokestacks on a canoe. Today they are as close at hand as a radio.

Available in size from one-cylinder pint-size jobs to mammoth powerhouse-looking installations, they turn up with electric starters, reverse gears, and reduction gears; work with the same quietness, smoothness, and efficiency as the gasoline motors; fit in the same engine compartments—and, above

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all, operate at a fraction of the cost.

If you are building a boat to commute from here to Hong Kong, and want to keep your operating costs at a minimum—by all means think twice about Diesels.

General Motors is marketing four Diesel models of from one to six cylinders, and developing from 15 to 90 horse power. The Caterpillar Tractor Company, of all people, offer two four-cylinder jobs—of 25 and 135 horse, respectively. Among other Diesel jobs on tap are those of Buda, Scripps, Kermath, Gray, Mack and Sterling. Chrysler, it is interesting to note, is sticking to its old program of gasoline engines in three sizes: the 83 h.p. Ace, 110 h.p. Crown and 143 h.p. Royal (ratings at 3200 r.p.m.)—with a wide range of reduction gears to meet specific propulsion problems.

* * *

The equipment end of the Show, is, as usual, too detailed and too technical to be covered with any thoroughness within the confines of this space. But one new development is noteworthy, to say the least: the new ship-to-shore radio telephone. For with this remarkable contribution of modern technology you can ship out to sea to forget your troubles, and at the same time always keep your troubles close at hand. Even if you are in the middle of the Gulf Stream, your broker can call you up to tell you that the market has been shot to hell and that the very boat you are sailing in has been put up for collateral.

Originally put on the market by Western Electric, but now manufactured by a number of well-known radio names, such as Hallicrafters, Inc., Jefferson Travis, and others, this contraption connects you directly to the nearest American Bell Telephone line, making it possible to order a can of bicarbonate or a case of Scotch sent out to you by seaplane, or to dictate your own obituary while drowning.

Other radio devices, no longer new but always interesting, are radio direction finders, which will give you your bearings at any given moment, subject only to a given amount of literacy and sobriety. Sometime, when you have a couple of friends aboard, you might show off this gadget's magic—plotting a *ménage à trois* by triangulation.

Various specialized radio services are again on hand to bring you the very best and most illuminating news. In case the boat is meeting gigantic waves, and virtually looping the loop in 70-mile wind, and you don't know what to make of it, you can now pick up your radio telephone and dial Weather 5-1212. As quickly as radio waves travel, which is even faster than bad news, the operator's sweet voice will inform you officially that you're in a storm—or a funk.

* * *

All in all it's a great year for yachting, this 1941: many minor changes—and yet over it all the comforting realization that here at least the saw about *Plus ça change* still holds. This is a thought that will abide as well—until a few hard-pointed torpedoes bring you and American yachting into the realm of *Realpolitik*. In which case—since noble traditions still hold—you will get a decent burial at sea; and once each year, some New England society will throw a wreath overboard to show that you have been forgotten in name only. ⧺

"Somebody Stole My Car!"

Continued from page 27

by little, but it was exasperating work.

Detective work is a strange combination of curiosity, plus patience. One of our men found himself in a little body-repair shop on the south side. He disliked the place, but he couldn't tell why. It didn't look right. So he patiently tried to analyze his dislike of the shop. He decided that it was in the wrong location for a legitimate business and seemed to be too busy for the normal amount of work it might expect. He walked past it. It was dirty. The sidewalk was dirty, and there was nothing to show just what was going on inside. So he went in.

Martin, thirty-seven, in a snappy business suit, was very cordial. He offered to show the place, and said he was doing some body-repair work for other garages. But the two detectives, the original investigator and his partner, heard a welding-torch going in an adjoining room. It was shut off suddenly. While one talked to Martin, the other tried to find a way to get into the next room.

When he did get in he found Martin's brother Phil, twenty-five, dismantling an engine. He said he didn't know what the job was; he was just working for Martin at day rates. But the engine had come from a stolen car. There was a flywheel on the old floor, and remains of several license-plates in it. The flywheel was used as a crucible to melt them up.

That was the beginning of the end for the two brothers. Martin still is doing time. Phil was placed on probation for one year. We found over a hundred automobile doors there; fraudulent plates, quick-drying paint sprays, everything needed to disguise a car in half an hour. They had been purposely throwing dirt on the sidewalk and door to cover up movement of stolen cars in and out.

Some of these thieves work so fast that we once saw a stolen car being towed into such a place but it was changed beyond recognition by the time we could assemble a squad to raid it. We could not prove that the car we seized was the one we had seen being towed inside the place.

Today, complete rebuilding is

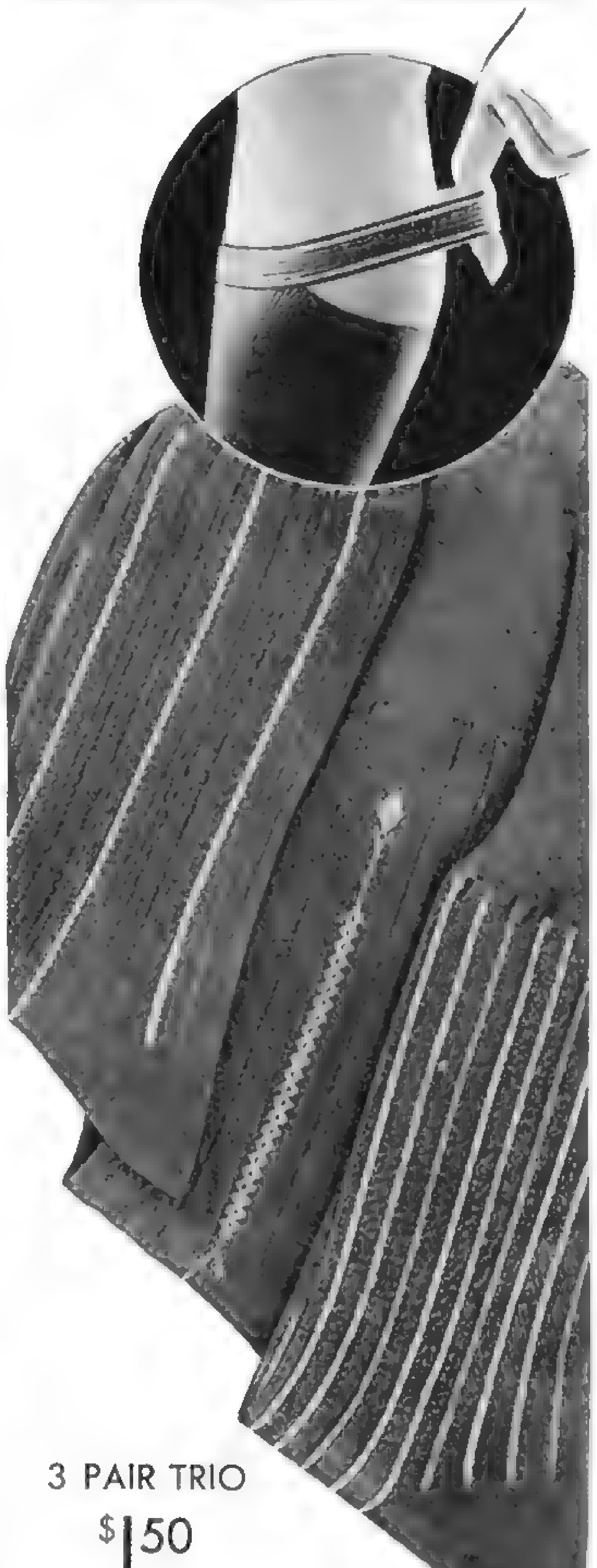
Continued on page 180

The Greatest Sock of Them All!

Pacer
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SENSATIONAL SOCK WITH GARTER ATTACHED

IN 3 NEW PATTERNS
in the SAME BASIC SHADES



3 PAIR TRIO
$1.50

HARMONY TRIO
by HOLEPROOF

Before you buy any Socks this Spring be sure and look at HARMONY TRIO! Your favorite Sock color in *three* individually different patterns. And what color choice! Five of the most stunning colors you've yet seen!

Best of all you can have HARMONY TRIO in Pacer—the only Sock in America with the garter actually part of the Sock—Socks and Garters for the price of Socks alone—freshly laundered garters with each wearing!

Harmony Trio also comes in half-hose. At leading stores everywhere.

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CORDUROYAL
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MADE BY ROCKMEYER
MARLY

A GENTLEMAN'S CORDUROY JACKET

You'll get a lift the moment you slip it on. For Marly carries you right out of the work-a-day world into the leisure class. It's carefree, colorful, casual, and correct. Very smart at the hunt club races, and equally at home lounging around the house or just gadding about. In fact, Marly is THE coat of the season for country, campus, and sports. And just as practical as it is versatile. For it's made of CORDUROYAL, a rich supple corduroy that's almost impossible to wear out. Cravenetted so you can thumb your nose at spring showers, and it'll hold its shape and resist wrinkles better than any fabric we know. Marly adds just the note of color your wardrobe needs—whether you choose the ultra-fashionable Sand or the horsey Saddle Brown.

$12.50

At Better Stores

If Your Dealer Doesn't Have One

Mail Coupon Below:

Arrow Importing Co.
2101 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Please send (postage prepaid) . . . Marly Jackets at ($12.50 each) with the understanding that my money will be returned if I am not completely satisfied (providing jacket has not been worn).

☐ Cash Enclosed ☐ Money Order ☐ C.O.D.

Add 17c postal charge for C.O.D. Shipment
SIZE: (34-35-36-37-38-39-40-42-44)............
COLOR: ☐ Sand ☐ Saddle Brown
MODEL: ☐ Regular ☐ Long ☐ Short
Name....................................
Address.................................
City......................State.............

"Somebody Stole My Car!"

Continued from pages 27-179

the most dangerous way to make money in the stolen-car racket. In Chicago it has almost died out. We have found too many ways to cross-check and locate parts of cars. When we smashed that kind of illicit activity we halted the vast majority of organized car theft. The big gangs which had been engaged in it, like the Al Best mob and the Giblin gang, were broken up. Thieves had to find some other way to dispose of stolen cars. And by attacking them at their weakest point, the sale of the stolen car, we could work backward down the various stages and trace the sources of the supply.

Commercial thieves operated on a plan parallel to most legitimate businesses. One department bought wrecked cars throughout this state and often in many other states. Another department would "clout" the cars, that is, steal them, corresponding in type and make to those which had been purchased as wrecks. A third group or department would do the actual switching of motor numbers, identification plates and other items. Then there was a sales department which promoted sales to unsuspecting used car dealers and the public. All of these mobs, large or small, had one directing head known as the "brains" or general manager.

For years, Chicago was the plague-spot of the country in the volume and value of stolen cars. In one year, 1931, the city reported 35,436 cars stolen. The next year was not much better; 35,233 in 1932 *plus* another 4,803 cars stripped of wheels, tires, accessories and left lying on the pavement almost as junk. The people of Chicago got fed up with it. They decided that it was time to start something, not merely deplore the situation in the newspapers. In 1933 they elected Thomas J. Courtney as State's Attorney of Cook County on a platform of relentless, impartial law enforcement. He said he would stop this annual toll, and he did. In 1939, the last complete year of record, Chicago had 2,975 car thefts; a reduction from a hundred cars a day to less than seven.

The average value of these stolen cars in the pre-Courtney period was about eight hundred dollars, which gave the City of Chicago alone an annual loss of twenty-seven *million* dollars. Things were so bad that a car owner virtually drove at his own risk. He couldn't get theft insurance from many companies and the ones which did write it charged terrific premiums and lost money continually. In 1932, a Ford car owner was charged $9.18 per hundred dollars of valuation for theft insurance alone; Chrysler owners paid the same; Buick, Cadillac and the more expensive cars a trifle less. Today those premiums average $1.20 per hundred dollars of valuation. Less than the national average.

In Chicago now it is not uncommon to report that in this entire population area of about four million, two or three cars are listed as stolen in a twenty-four-hour period. We recently established an eighteen-hour record with no stolen cars at all. The insurance companies have made up in widespread coverage more than they lost in the wild spree of ten or twelve years ago. Chicago is the safest city in the country for the car owner. There is no hokus-pokus magic about it; any city can do the same. But not until public sentiment becomes so aroused by continued indifference to car stealing that the citizens are willing to stop it.

Smashing the stolen-car racket is expensive and demands constant, day-and-night effort. Courtney knew that when he told the Chicago public he could do the job. They told him to go ahead; they elected him and reelected him. Last November they returned him to office again with great enthusiasm. Everything we have done in our Bureau has been made possible because Courtney had the nerve, and the power, to back us up. Courtney did it because the citizens told him to. That's the whole formula.

In 1933, immediately after Thomas J. Courtney had first assumed office, I was transferred from the detective division and placed in charge of a new detachment called the Auto Theft Bureau of the State's Attorney's Office of Cook County, Illinois. I was ordered to create a central clearing house for every bit of information that touched automobiles in any way. In this Bureau I was given spacious files, plenty of experienced detectives, my own group of squad cars and five assistant state's attorneys. Their assignment was to concentrate entirely on the prosecution of automobile-theft cases. Cook County established a special Automobile Court to hear them. It was not long before this combination began to show results. All of these men became experts in that field. They knew the geography of the area; they knew all the established figures in the racket, they could tell quickly whether some defendant was trying to mislead them in the facts placed before them.

In the Bureau we set up a cross-checking record system which automatically turned up details about cars involved in any Chicago crime. It covered the whole metropolitan area far beyond the city limits. Instead of having culprits arrested by constables and hauled up before outstate rural justices of the peace, they were arrested by State Police and brought directly to the Bureau. There was no chance for confusion; it stopped the practice of a thief paying a small fine in a justice court and escaping because the justice didn't know he was wanted in the city.

Furthermore, we required auto-

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Phantom Prints
Ask for Phantom Prints and look for the label
At Better Stores
$\$1^{50}$
Matched Sets
$\$2^{50}$

Step forth in the Easter Parade with Fashion's newest rich and luxurious Cravat Classic, the all-silk foulard Phantom Print. Impressionistic patterns in striking combinations of blues, reds, greens, browns and pastels. Faithful American replicas of costly foreign originals.

CARTER & HOLMES

Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois

Loomed and Woven in America by the Originators of the French Panel Tie

mobile owners to make out a report at our Bureau when they reported their cars stolen. The report covered all known facts about the car's condition. When it was subsequently recovered and returned, the owner had to sign a receipt. If there was anything lost, accessories stolen, we'd know it. Copies of these reports went to the dealers. If an owner said he had a radio stolen out of his car, we'd check up and see if he had a radio; where he bought it and when.

This concentrated effort by our experts brought the disguising of stolen cars to a gradual halt. Thieves were sent to prison. While behind the bars they had plenty of time to figure out other ways of outsmarting us and victimizing the car owner. Lately, some new variations of the racket have appeared, and we have had to keep pace with new stunts.

One of the most exasperating, because it is beyond our immediate control, is the phony state-title racket. The title to your car may have the official seal and look very imposing, but it might be a forgery. Crooks can get authentic titles in some states merely for the asking. The odd result is that the car is "hot," the title is genuine and the innocent purchaser stands to lose both his money and his car if it is recovered.

The State of Georgia is still the easiest place in the country to get a car title, for some odd reason. Crooks know it. They have a round-about way of using that State for their own crooked purposes. It works like this:

One of the lookouts for a gang of car thieves prowls the streets of Chicago, or any other place. He sees a car with a Georgia license. He makes a note of it, and a description of the car's make and model. If he couldn't find a Georgia car, one from any other southern state would do. If he had time, he'd lift the hood and make a note of the car's motor and serial number.

Then some member of the gang would write to the Secretary of State at Atlanta. He would say that he lived at a certain Georgia address and that he was in Chicago on business and would have to stay there a while. He had bought a car. Enclosed was motor and serial number, and the fee. Back would come an official title and a set of Georgia plates.

Then, using this official title, he would get the plates transferred in Illinois. His Georgia title and plates were accepted as evidence of ownership. He would thus receive genuine Illinois plates, and a new Illinois title. But as yet he had no car. So the gang would steal one corresponding to that make and model. He might make a few changes in it, such as repainting it and switching heaters and radio sets. Then he was ready to sell it, complete with authentic title, official plates and all evidence of ownership.

Illinois and most other states fought this by requiring a certificate of ownership to accompany the title, with the signature of the dealer who had sold it. Thieves countered by producing cleverly-forged certificates. Clerks in a Secretary of State's office usually don't have time to check every number. Many a car owner today is driving a stolen car which has a genuine title and a bogus transfer-of-ownership certificate. We have recently detected and captured excellent examples of bogus brass serial-number plates; little things fastened to the bodies of most cars. In my office are some forged Chevrolet plates so well made that veteran Chevrolet dealers insisted they were genuine. These, bearing false motor and serial numbers, were found fastened under the hood in place of the factory plate.

Stealing the car is usually the easiest part of the whole thing. Most people are careful these days; they lock their cars and they expect the police to watch them. In a city of any size, a traffic patrolman can't personally know the owner of every car parked in mile-long rows along the curbs. He might see a person approach, unlock it and drive it away. He might see a tow-car from a recognized service garage come and get it. That wouldn't arouse any suspicion on the part of the officer.

I heard an automobile thief confess, perhaps boast, to me that he could enter and start any car in thirty seconds. Maybe so. I saw him do it. But that doesn't prove that he could do it with anybody's car.

Some years ago a common method of entering a car was to use a length of pipe, place it over the door-handle and break the lock. Manufacturers adopted various police authorities' suggestion to change that by placing the lock in the door panel below the handle. The thieves were momentarily stumped. But to show again that they never seem to learn, they began studying lock technique and developed an instrument called a "jiggler." It's a section of hacksaw blade carefully notched to form a master key. They can fit it into a lock and jiggle it until it fits the proper tumblers, twist it, and the door opens.

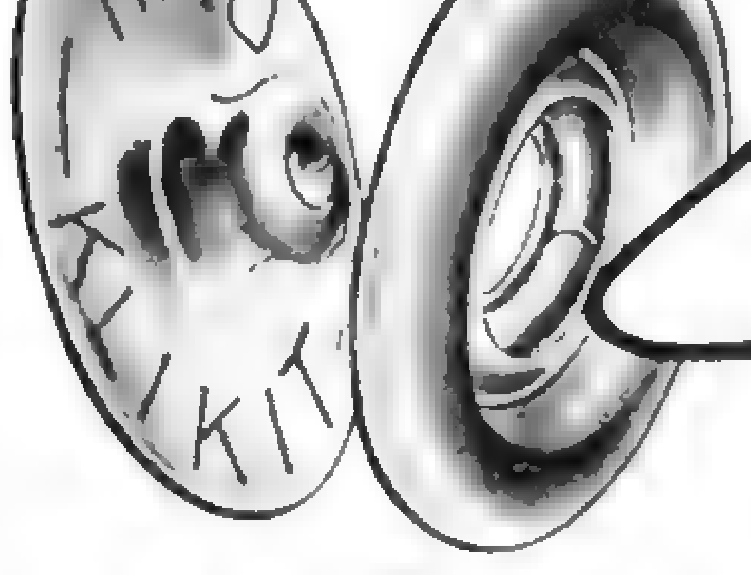
In my office exhibit of auto thieves' curiosities I have a heavy bunch of keys taken from a notorious car-stealing ringleader. He said it was a set of master-keys that would open any General Motors car in about ten seconds. Where did he get them? We never learned that. But we've got them in a safe place now.

Thieves use the common booster-coil or "jumper" to start a stolen car which has another ignition lock. They disconnect the switch wiring, hook up one end to the "booster" and the other to ground, and step on the starter. If the steering wheel has a separate lock, they can give it a vicious twist and break it. All of these operations can be done in a matter of seconds. A traffic officer on patrol would sense nothing unusual. Un-

Continued on page 182

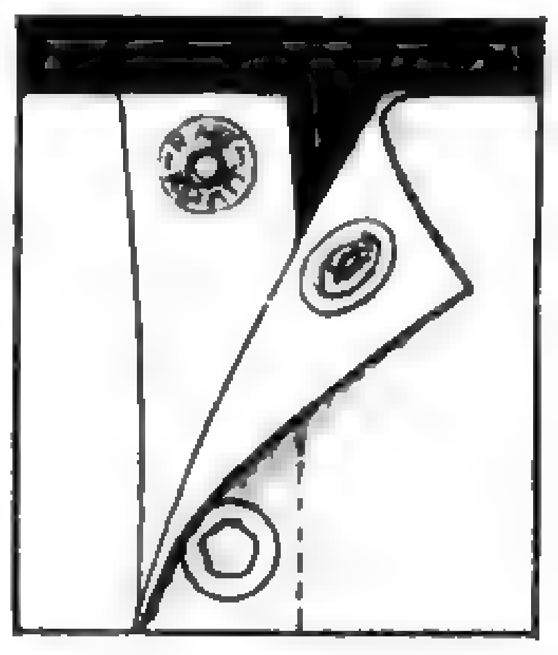
JIMINY KLIKIT SAYS: "IT BEATS THE BAND HOW KLIKITS BANISH THOSE BROKEN BUTTON BLUES"

It's the new-principle, patented, Floating Spring! The wafer-thin fastener that will snap 10,000 times! That's your guarantee!



Buy and try KLIKIT fastened shorts, shirts, sportswear, pajamas, play togs, rubber goods, or children's wear! You'll enjoy their velvet action—speed—freedom from breakage.

Does Button Bustage blitz your nerves—blast your hurry-up dressing? Well, *lick it—with* KLIKITS! Wear a KLIKITIZED garment and you'll soon croon while you dress! KLIKIT's amazing new-principle *FloatingSpring* makes them open and close with lightning ease . . . They can't weaken and spread like ordinary split metal, friction-type fasteners . . . won't pull out, break . . . or rust! *And they're laundry-proof!* That's why KLIKITS keep your garments looking better . . . lasting longer . . . and keep you snappy!


Klikit

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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South American comfort. Air vents galore. Crepe or leather sole.

$5 Some styles up to $7.50

PETERS SHOE CO., BRANCH: INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS

NEW CRAMERTON SPORTS FABRIC

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Takes Kindly to Harsh Treatment

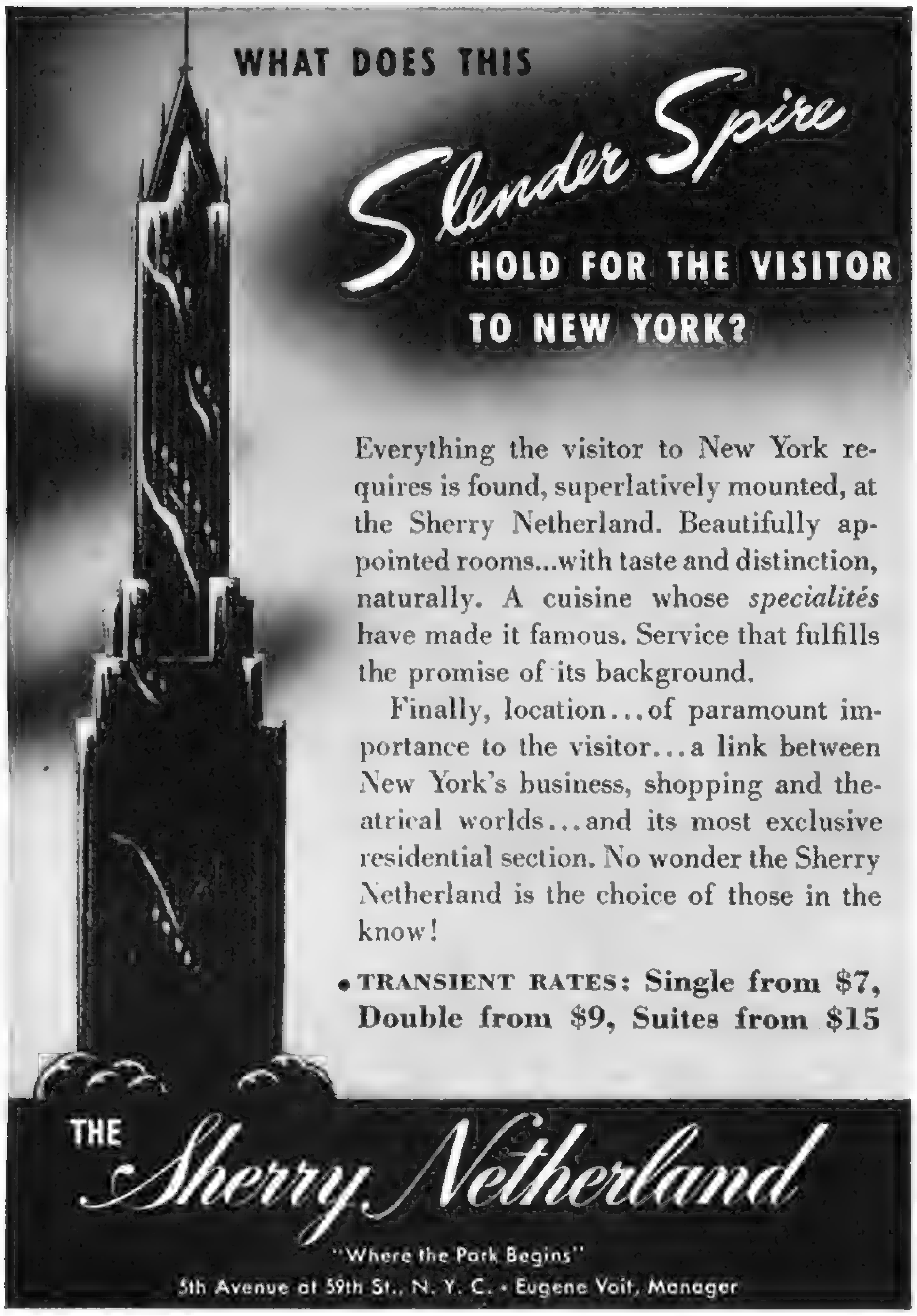
Wash it if you will
Dry clean it if you will
PRACTICALLY FOOLPROOF
Sanforized Shrunk Fast Vat Color

(Fabric Shrinkage Less Than 1%)

THE POINT IS:

If you insist on FIELDCLUB you will be sure that your SPORT SHIRTS and SLACKS will come back from laundry or dry cleaner as SMART AS EVER

GALEY & LORD, INC. • 57 Worth Street • New York, N. Y.


WHAT DOES THIS Slender Spire HOLD FOR THE VISITOR TO NEW YORK?

Everything the visitor to New York requires is found, superlatively mounted, at the Sherry Netherland. Beautifully appointed rooms...with taste and distinction, naturally. A cuisine whose *specialités* have made it famous. Service that fulfills the promise of its background.

Finally, location...of paramount importance to the visitor...a link between New York's business, shopping and theatrical worlds...and its most exclusive residential section. No wonder the Sherry Netherland is the choice of those in the know!

• TRANSIENT RATES: **Single from $7, Double from $9, Suites from $15**

THE Sherry Netherland

"Where the Park Begins"

5th Avenue at 59th St., N. Y. C. • Eugene Voit, Manager

"Somebody Stole My Car!"

Continued from pages 27-179-181

less the owner happened to arrive while the thief was starting the car, he attracts no attention.

Mike Giblin, once the so-called brains of a big ring of interstate car thieves, used to hire young boys to drive stolen cars for the first few dangerous blocks. He'd give the boy a dollar. If the owner saw it being driven away, the boy took the rap. Roy Klies was another mobster who directed a gang of adolescent thieves. He could telephone any of them that he wanted a certain make and model car delivered at a secret hideout, and it would be there on time.

Here is one of today's reports that shows somebody's boy starting on the road to Stateville Prison. This owner is a voluble, excited hotel man on the North Side. He lost a brand-new De Soto from the corner of Clark and Ontario streets about eight o'clock in the morning. A short time later we located the car in a garage on Huron and La Salle. The garageman merely said that "some kid" had called him on the phone to come and get that De Soto and tow it to his garage, explaining that he had lost his key and had to have another one made. So the garageman sent out a tow-truck, brought it in and had a set of keys made. The thief didn't show up to claim it. It's too bad; we were waiting for him.

Before our Bureau was established, we probably never would have seen that De Soto again. Under our present system it turned up as a matter of routine. That's what Chicago people pay us for, and they're entitled to the service. As long as they continue to provide us with the facilities that make such city-wide protection possible, Courtney's office and our Bureau will see that they get it.

Such a service adds considerably to a police department's budget because of its complex nature. If the citizens want the protection enough to pay for it, any city can offer its citizens the same service. Not only is the expense of the Bureau's overhead added to the department's costs, but there are some necessary expenses which hold the secret of its efficiency. One of them is transportation. If we locate an automobile thief anywhere in the United States, Canada, Hawaii or Mexico, we have a fund to extradite him and bring him back to face our Automobile Court.

In Chicago we have a force of twenty-five men, five special cars on the streets day and night, nineteen patrolmen assigned to the Bureau, five special prosecutors and access to any of Courtney's legal staff to prosecute an especially tricky case. Other cities might not need that many men, but they will need something like our central clearing house and they will be better off with our civil-service protection. All of our men are entirely outside the realm of Chicago politics. Ward heelers and big shots with a lot of pull in their districts don't even get inside the electrically-locked gate at our Bureau. They have long since learned that it does no good to come down to us and try to get some thief off with a light sentence, or try to "spring" a suspect out of jail because he is the son of some voter in the Umpteenth ward. Our detectives relish with great glee my simple command to toss 'em out. If they complain to Courtney, they get the same bums' rush there. If we're charged with the responsibility of stopping wholesale auto theft, we're entitled to the authority to prosecute these thieves impartially, regardless of who they are. There is no other way to do it.

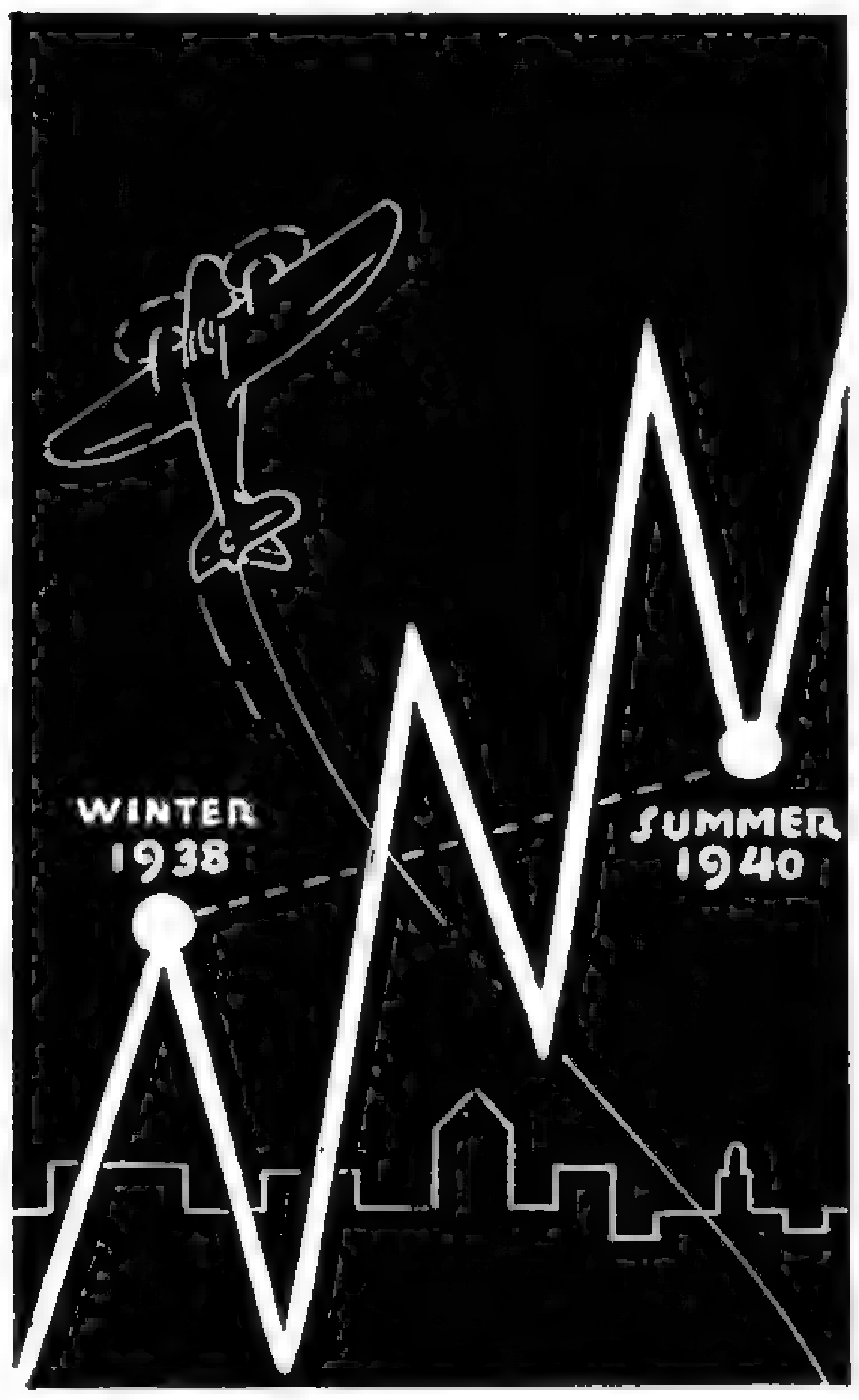
A vital part of our service which other cities might adopt is our access to the big police laboratories. There we can study inventions found during a search of thieves' pockets. There we can work out defenses against them. In such a study we found the secret of the "three-key" racket, whereby a crook who sells a stolen car delivers the regulation pair of keys but keeps a third one. With that key he nonchalantly steals the car back again and sells it to somebody else. We have a case wherein the same car was stolen and resold five times within a month.

In Chicago we have established, during the past eight years, something new in police warfare on organized automobile theft. By cutting the loss and guaranteeing prosecution, we have proved that our system does the job and protects our own citizens against the most expensive criminal loss in the country. But Chicago is only one of America's cities.

We believe that the Federal government should adopt our system and extend its protection from coast to coast. We are convinced that there should be another subdivision of the Department of Justice, similar to the present FBI, organized especially to combat this nation-wide crime. The overwhelming majority of these crimes are interstate by the very nature of today's high-speed car and the outstretched talons of our fine State Police organizations. They continue only because there is no centralized national agency to cross-check and penetrate the confusion.

There is plenty of statutory authority on the books now, represented by the Dyer Act and a great many others. Under this authority, and with the help of a great national motor-vehicle bureau, traffic in stolen cars would go the way of kidnapping, bank robbery and a host of other crimes crushed magnificently by the FBI.

Perhaps if the national loss pyramids high enough, there will be a loud national outcry similar to the one which resulted in the formation of our Bureau in Chicago. Then, and not until then, car stealing will cease. ⧺



Things happen FAST in Miami!

You've always thought of Miami as a winter resort but few of you realize its importance as a SUMMER resort—

The chart above shows that The Miami Herald's city zone circulation for the six month's period ending September 30, 1940, exceeded the winter circulation for the six month's period ending March 31, 1938. "Things move fast in Miami" and The Herald moves with them.

Your Spring and Summer advertising messages in The Herald will reach a fertile field, for Miami is now definitely established as a year 'round market.

● THE MIAMI HERALD HAS THE GREATEST CONCENTRATED CITY ZONE CIRCULATION OF ANY NEWSPAPER IN FLORIDA AND LEADS SOUTHEASTERN FLORIDA IN TOTAL CIRCULATION.

The Miami Herald

STORY, BROOKS & FINLEY
National Representatives

Mightier than the Sword

Continued from page 36

"Mabel." He continued on . . .

In a month they had the requisite hundred and twenty pages. Reginald de Koven, it seemed, though not an alcoholic, was too fond of "The Little Brown Jug." The father of the girl he loved had died of drink, and after the wedding when she found him drinking from the Little Brown Jug, nothing would do but that she should go away for twenty years. He became famous and she sang his songs as Maid Marian but he never knew it was the same girl.

The script, marked "Temporary Complete. From Pat Hobby" went up to the head office. The schedule called for Dale to begin shooting in a week.

Twenty-four hours later he sat with his staff in his office, in an atmosphere of blue gloom. Pat Hobby was the least depressed. Four weeks at three-fifty, even allowing for the two hundred that had slipped away at Santa Anita, was a far cry from the twenty cents he had owned on the shoeshine stand.

"That's pictures, Dick," he said consolingly. "You're up—you're down—you're in, you're out. Any old-timer knows."

"Yes," said Dick Dale absently. "Mabel, phone that E. Brunswick Hudson. He's on his New England Farm—maybe milking bees."

In a few minutes she reported.

"He flew into Hollywood this morning, Mr. Dale. I've located him at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel."

Dick Dale pressed his ear to the phone. His voice was bland and friendly as he said:

"Mr. Hudson, there was one day here you had an idea I liked. You said you were going to write it up. It was about this De Koven stealing his music from a sheepherder up in Vermont. Remember?"

"Yes."

"Well, Berners wants to go into production right away, or else we can't have the cast, so we're on the spot, if you know what I mean. Do you happen to have that stuff?"

"You remember when I brought it to you?" Hudson asked. "You kept me waiting two hours—then you looked at it for two minutes. Your neck hurt you—I think it needed wringing. God, how it hurt you. That was the only nice thing about that morning."

"In picture business—"

"I'm so glad you're stuck. I wouldn't tell you the story of *The Three Bears* for fifty grand."

As the phones clicked Dick Dale turned to Pat.

"Goddam writers!" he said savagely, "What do we pay you for? Millions—and you write a lot of tripe I can't photograph and get sore if we don't read your lousy stuff! How can a man make pictures when they give me two bastards like you and Hudson. How? How do you think—you old whiskey bum!"

Pat rose—took a step toward the door. He didn't know, he said.

"Get out of here!" cried Dick Dale, "You're off the payroll. Get off the lot."

Fate had not dealt Pat a farm in New England, but there was a café just across from the studio where bucolic dreams blossomed in bottles if you had the money. He did not like to leave the lot, which for many years had been home for him, so he came back at six and went up to his office. It was locked. He saw that they had already allotted it to another writer—the name on the door was E. Brunswick Hudson.

He spent an hour in the commissary, made another visit to the bar, and then some instinct led him to a stage where there was a bedroom set. He passed the night upon a couch occupied by Claudette Colbert in the fluffiest ruffles only that afternoon.

Morning was bleaker, but he had a little in his bottle and almost a hundred dollars in his pocket. The horses were running at Santa Anita and he might double it by night.

On his way out of the lot he hesitated beside the barber shop but he felt too nervous for a shave. Then he paused, for from the direction of the shoeshine stand he heard Dick Dale's voice.

"Miss Hatman found your other script, and it happens to be the property of the company."

E. Brunswick Hudson stood at the foot of the stand.

"I won't have my name used," he said.

"That's good. I'll put her name on it. Berners thinks it's great, if the De Koven family will stand for it. Hell—the sheepherder never would have been able to market those tunes anyhow. Ever hear of any sheepherder drawing down jack from ASCAP?"

Hudson took off his spectacles.

"I weigh a hundred and sixty-three—"

Pat moved in closer.

"Join the army," said Dale contemptuously, "I got no time for mixing it up. I got to make a picture." His eyes fell on Pat. "Hello old-timer."

"Hello Dick," said Pat smiling. Then knowing the advantage of the psychological moment he took his chance.

"When do we work?" he said.

"How much?" Dick Dale asked the shoeshine boy—and to Pat, "It's all done. I promised Mabel a screen credit for a long time. Look me up some day when you got an idea."

He hailed someone by the barber shop and hurried off. Hudson and Hobby, men of letters who had never met, regarded each other. There were tears of anger in Hudson's eyes.

"Authors get a tough break out here," Pat said sympathetically. "They never ought to come."

"Who'd make up the stories—these feebs?"

"Well anyhow, not authors," said Pat. "They don't want authors. They want writers—like me." #

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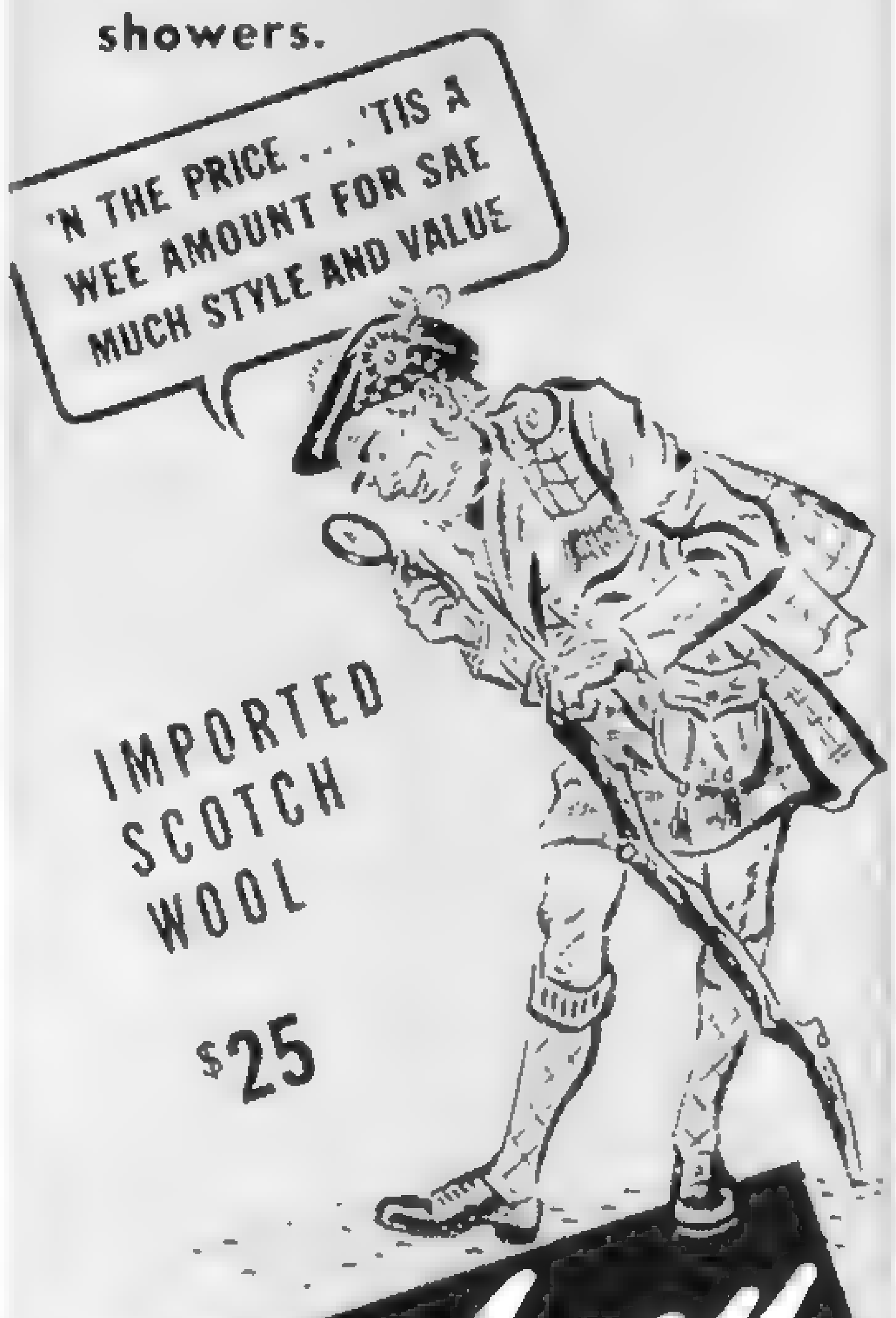
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The Not So Mad Russian

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terrific softball slugger, too, and another reason he had shoved baseball into the back of his mind was a secret he alone knew. He couldn't hit a baseball. He had made this discovery on the sly a few years before. His older brother, Paul, was a pretty good semi-pro player around Los Angeles, and had enough interest in the young Louie to take him out on the diamond on occasion and pitch to him. But Louie was afraid of getting hit and would commit the baseballer's unpardonable sin of stepping into the bucket. Finally his brother threw up his hands in disgust and told Louie he would never make a ballplayer. It may be that brother Paul has changed his mind since.

Louie's experience, like that of such softballers as Ken Keltner and Tommy Henrich, would tend to disprove the oft-heard theory that softball is ruinous to baseball batting eyes. For with Louie it was just the reverse. In softball, there is no need of stepping in the bucket. Curveballs are unknown in softball pitching. There does not exist that fear that the ball will hit you. So softball hitters step solidly forward toward the pitcher when at bat, the proper way. It became the natural way for Louie, after thousands and thousands of softball games. Louie won many a game for himself by the simple expedient of hitting the big bulb out of the lot.

So, one day, after a friendly advisor had repeatedly said, "Why don't you get into baseball, where you can get some real dough for that powerhouse hitting?" Louie decided, "Why not, indeed?" So he asked for a trial in the Angels' tryout school for rookies.

When he promptly started parking soggy used baseballs in the bleachers in workouts at Wrigley Field, the Angels signed him to a contract with Ponca City, the Western Association Club then working with Los Angeles. That was 1937 and Louie's first year in organized baseball. All he did was knock in 112 runs in 124 games and bat .351, second-highest average in the entire league.

Next year Louie moved to Moline in the Three-Eye League where he promptly led the circuit with a .367 average. Next year he was in the Texas League, which is known as a "pitcher's league" for some inexplicable reason. Inexplicable, at least, to Louie Novikoff, for he came up with a .368 average there, and to show how far he outclassed the rest of the Texas Loop hitters, you need only look at the average of the runner-up in the league that year, Nick Cullop. Cullop had a mere .318. Then Novikoff came up with a really remarkable feat. He was recalled, near the end of the season, by Los Angeles, and played in some thirty-six games in the Pacific Coast League. All he did was bat a sizzling .452. As far as the records are able to show, this was the first time in history a man had led two different leagues in batting in the same season. For this freak of fence-flailing, the Mad Russian was named by the St. Louis *Sporting News*, national baseball publication, as the outstanding minor league baseball player of the year.

Promptly the young man became a within-reach entry into every scout-book and every baseball owner's ledger. And this year he batted above .350 still again and was ticketed to Chicago.

So read the bare details, all of which add up to a sum of some prodigious batting. And this record has caused a lad yet to be tested as a major leaguer to be the subject of more inquiry and curiosity than any athlete of the year. What manner of man is this Novikoff? They want to know even at Goshen Center.

They have said he has "color." By this the fans have jumped to the conclusion that Novikoff is another Dizzy Dean—another pop-off. But the fact is, he is silent and moody, to the point of moroseness. He has none of Dizzy's fancy malapropisms—such as pulling a lederment, or hurting his groan, or describing a football scrimmage as between the veracity and the prostitutes.

No, Novikoff's color is largely Joe DiMaggio's. He simply punishes a baseball. But he is not the smooth perfectionist that old Guiseppe is, and not quite the poker-face. And it is in his extreme earnestness, which brings with it a visible disgust for his failures, that has made Novikoff a big drawing-card. For when he is at the plate, and swings lustily at a pitch and misses, Novikoff is so mad at himself that he will writhe in annoyance.

In the Shaugnessy playoff games against San Diego last fall, Novikoff ran into a batting slump. I was roaming the Angel dugout at the time Larrupin' Louie returned to it from his seventh straight hitless attempt. Seven times at bat and no hits for the Russian is indeed bad news. Novikoff sat next to me, that moody Slav countenance staring straight ahead, then: "I'm gonna give myself back to da Mongolians." Those were the first voluntary words I had heard from him in three days.

So, if having color means being talkative, Mr. Novikoff is pale, indeed. Compared to Novikoff, a clam is a political windbag. And if color means the deviltry of a Pepper Martin, Novikoff is again on the pastel side. He has none of the imaginativeness of the mischief-making St. Louis Gashouser.

But Chicago will like Novikoff, nevertheless, and so will the fans all around the National League circuit. For Novikoff's baseball is colorful. And to baseball fans, that's what counts.

For one thing, he is not a finished product. He does not do things easily, as does that picture performer, the flawless Joe Di-

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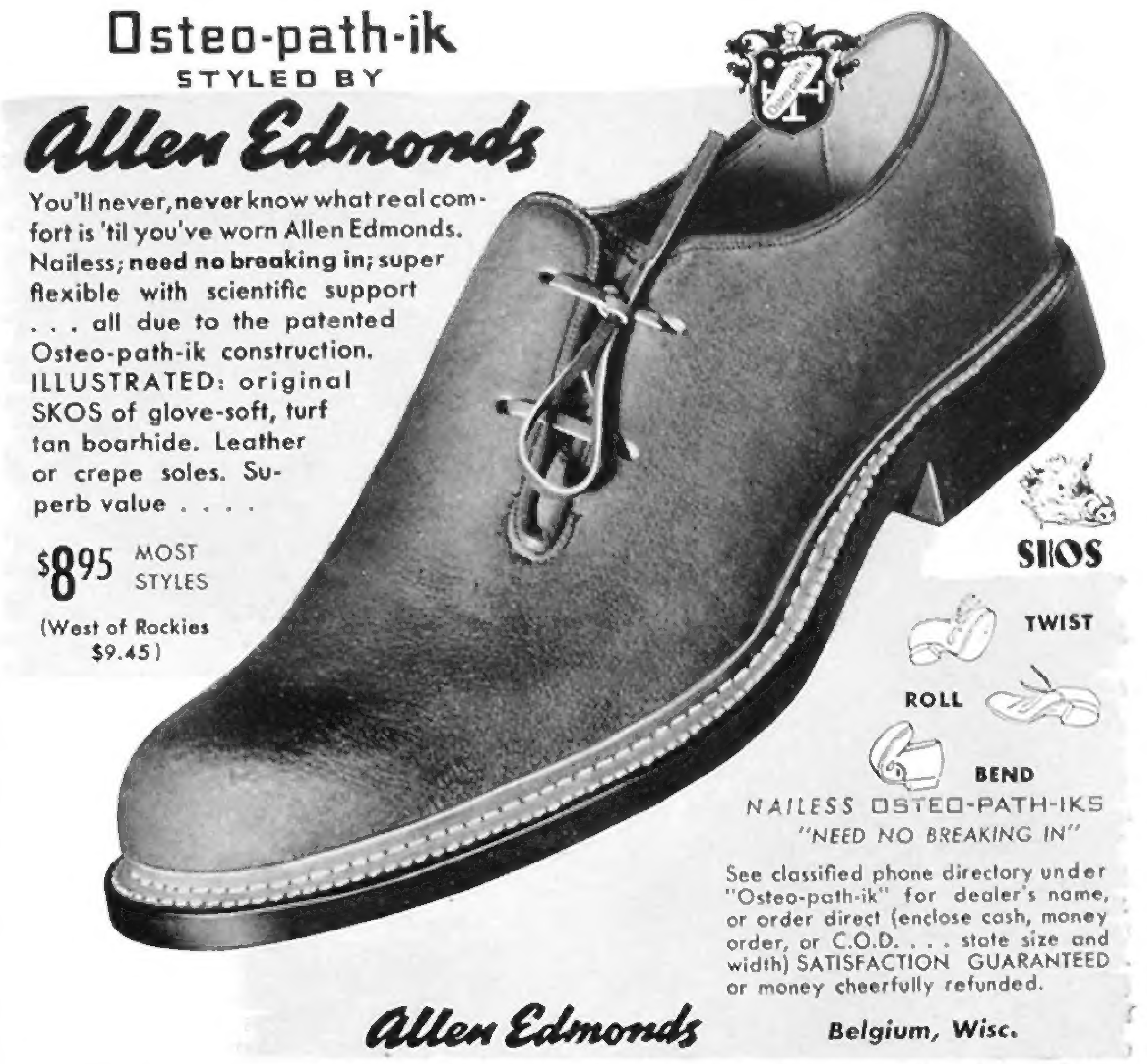

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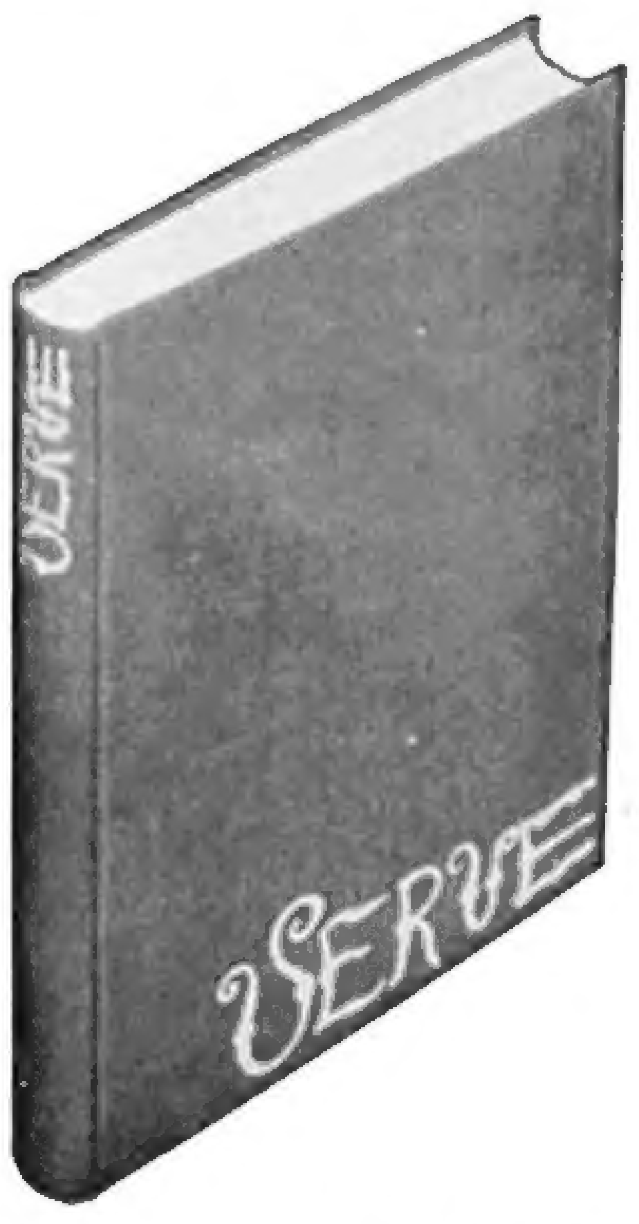

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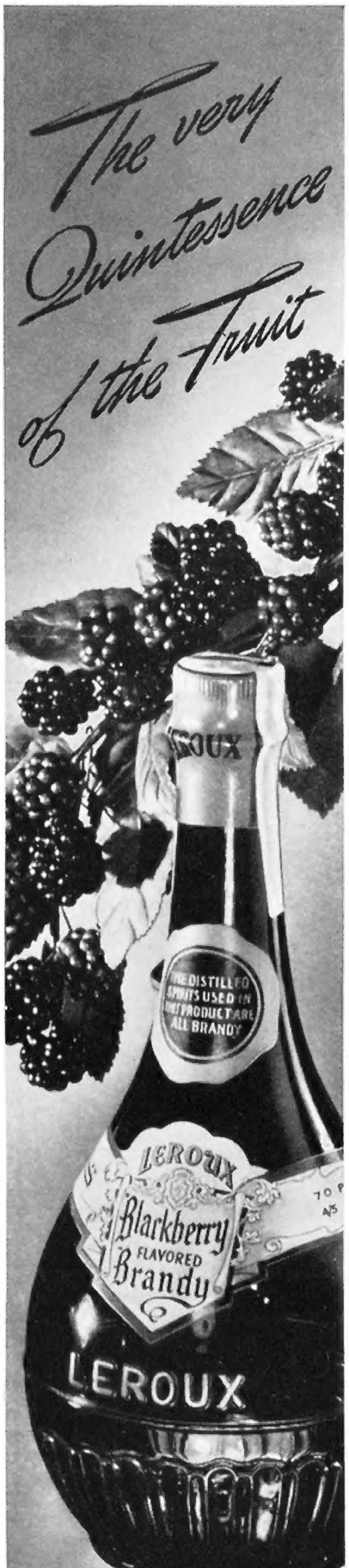
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The Not So Mad Russian

Continued from pages 53-185

Maggio, who cannot help making the most difficult plays look simple. As Novikoff does it, they look tough. But he gets there. He may misjudge the fly a bit at first, but he makes the catch. He may be fooled by the pitcher in going after a bad ball, but he has pounded more bad pitches out of the lot than good ones. His sliding ability is on the sandlot side, and his Angel teammates still chuckle over the time, after six straight weeks of baseball in which Louie had not slid once, they ribbed him so unmercifully about it, that he uncorked a terrific slide across homeplate on a homer that had gone outside the park.

Despite all this, he is really not a bad baserunner and not at all a bad fielder. His arm will be one of the best in the National League, now that he has got out the kinks that resulted from all that underhanded throwing in softball. But, of course, it is his hitting which will carry all the rest. For almost all scouts agree that the Mad Russian has as great a natural slugging power as any hitter who ever lived. They cite as proof his success as a bad-ball hitter. Any time you stand up there at the plate and are completely fooled by the pitch and still powder it over the wall, you are a tough customer up there, and you are apt to break a lot of pitchers' hearts.

The burden of this treatise thus far is, that as a showpiece and successor to Pepper Martin or Dizzy Dean, the Russian is not there. He doesn't say much, and what he says, makes little sense. He has some of the groans and grimaces of the wrestling fraternity, it is true, but they are honest ones, born of exasperation that he is not batting a thousand—for no less than a hit every time at bat is satisfactory to Novikoff—and honest grimaces soon lose their appeal. On the other hand, we trust we are establishing that, as a baseball slugger the Russian is there; and that his chance of becoming another Wrigley lemon is remote indeed.

In fact, if Louie goes into the citrus business, you can blame something we haven't mentioned here yet—pumpernickel and borsht. Louie has lived most of his life in a sort of hollow over on the wrong side of the tracks in Los Angeles known as Russiantown. They say that more food per family is consumed here than any place in the world excepting the Central Park Zoo. And Louie is Consumer Number One.

But his weakness for shoveling in the pumpernickel and Russian rye and borsht and sweet-and-sour meatballs has already cost him dear, and by this time Louie should have learned his lesson. One spring when he showed up packing a lot of extra weight, he was optioned to Milwaukee. When he reported to the Brewers, he was still overweight and did not play regularly enough to sweat off the extra poundage or to convince the Brewer management that he was a class AA clouter. After three weeks, Milwaukee returned Novikoff to Los Angeles with a scornful, "No, thank you." The pumpernickel had been pretty expensive.

But the Angels turned him over to Tulsa and the heat of the Texas League sweated the weight off. Down to a sylph-like 185, Novikoff fell quickly into stride. In addition, he had been worried about not making enough money to support his wife and baby in Los Angeles, so when they joined him in Tulsa, he was off to the races.

Yes, if anything holds Louie back in the big show, it will be his waist-line, for the Russian is one horse who can't pack extra weight.

Speaking of his wife, National League fans may find Mrs. Novikoff considerably more colorful than Mr. She gets a big kick out of sitting in the stands and hollering, when Louie comes to bat, "Strike that big bum out." It makes Louie mad and he bears down all the harder. But once, in the privacy of their own parlor, the Mad Russian asked his spouse why she did that to him—didn't she love him any more? "It's fun," replied the Missus, "and anyway what do you care? I know none of those pitchers can strike you out." Most of the pitchers in the Pacific Coast League share Mrs. Novikoff's opinion.

For, says Bill Walker, star Seattle southpaw and one-time St. Louis Cardinal, what can you do with a guy like this: "First time up, I threw one at least a foot over his head, but he was over-anxious and went for it. He hit it on a line to right-center for a double. Later, I fooled him with a drop that practically hit the dirt in front of the plate. He picked it right off the ground and belted it against the left-center field wall. Next time up, I decided to loosen him up by tossing one at his noggin. Louie bent back and stiff-armed a terrific line drive that hit me on the shoulder. I thought the city hall had fallen on me!" Indeed, what can you do with a guy like that, to whom bad ones are good ones?

No, the Mad Russian will not bend his audiences double with laughter, as has been falsely advertised; and he will not throw hotel staffs into a Martinesque uproar—but he will bend many a shortstop double with the impact of his line drives, and the uproar he creates will be the kind Chicago fans have been missing these last few years—the one that comes from the stands to the sweet crack of a baseball knocked by a Cub slugger into the smoky blue of Chicago's North Side.

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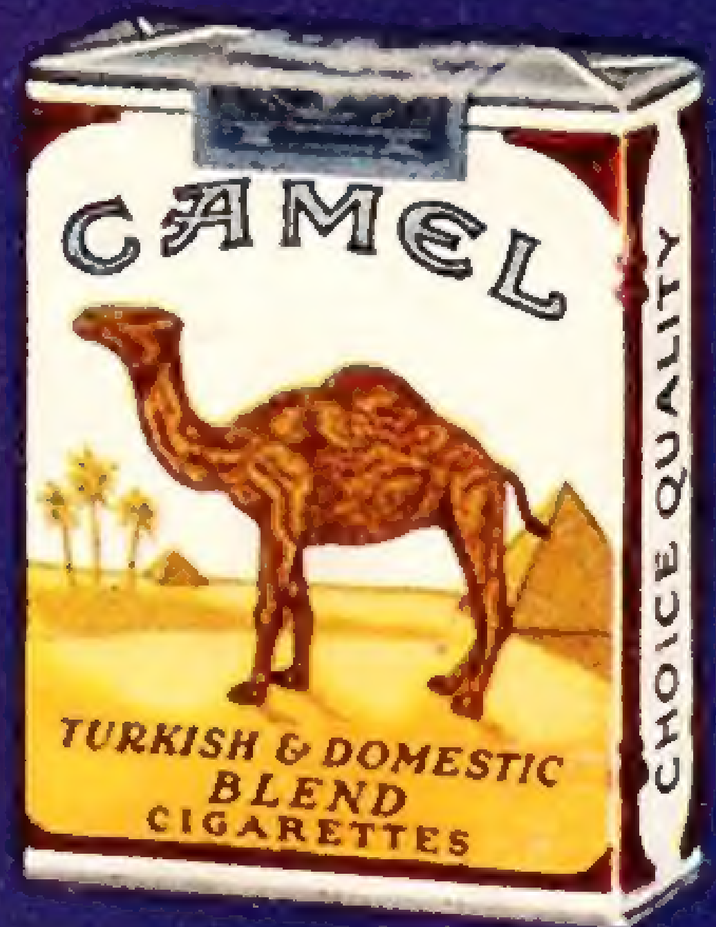

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